Aug.26,1974

THE NEW YORKER

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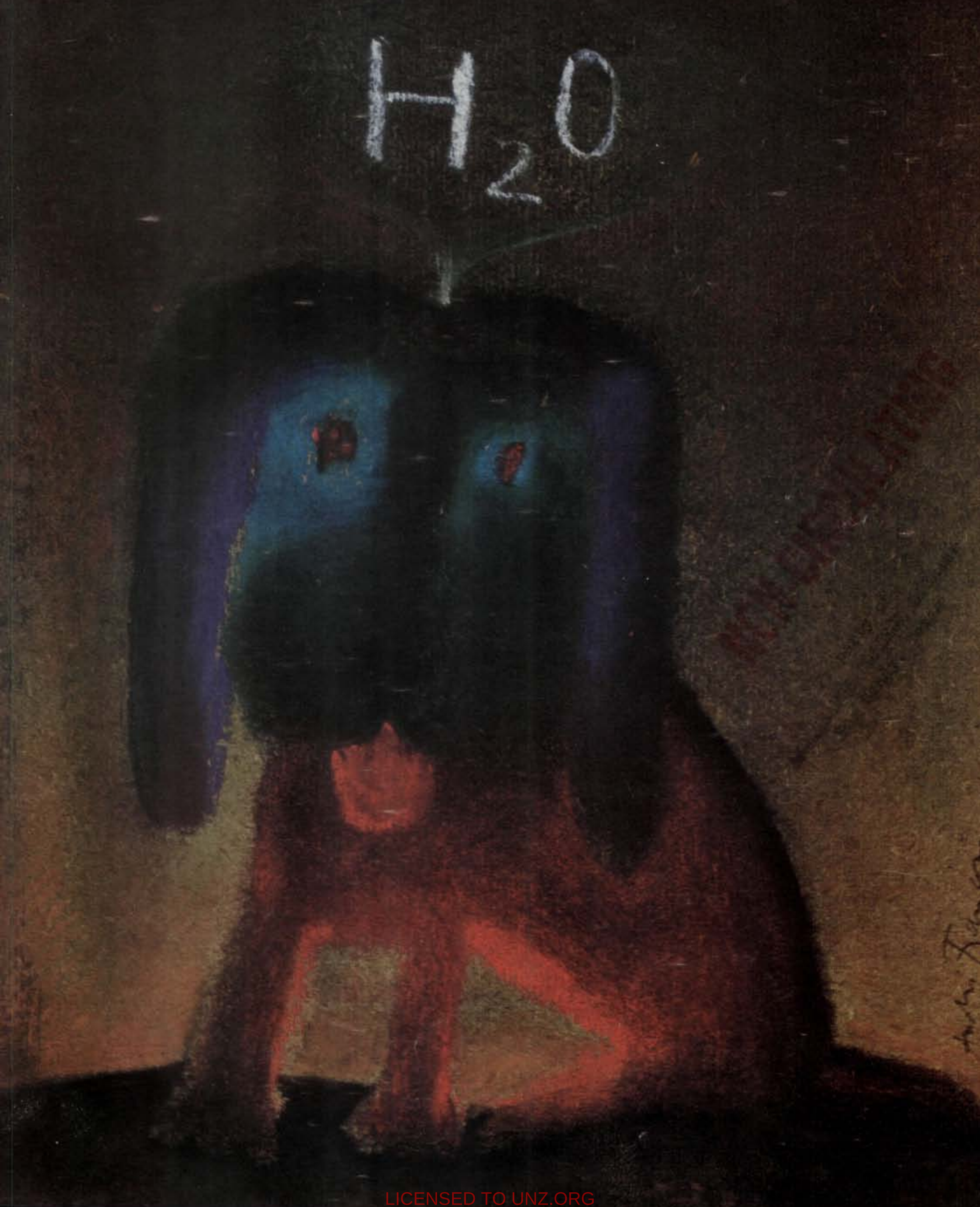

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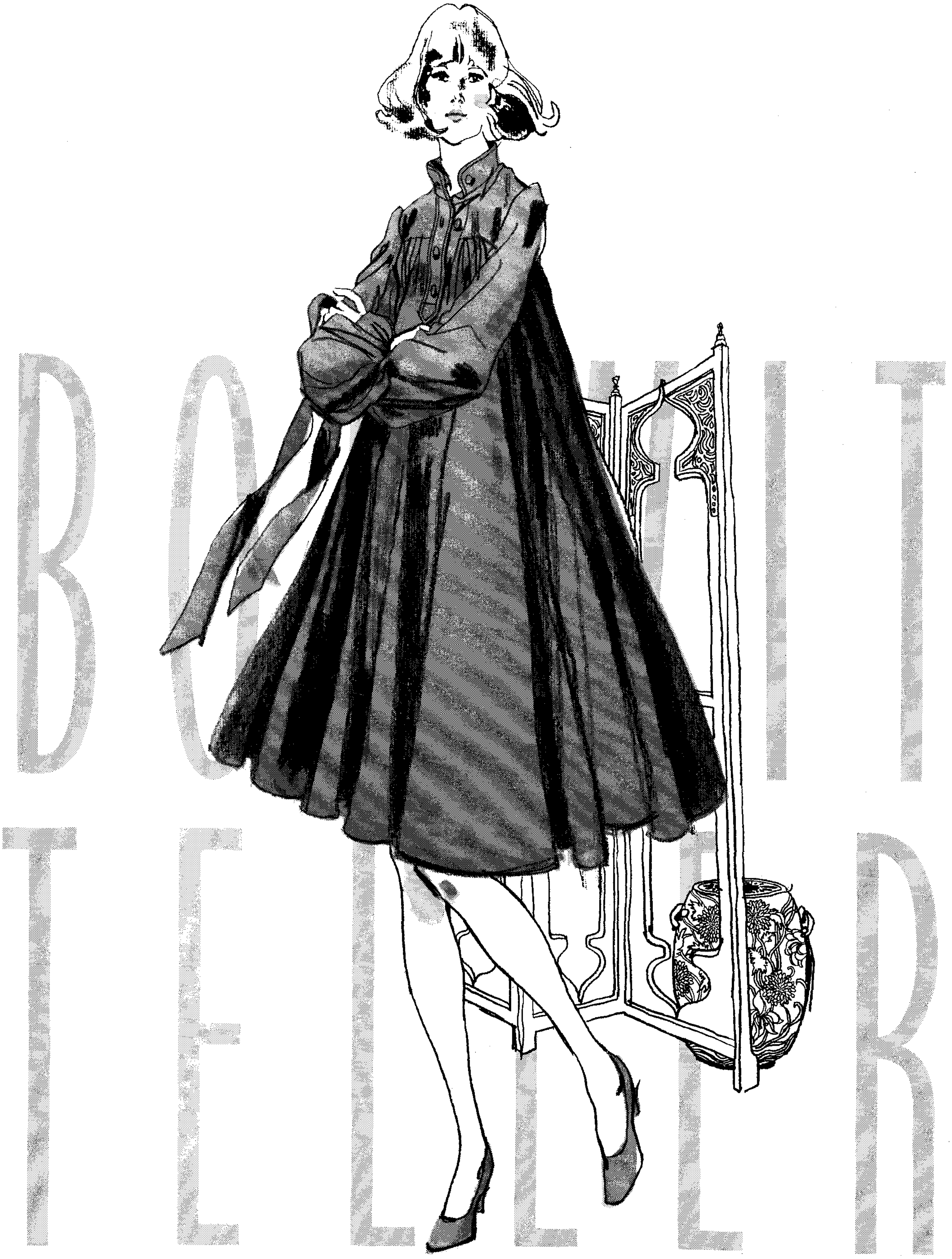

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 3, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Over Here!—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sirens—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. Elizabeth Sturges is especially good as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10: and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** sparkling all-black revue directed by the namic Vinnette Carroll and with delight songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Gra All the performers are good. (Edison, W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through F days at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2: and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,9 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Pla house, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 67 3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sa urdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:3 Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A m sical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, a once a numbing prologue is over, it becom a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Son by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 21 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesda through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 a Sundays at 3.)... **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Co and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man r vue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-915 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.). **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lar set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Pla

NON-CIRCULATING

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
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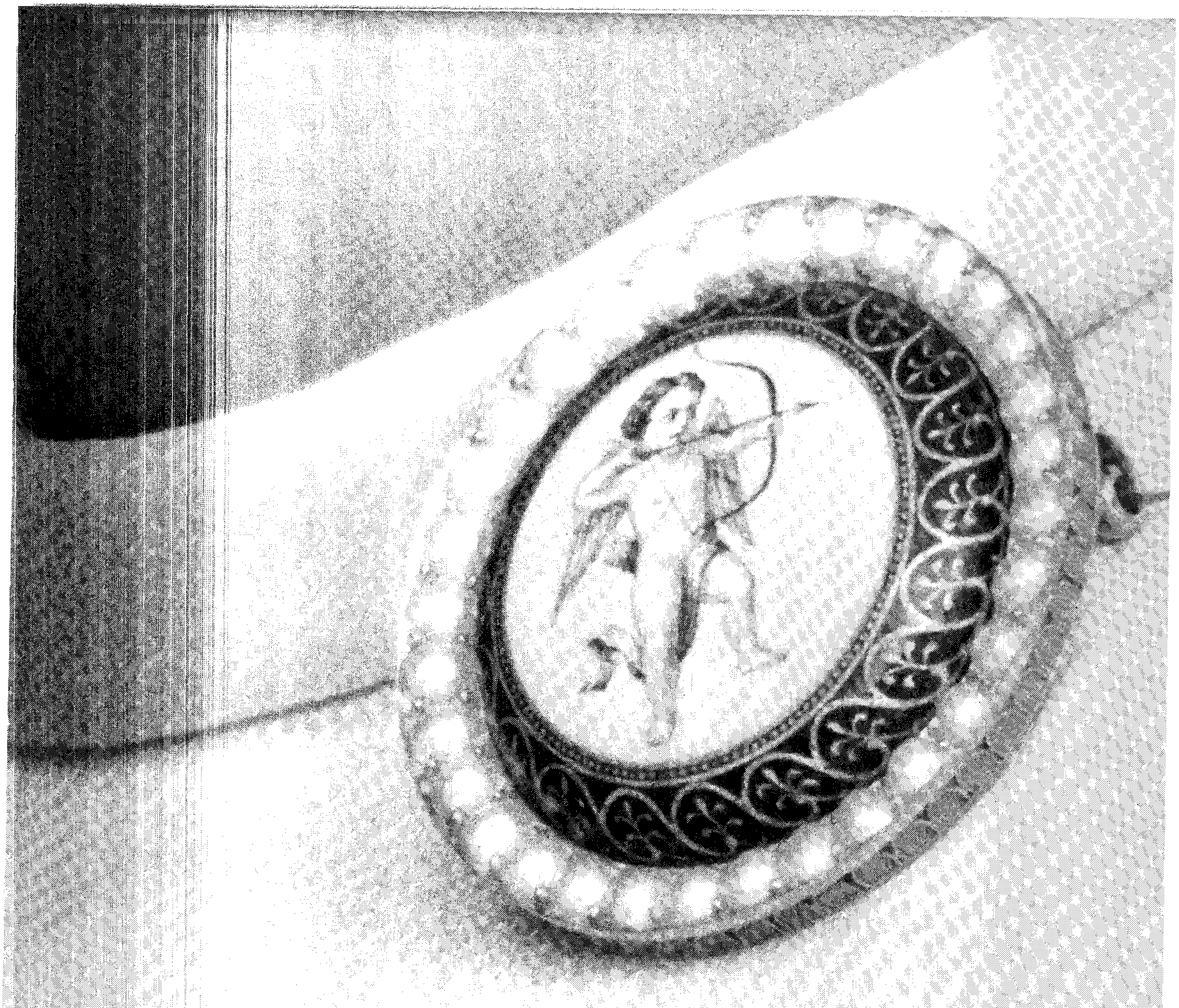
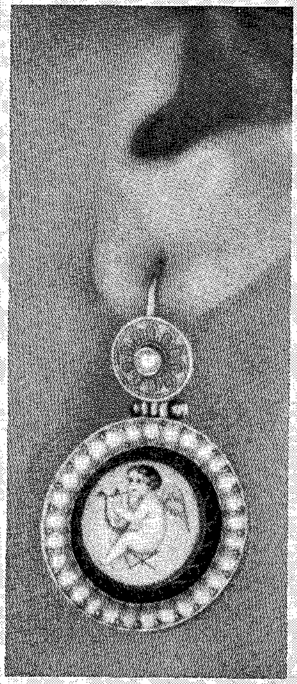
The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; William P. Buxton, George J. Green, and Milton Greenstein, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. L, No. 27, August 26, 1974. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1974 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Jane Powell and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St. West of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Final performances—Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Streams," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8: "Hidden Rites," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Blues Suite," "A Song for You," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2: "Fanga," "Blues Suite," "Missa Brevis," and "The Wedding."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8: "Streams," "A Song for You," "The Wedding," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 1: "Blues Suite," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 7: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

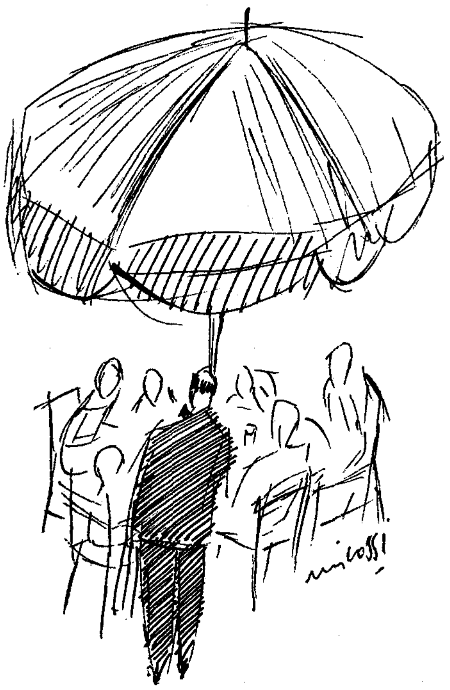
(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

George Benson—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, leading a quintet, starting Monday, Aug. 26, at nine-thirty.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Art Farmer—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Flugelhorn, leading a quartet. From ten to three, beginning Tuesday, Aug. 27.



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Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 29-30.

Lionel Hampton—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Vibraharp, leading a band, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments. With a sextet. From ten, except Mondays.

Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.... ¶ Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, from eight to one, beginning Thursday, Aug. 29.

Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals, with blues-and-country-inspired backing. At eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, Aug. 24.

Red Norvo—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Vibraharp or xylophone, with Hank Jones, Milt Hinton, and Joe Corsello, from nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, beginning Monday, Aug. 26.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Gu tar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

•

(A few places where the notable performer and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd S (242-9066)—A knickknack-cluttered, se worthy, pub-flavored Chelsea gathering plac that could easily be converted into a cur shop. Bassist Duke Cleamons' trio ascen the central, elevated bandstand Fridays ar Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)- On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and on the Grove Street Stompers go to town o "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classic Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine t three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures u other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

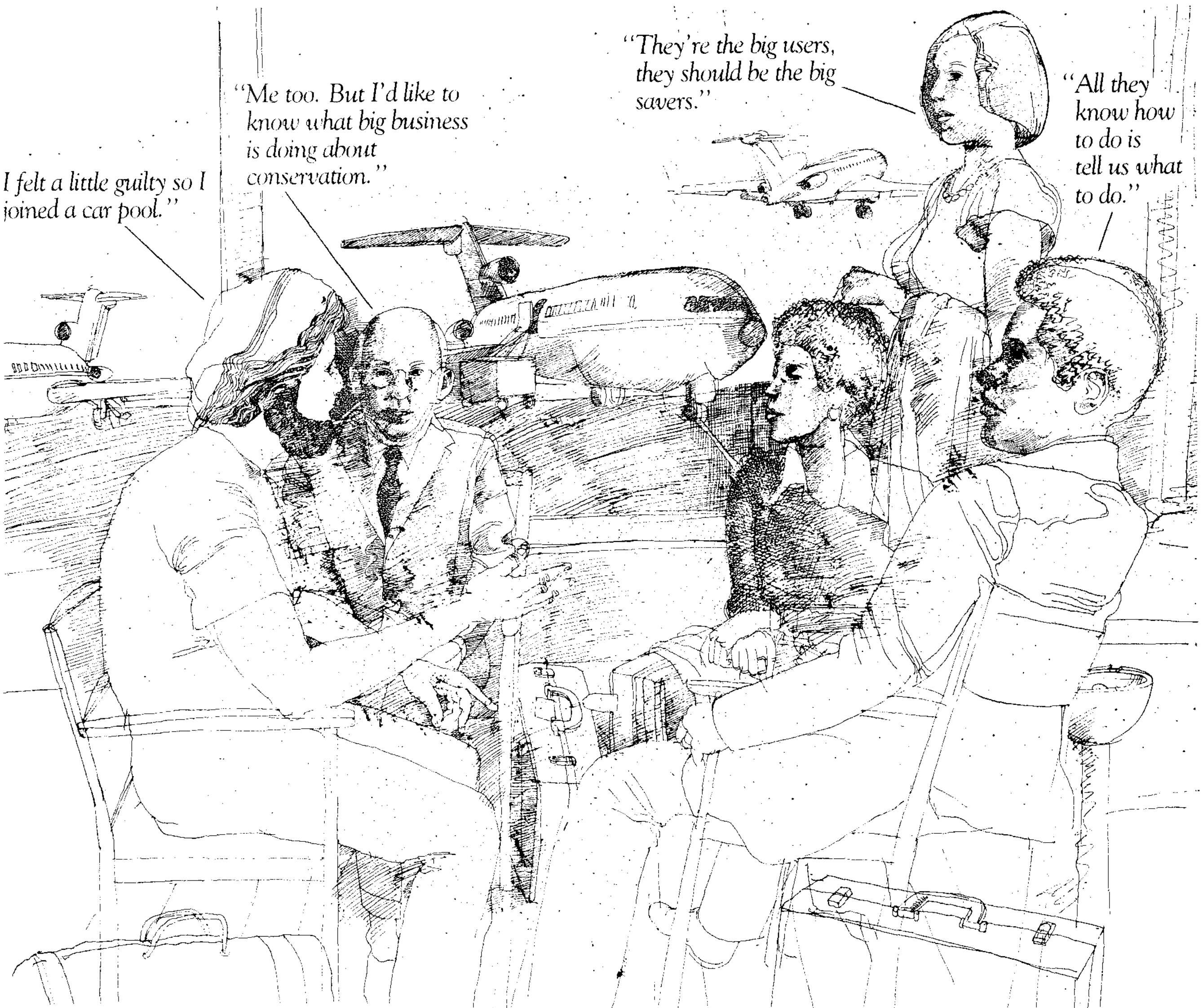
Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)- A long, narrow closet of a night club with u comfortable wooden pews built to acco modate four but often seating a cramped si Fred, a spirited and somewhat fresh jaz rock sextet, works through Sunday, Aug. 2 Shows at nine and eleven. Coffee, tea, an hot-fudge sauce are the staples. Tuesdays ar alloted to fledgling performers; closed Mon days.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher S (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant wit *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the ob structing pillars and a glare that pours ou from the kitchen whenever the doors swin open, the jazz that is featured here is wel chosen and well miked. Pianist Cedar Wal ton works with bassist Sam Jones, drumme Billy Higgins, and singer Etta Jones throug Saturday, Aug. 24. On Monday, Aug. 26, th Keno Duke Contemporaries, led by drum mer Duke, drop in. Louis Hayes, a fine, es tablished drummer, does a one-nighter wit his quartet on Tuesday, Aug. 27. Tenor sax ophonist Joe Thomas performs with his quin tet starting Wednesday, Aug. 28. Nine t three are the music hours. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock clu (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn' seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its topnotch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. Tracy Nelson, one of the best female singers to surface during the rock-dominated late sixties, is here with Mother Earth, her backup unit. Her deep, rich, controlled voice can be heard in blues and country numbers through Saturday, Aug. 24. Monday through Thursday, Aug. 26-29, the Incredible String Band, a Scottish folk ensemble (formerly a duo that bewitched the late-sixties period with fresh, simple, traditional-sounding music), will alternate with singers Hudson & Ford. Loudon Wainwright III, a parodic, self-deprecatory, and highly praised folk-rock singer/composer, arrives on Friday, Aug. 30. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Jimmy Rowles, a subtle pianist and an occasional crackly-voiced singer, is currently occupying that niche with a bassist. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Several spotlights in this pleasant second-story jazz room illuminate exemplary soul drummer Bernard (Pretty) Purdie, his quintet, and singers Ken Lowry and Francine Long (the latter a promising, vivacious stylist), but the potentially exciting sets tend to be drawn-out, casual, front-porch instrumentals (perhaps a result of too little rehearsing). Through Thursday, Aug. 22. On Monday, Aug. 26, Buddy Rich, the proprietor here, returns from vacation with his explosive septet—saxophonists Sal Nisti-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co and Joe Romano, pianist John Bunch, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and Angel Aaende on conga drums. Two shows weeknights, three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the center of the room. Calvin Jackson, a West Coast musician and composer for films and television, easily overcomes any audio competition here. A strong, two-fisted pianist with a flair for concert-performer flourishes, he collaborates with bassist Rusty Gilder through Wednesday, Aug. 28. On Thursday, Aug. 29, Ellis Larkins, a much more subdued, understated pianist, takes over, along with his bassist, Al Hall. The music runs from eight to one. Chuck Folds claims the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large square room, with red walls, red carpeting, red tablecloths, and Italian dishes with tomato sauce. Lillian Roth sings "Honey," "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along," and "Ain't She Sweet"—the old songs, some of which she originally introduced—in a husky, hoarse voice and with a good deal of charm. Through Saturday, Aug. 24. Lynn Kellogg, a breezy pop-folk singer, begins a week here starting Tuesday, Aug. 27. On Sunday, Aug. 25, Marta Heflin sings some pop and lightweight rock. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Shows begin at nine and midnight.

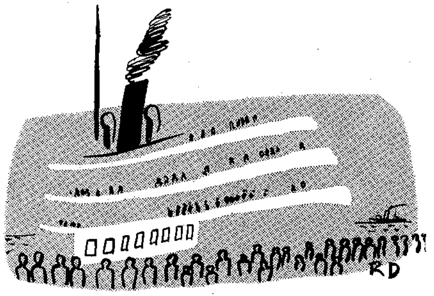
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz sparks a trio, which also supports vocalist Lynn Crane, on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. The Half Note, now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, is enjoying success on the crest of revitalized night life in the city. The Joe Farrell-Joe Beck quintet, a vigorous, not-too-far-out jazz-rock outfit, trades sets with singer Teri Thorton through Saturday, Aug. 24. On Monday, Aug. 26, guitar whiz George Benson and his quintet begin working opposite pianist Lance Hayward, on leave from his post at Jacques. Music from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday (when Jim Roberts takes over) through Sunday, Aug. 25. On Sunday, Jane Valentine, a jazz singer, performs with Hayward, and bassist Lyn Christie helps him out Friday and Saturday. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. Nightly, except Sundays, when the Frankie Dash quartet moves in.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—This once and recent New York pinnacle on the overamplified rock-folk-and-blues circuit remains in the financial twilight; nevertheless, it is currently offering Orleans, a fine, near-lyrical rock band from Woodstock. Mirabai, a folksinger, alternates with this quartet through Monday, Aug. 26. Oddly, even in these days when its further existence is in some doubt, Max's continues to be immortalized as the ultimate hangout. At the Club 82, a big basement barn of a place on East 4th Street, Wayne County, an unkempt, gold-lamé-corsetted, bumping-and-grinding transvestite rock-and-roll singer, has been shouting its praise as the place where everyone from Marlene Dietrich to Alice Cooper flocks, and warning, "Be sure to take your ego trips with you, because you'll need them." As Wayne County's snarling, grimacing band pounds out assembly-line rock behind his compelling gyrations, hundreds of male and/or female youths—tinselled and denimed, cosmeticized and *au naturel*, kinky and straight—press around the stage. Indeed, Club 82 seems to have stolen the scene—or a certain gusty part of the scene—from Max's, which has lately taken on a downright staid character. Anyway, following Orleans at Max's, beginning Wednesday, Aug. 28, are singer, comedienne, poet, and, now, headliner Patti Smith and Television, a new local rock combo that has been compared with the Velvet Underground, a group that caused a long-lasting stir at this club some eight years ago. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are Red Norvo, the patriarch of the vibraharp—he took up the instrument as soon as it was invented, having already mastered the xylophone and marimba, which were then (some forty-five years ago) considered instruments of vaudeville—with pianist Hank Jones, Joe Corsello on drums, and bassist Milt Hinton. From nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Organist Charles Earland's robust, advanced quartet orbits Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-24. Esther Marrow, an exemplary rhythm-and-blues singer who keeps her cool while more than doing justice to such tunes as "Dock of the Bay" and "Proud Mary," works with her steady backup quartet on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 25-26. Beginning Tuesday, Aug. 27, Art Farmer, on flugelhorn, brings in his quartet. The hours are ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. Two singers—Judith Cohen and Bruce Roberts—alternate Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. The Lee Konitz trio perform Wednesday- and Thursday-night services. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-
drummer Harold White leads a trio. T
satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne a
Joe Puma retains the Sunday-night sl
Music from nine-thirty until three Wedne
days through Saturdays and from nine un
two Sundays. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11
St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Va
guard (now forty) was considered a boh
mian curiosity. Today, some of the best m
sicians in the world do their best work her
Rahsaan Roland Kirk, on various reed a
other instruments, forcefully heads up h
sextet Tuesdays through Sundays. Th
Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other firs
rate musicians, and lively vocalist Dee D
Bridgewater take over on Mondays. Mus
from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th S
(924-9723)—Right off a New York Ci
truck route, this bar has red Afro-psych
delic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tr
ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and
tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitc
en. Other assets: the piano-bass work
Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursda
through Sundays, and the varied keyboa
musings of Chuck Fowler Mondays throu
Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th S
(666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled r
treat primarily patronized by Columbia st
dents. The music that is keeping the studen
here from their studies these days is neith
folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—an
somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mo
days and Tuesdays belong to reedman Ru
sell Procope, drummer Sam Woodyard, trun
peter Franc Williams, and Sammy Benski
on piano. Wednesdays, trumpeter Ed Lewi
and a swing quartet take the stand. Thurs
day and Friday, Aug. 22-23, Sammy Pric
playing genuine, rollicking boogie-woog
piano, performs with a trio. Guitarist Tin
Grimes returns with his trio the next Thurs
day and Friday (Aug. 29-30). Saturday
tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette an
Lewis co-pilot a quartet. Singer and pianis
Mabel Godwin is here with her trio on Sun
days. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—
The **plaza restaurant,** newly redecorated an
renamed (in recent years, it has been know
variously as the Edwardian Room and th
Green Tulip), is back in business with dinne
music by violinist George Cardini and pianis
Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are six to te
Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **pal**
court, pianists Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews are on hand Mondays through Friday
from four-thirty to midnight, while violinis
Sandu Marcu supplies the music Saturday
from five to midnight and Sundays from fou
to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Room at the top. The Lionel Hampton band plays for dinner and supper. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Eleanor Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, Tuesdays through Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Glenn Miller Orchestra, headed by clarinettist Peanuts Hucko, provides listening music for dinner and supper, and dance music the rest of the evening, spelled by Anthony Terini's trio. Saturday, Aug. 24, ends the current season of this enterprise.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Georges Lacombe (1868-1916)—Forty-nine black-and-colored-crayon drawings by a member of the Nabi group, including studies for a four-panel sculpture named *Lit*. Through Sept. 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Saturday, Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

EWART WALTZER—Sprayed and poured acrylic on canvas. Through Wednesday, Aug. 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

NNERTON WEST (1913-65)—Paintings spanning the artist's career. Through Friday, Aug. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ROUP SHOWS—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Saturday, Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by forty American abstract artists. Through Friday, Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others, during the hiatus, pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of those open: **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays, open Saturdays.... **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.... **FAIRTREE**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.; closed Mondays, open Saturdays.... **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.... **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.; open Saturdays.... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.; closed Mondays.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.... **SECOND STORY SPRING STREET SOCIETY**, 167 Spring St.; closed Mondays, open Saturdays.

PHOTOGRAPHY

. L. DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL) (1832-98) / **JULIA MARGARET CAMERON** (1815-79)—Portraits from the eighteen-sixties by two of the greatest of Victorian amateur photographers. Through Sept. 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ON GALELLA—Photographs of famous people, including, of course, Jacqueline Onassis and her family. Through Friday, Aug. 30. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.)

ROUP SHOWS—At **EASTMAN KODAK**, 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: A large exhibition of black-and-white and color photographs by high-school-student winners in an annual competition held by *Scholastic*. Through Sept. 14. (Closed Monday mornings; open Saturdays.)... **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Fifty photographs of public institutions (hospitals, fire and police departments, schools, and the like) taken between 1890 and 1906, and drawn from the Harvard Social Ethics Collection. Through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park West, at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Saturday, Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs. Through Tuesday, Aug. 27. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)... **WOMEN'S INTERART CENTER**, 549 W. 52nd St.: A joint exhibition of photographs by students and teachers of the Center and by members of a group called Women Photographers of New York. Through Friday, Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large exhibition of Currier & Ives prints—landscapes, city views, genre scenes, cartoons, portraits of pet animals, and pictures of clipper ships, steamboats, and trains. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ Photographs, models, studies, and replicas of nineteenth-century New York public sculptures by, among others, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and Frederick William MacMonnies. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ An exhibition of twelve quilts from the American Wing, spanning twelve decades (1800 to 1920) and illustrating twelve varieties of American quilt design and technique. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ About fifty Indian miniatures from the Jeffrey Paley collection. Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Seurat to Matisse: Drawing in France," an exhibition of a hundred and eighty-four works on paper from the museum's collection, done in France between 1881 and 1954, the year of Matisse's death. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ Recently acquired drawings by contemporary European and American artists. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ Works of cord and tape, which the spectator can enter, by Marlene Scott V. Through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ Abstract paintings in acrylic by Jack Whitten, a young New York artist. Through Sept. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The scanning electron microscope can magnify objects, such as grains of sugar or the segment of a fly's eye, up to two hundred thousand times. About a hundred photographic blowups of S.E.M. magnifications are on exhibit here. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Craft objects from six private collections, among them a collection of rugs, jewelry, ceramics, and sculptures by contemporary American Indians. Through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show here called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30.... ¶ An unconventional and extraordinarily well-designed exhibition on the subject of venereal disease. Through Sept. 1.... ¶ A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

More than fifty prints (bv Cy Twombly, Brice Marden, and others) produced at the Untitled Press, a private printing press in Captiva, Florida, founded in 1969 by Robert Rauschenberg and Robert Petersen, whose graphics are also on view. Through Sept. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—*Opening* performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 10—Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 7: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, José Carreras, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Melvyn Poll, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 30, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Herman Malamood, and William Justus; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, José Carreras, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Richard Taylor, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Fisher; Mario Bernardi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances—Wednesday, Aug. 21: Donald Johanos conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Gary Graffman, piano, and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. An hour before the concert, the Messrs. Rampal and Graffman will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22: Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and others. An hour before the concert, Miss Kavafian and Mr. Serkin will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24: Karl Richter directing the orchestra in a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Benita Valente, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; and the Mozart Festival Chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 23, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra in a performance of Schoenberg's cantata "Gurrelieder," with, among others, Marita Napier, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; James McCracken, tenor; George London, speaker; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (A benefit for the Music Center.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 27, at 7:30: Joni Mitchell. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Silvia Marcovici, violin, and Virgil Fox, organ. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8: Robert Irving conducting the orchestra in a program of French music, with Gelsey Kirkland and Helgi Tomasson, dancers. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 8: Antal Dorati conducting, with John de Lancie, oboe; Anthony M. Gigliotti, clarinet; Bernard Garfield, bassoon; and Mason Jones, horn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Gilbert Johnson, trumpet. The final concert of the season by the orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 8: Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 27, and Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8: Richard Dufallo directing an orchestra and a chorus in performances of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," in English, with Kay Creed, mezzo-soprano; Robert Schmorr and Richard Kness, tenors; and Norman Treigle and Spiro Malas, bass-baritones. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 7: Sha Na Na. . . . ¶ Friday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2: American Song Festival. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—The Waverly Consort in program of music of the Spanish Renaissance. The final concert of the season. (Katonah, N.Y. Sunday, Aug. 25, at 5:30. A bu will leave from the back of the New Yor State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled time of the performance reservations must be made in advance. Fo information about tickets and the bus, ca 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season o ballet and modern and ethnic dancing wil close with a program by Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus and members of the Jos Limón Dance Company. (Lee, Mass Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8:40; Thursday Aug. 22, at 3; Friday, Aug. 23, at 8:40; an Saturday, Aug. 24, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Houston, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 26-27, a 8:05; Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 2:15; an Thursday, Aug. 29, at 4:15. . . . ¶ Atlanta Friday, Aug. 30, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug 31, at 4:15. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Minnesota Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 2. . . . ¶ California Friday, Aug 23, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 24-25, at 2.

Professional Football—New York Stars vs Houston Texans. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8. Fo tickets, call 355-1213.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 22-25.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **saratoga:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Seneca Handicap. Wednesday, Aug. 21; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 23; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 26, through Saturday, Oct. 12. The Stymie Handicap, Monday, Aug. 26; the Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 28; and the Lawrence Realization, Saturday, Aug. 31. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 26, through Saturday, Oct. 19. The United Nations Invitational Handicap, Friday, Aug. 30. . . . **liberty bell,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Kindergarten, Saturday, Aug. 31.

Tennis—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.) . . . ¶ United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Aug. 28, through Sunday, Sept. 8. Matches begin at noon. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—Australia vs. France, in an elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Thursday, Aug. 22.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final performances of the season: **the merry wives of windsor,** with Barnard Hughes, Cynthia Harris, and Marcia Rodd. Directed by David Margulies. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday,

Si[illegible]oe Gin.

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1 oz. Hiram Walker
Sloe Gin.
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Flavored Brandy.
1 oz. lemon juice.
1 tsp. sugar.
Shake well with cracked ice
and pour without straining
into 12-oz. collins glass.
Splash with soda.
Top with pineapple
spear and cherry.

[illegible] Poke
[illegible] 1½ oz.
[illegible] Walker
[illegible] Gin in a highball
[illegible] two-thirds full
[illegible] cracked ice.
[illegible] with cola, stir
[illegible] garnish with lime.

Frio-Frio
1½ oz. Hiram Walker Sloe Gin.
3 oz. orange juice.
Shake with cracked ice.
Pour unstrained into
tall shell glass.
Garnish with pineapple
and top with fresh
strawberry.

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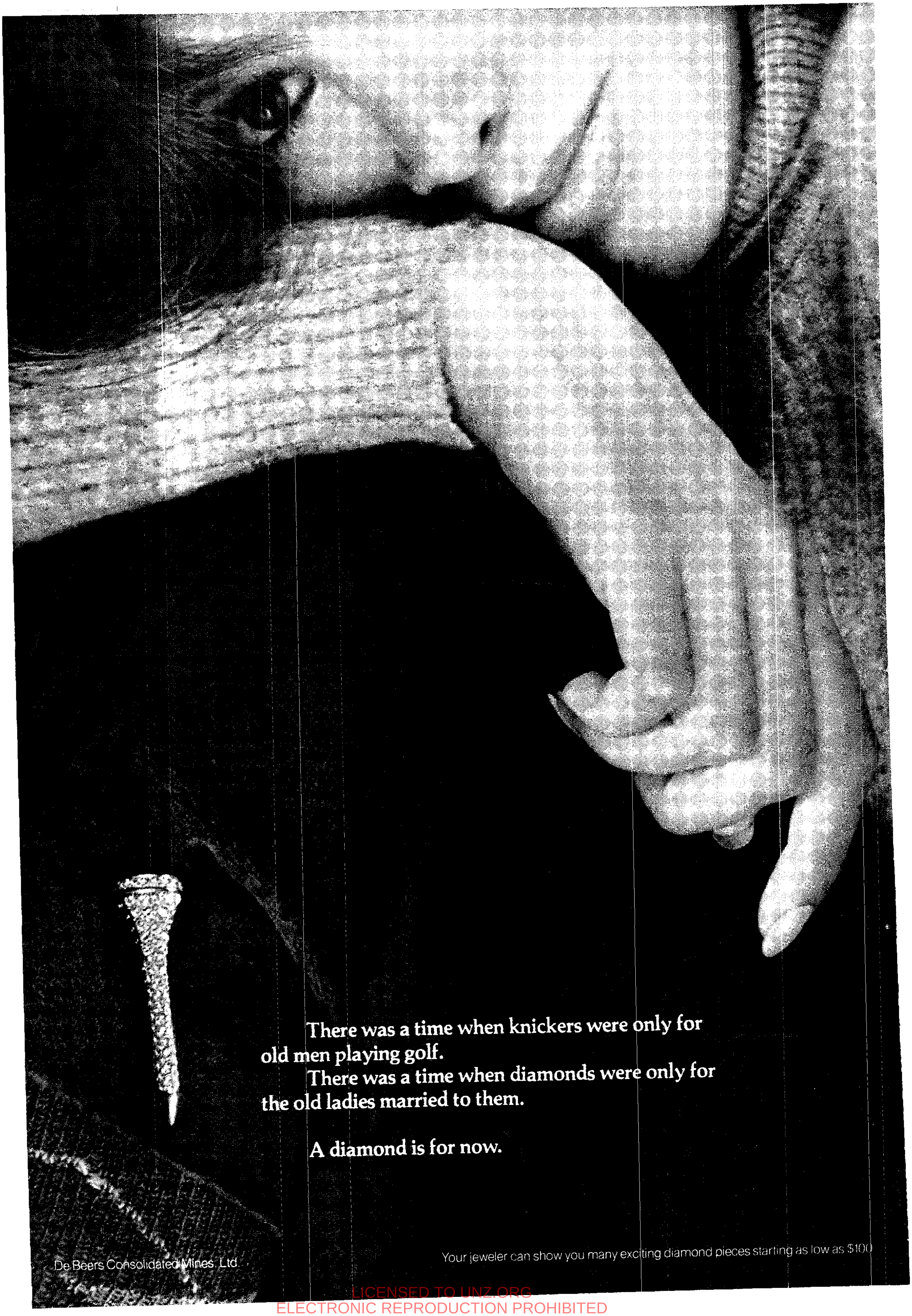

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

w York Dance Festival—The first three in a series of twelve free performances—Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8: Diane McIntyre's Sounds n Motion, Eliot Feld Ballet, Maria Alba Dance Company, and the Blue Mountain Paper Parade. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 30, at 8: Eliot Feld Ballet, Carmen de Lavallade and Wesley Fata, Maria Alba Dance Company, and the Blue Mountain Paper Parade. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8: Eliot Feld Ballet, Fred Benjamin Dance Company, Carmen de Lavallade and Wesley Fata, and Pilobolus Dance Theatre. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

OLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 7: The Eleventh House, with Larry Coryell, and Charles Lloyd. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 7: Peter Frampton & Frampton's Camel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 7: Mongo Santamaria and Ray Barretto. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 26, at 6:30: Roy Buchanan, NRBQ, and Forest Green. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 7: Mary Travers and Dion. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 30, at 7: The Pointer Sisters and Manhattan Transfer. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 1: PFM. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 7: Richie Havens and Hall & Oates. (Through Saturday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870; no tickets necessary for the one-o'clock performance on Saturday, Aug. 31.)

ASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Fritz Rikko conducting a chamber orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Valerie Girard, soprano, and Paul Ingraham, French horn. (Tuesday, Aug. 27, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St.)

NCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A two-week festival of musical comedy, dance, cabaret, recitals, chamber music, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Twenty-eight New York City street groups and community-theatre troupes from across the country are performing Mondays through Fridays (with Thursday, Aug. 29, set aside as a rain date) at 2:30 and 5; Sundays and Saturday, Aug. 31, at 1, 2:30, and 5; and Saturday, Aug. 24, at 1 and 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 6:30. . . . ¶ Olatunji and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers, Saturday, Aug. 24, at 5. . . . ¶ Voices of East Harlem, Sunday, Aug. 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ New York Dance Theatre, Monday, Aug. 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Novella Nelson and Geraldine Fitzgerald, Saturday, Aug. 31, at 9:30. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** The Alliance of Latin Arts is presenting "Kismet," in English, through Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8. . . . ¶ The Symphony of the New World String Quartet, Tuesday, Aug. 27, at 8. . . . ¶ Herald Brass Quintet, Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Pilobolus Dance Theatre, Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8. . . . ¶ The Jazzmobile Workshop Orchestra, conducted by Jimmy Heath, Friday, Aug. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ The Rod Rodgers Dance Company, Saturday, Aug. 31, at 7:30.

AZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 7:30: The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band and Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 7:30: Joe Newman's septet, Chico Hamilton's sextet, and Robin Kenyatta's quintet. (Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5300.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, with Norman Atkins and Geraldine Brooks. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

DELACORTE GEYSER—The big spout in the East River, off 48th Street. Flourishes 11:45 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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Charlotte—*The Manger Motor Inn* Oct. 15*, 16, 17, 18
Cleveland—*The Cleveland Plaza* Sept. 27, 28†, 30, Oct. 1
Columbus—*Neil House* Sept. 25, 26
Dallas—*Hotel Adolphus* Sept. 16*, 17, 18, 19
Denver—*Brown Palace Hotel* Aug. 26*, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31
Des Moines—*Hotel Fort Des Moines* Oct. 4*, 5
Grand Rapids—*Hotel Pantlind* Sept. 19*, 20, 21
Indianapolis—*Atkinson Hotel* Sept. 16*, 17, 18
Jacksonville—*Hotel Robert Meyer* Oct. 21*, 22, 23
Kansas City, Mo.—*Muehlebach* Sept. 30*, Oct. 1, 2, 3
Louisville—*Seelbach Hotel* Sept. 30*, Oct. 1, 2, 3
Memphis—*Southern Peabody* Sept. 19*, 20, 21†, 23
Miami—*Hotel McAllister* Aug. 26*, 27, 28, 29
Minneapolis—*Radisson Hotel* Oct. 7*, 8, 9, 10
Nashville—*Sheraton-Nashville* Sept. 24*, 25, 26, 27
New Orleans—*The Fairmont Roosevelt* Sept. 5, 6, 7†, 9
Omaha—*Blackstone Hotel* Oct. 11*, 12
Phoenix—*Del Webb's Townehouse* Sept. 12*, 13, 14
Portland—*Hotel Benson* Sept. 6*, 7
Richmond—*The John Marshall* Oct. 10*, 11, 12†, 14
Rochester—*One Eleven East Avenue* Aug. 31†, Sept. 3, 4
San Antonio—*Gunter Hotel* Sept. 11, 12, 13
San Diego—*Holiday Inn (downtown)* Sept. 9*, 10, 11
Seattle—*Hotel Olympic* Sept. 3*, 4, 5
Syracuse—*Hotel Syracuse* Sept. 5, 6
Tampa—*Sheraton Tampa Motor Hotel* Aug. 31†, Sept. 3
Toledo—*Commodore Perry Hotel* Sept. 23, 24
Tulsa—*Alvin Plaza Hotel* Sept. 20*, 21

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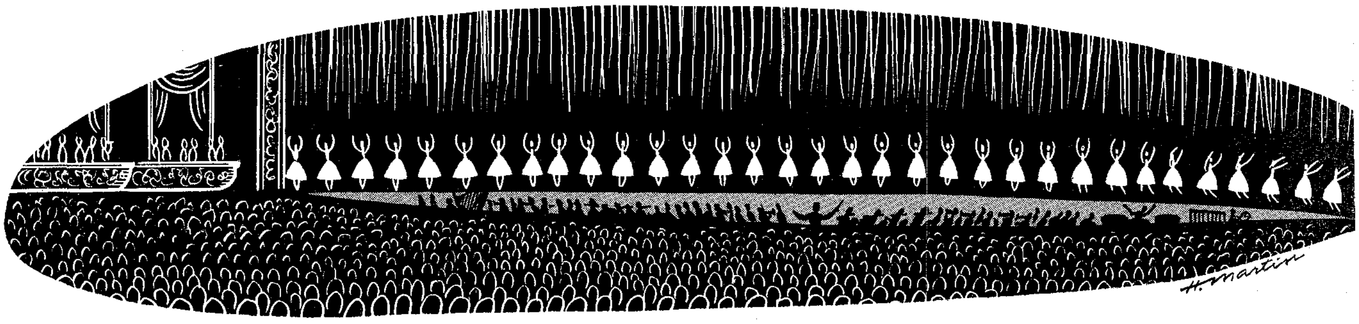
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 27: "The Ra Expeditions."
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 24: "The Thin Man" and "City Streets."
Aug. 25-27: "Man Hunt" and "You Only Live Once."
From Aug. 28: "Love Crazy" and "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Aug. 27: "The Conversation" and "Save the Tiger."
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Score."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 27: "Daisy Miller" and "Paper Moon."
From Aug. 28: "The Great Gatsby" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 24: "Carnal Knowledge."
From Aug. 25: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Chinatown."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Pink Floyd."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Harold and Maude."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Flesh Gordon."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
To be announced.

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Score."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"California Split."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"The Harder They Come."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Buster and Billie."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Billy Jack."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The White Dawn."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 27: "The Conversation."
From Aug. 28: "Dirty Mary Crazy Larry."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Ra Expeditions."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Buster and Billie."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Mame."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Pink Floyd."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Longest Yard."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Aug. 27: "The Education of Sonny Carson."
From Aug. 28: "Savage Sisters."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Parallax View."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 24: "Henry V."
Aug. 25-27: "Hamlet."
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 27: "Cries and Whispers" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."
From Aug. 28: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Le Sex Shop."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Buster and Billie."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Aug. 28 at one or another of the theatres: "Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve"/"The Sting"/"Daisy Miller" and "Paper Moon."...¶Through Aug. 22: "City Lights" and "The Great Dictator."...¶Aug. 23-24: "The Great Dictator" and "Modern Times."...¶Aug. 25-26: "Modern Times" and "Limelight."...¶Aug. 27-28: "Limelight" and "A King in New York."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 21: "The Three Ages."
Aug. 22-24: "Fellini Satyricon" and "200 Motels."
Aug. 25-26: "Bedazzled" and "M*A*S*H."
Aug. 27: "King of Hearts" and "Live for Life."
From Aug. 28: "The Saphead."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Claudine."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 27: "The Ra Expeditions."
From Aug. 28: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Aug. 21: "The Tamarind Seed."
From Aug. 22: "The Girl from Petrovka."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Herbie Rides Again."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"For Pete's Sake."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL
2131)
Aug. 21: "Picture Snatcher" and "The Pu lic Enemy."
Aug. 22: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "La Year at Marienbad."
Aug. 23: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and " Streetcar Named Desire."
Aug. 24: "The Producers" and "The Twelv Chairs."
Aug. 25: "Tom Jones" and "Cartouche."
Aug. 26: "Shakespeare Wallah" and "Th Householder."
Aug. 27 (tentative): "The Harder The Come" and "Reggae."
Aug. 28: "Rachel, Rachel" and "Wanda."
Aug. 29: "Chloé in the Afternoon" an "Claire's Knee."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry & Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 27: "The Ra Expeditions."
From Aug. 28: "The Tall Blond Man wit One Black Shoe" and "Le Sex Shop."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Aug. 21: "Léda" and "Les Bonnes Femmes."
Aug. 22-26: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Metropolis."
Aug. 27-28: "M" and "The Testament of Dr Mabuse."
From Aug. 29: W. C. Fields Shorts an "Room Service."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 27: "La Dolce Vita."
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Buster and Billie."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 27: "The Ra Expeditions."
From Aug. 28: "Mr. Majestyk" and "The Mechanic."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 27: "The Conversation" and "Made for Each Other."
From Aug. 28: "Conrack" and "The Paper Chase."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 21 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes....¶Aug. 21 at 2: "Winners of the Wilderness" (1927), a silent film, directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Tim McCoy and Joan Crawford....¶Aug. 21 at 5:30: "The White Sister" (1924), a silent film, directed by Henry King, with Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman....¶Aug. 22 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes....¶Aug. 22 at 5:30: "Winners of the Wilderness."...¶Aug. 22 at 8: "Flying High" (1931), directed by Charles F. Reisner, with Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood....¶Aug. 23 at 2: "The Garden of Allah" (1927), a silent film, directed by Rex Ingram, with Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich....¶Aug. 23 at 5:30: "The Sea Bat" (1930), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Charles Bickford and Boris

Karloff. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at noon: "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1918), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; English intertitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 3: "The Fire Brigade" (1927), a silent film, directed by William Nigh, with May McAvoy and Charles Ray. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 5:30: "Dynamite" (1929), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Conrad Nagel and Kay Johnson. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 12:30 and 3: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 5:30: "The Courtship of Eddie's Father" (1963), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Glenn Ford and Shirley Jones. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2: "The Divorcée" (1930), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Norma Shearer and Conrad Nagel. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 5:30: "The Guardsman" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2: "San Francisco" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 5:30: "The Broadway Melody" (1929), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Bessie Love and Anita Page. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2: "The Guardsman.". . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 5:30: "San Francisco.". . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 5:30: "The Divorcée.". . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 8: "White Shadows in the South Seas" (1928), a silent film, directed by W. S. Van Dyke and Robert Flaherty, with Monte Blue and Raquel Torres. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 21-22 at 3 and 6: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Beryl Reid and Susannah York; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 5 and 7:30: "The Big Carnival" (1951), directed by Billy Wilder, with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 4 and 6: "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 4 and 6: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), a silent film, directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 4 and 6: "Flamingo Road" (1949), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford and Sydney Greenstreet. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 4 and 6: "Mannequin" (1937), directed by Frank Borzage, with Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

nimal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

he Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay is from Richler's own novel, adapted by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (Reviewed in these pages 7/22/74.) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Gramercy; starting Aug. 28.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Elgin; Aug. 25-26.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (Beekman.)

Les Bonnes Femmes (1960)—This early, episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry; yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. In French. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 21.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia—Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Someone snitched the head of the film, too. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Buster and Billie—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Joan Greenfellow, directed by Daniel Petrie. (Columbia II, Juliet 2, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd St.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Columbia I, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Aug. 28.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 22-26.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Cinema I.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Murray Hill; through Aug. 24.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit and apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 23.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (34th St. East, and Coronet.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (10/7/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 22.)

City Streets (1931)—A love story in a gangster setting which got carried away into so much fancy expressionism and symbolism that it seems stylized out of all relationship to the actual world. The director, Rouben Mamoulian, appears to be the culprit; he's so busy with his camera arabesques he forgets to tell the story, and then, at the end, tries to save the movie with a big chase. Gary Cooper is the honest, gaunt young hero from the world of the circus who gets into the beer racket and starts wearing coats with fur collars; Sylvia Sidney is the sacrificing heroine who goes to jail for her father (Guy Kibbee). With Wynne Gibson and Paul Lukas. The script is based on a story by Dashiell Hammett; Lee Garmes did the elaborate cinematography. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 24.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisa-

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nello princess. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (New Embassy.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Olympia; starting Aug. 28.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Aug. 27.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

Daisy Miller—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Gramercy; through Aug. 27.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 28.)

Death Wish—With Charles Bronson, directed by Michael Winner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Cine.)

Dirty Mary Crazy Larry—With Peter Fonda and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (72nd Street East; starting Aug. 28.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid. In Italian. (Regency; through Aug. 27.)

The Education of Sonny Carson—With Rony Clanton, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Aug. 27.)

Escape to Nowhere—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Cinema II.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 22-24.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Plaza.)

For Pete's Sake—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (Playboy.)

The Girl from Petrovka—With Goldie Hawn and Hal Holbrook, directed by Robert Ellis Miller. (Music Hall; starting Aug. 22.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring ar Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce abo Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much le queasily than it sounds. The famous sequen when Hynkel lies on his back and toss around a balloon inscribed with a map of th world is a miracle of high-flying, morda fun. But the last impassioned speech abo peace and unity still wrecks everything th has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can a ways overrule Chaplin the innocent mim (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 24.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's sho masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, tw and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jac Clayton and photographed by Douglas Sl combe. Overuse of tracking shots, redunda dialogue, and too many Charlestons did th mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finel played as a creature of beautiful, aerial sel ishness and apparent simplicity by Mi Farrow. Her best performance so far. Th first-person narrative is transformed int voice-over comment by the character of th observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good a tor, wonderfully picked by Clayton), but th first-person technique works better in novel than in the movies. The small-part casting i first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostl misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruc Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Rober Redford as the pining, mysteriously ric Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Franci Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Gramercy; startin Aug. 28.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Sempru wrote and Alain Resnais directed this am bivalent but compelling study of a failed rad ical. Yves Montand is a Communist courie who goes on stoically carrying out policies h knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin an Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Carnegi Hall Cinema; Aug. 22.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an ac tive and exciting performance in the versio he directed—a handsome production wit lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (th Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Sim mons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grav Digger). (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 25-27.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, th reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctiv actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film he plays a country boy who wants to becom a pop star and who achieves his ambition onl by becoming a famous killer; he reaches th top of the hit-record charts when he's on th Most Wanted posters. The film, directed b Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard but the music redeems much of it, and th rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech i hypnotic. (2/24/73) (First Avenue Screening Room.... ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27, tentative.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Fine Arts, and Thalia.)

Harry & Tonto—With Art Carney, directed by Paul Mazursky. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 24.)

Herbie Rides Again—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Berry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Festival.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 26.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 27-28.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Aug. 27.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided

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the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22.)

LÉDA (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decaë and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and—as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 21.)

LIMELIGHT (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 25-28.)

LIVE FOR LIFE (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyable soppy goes. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 27.)

THE LONGEST YARD—Football in prison. If you relish the squeak of a brutally broken nose being twisted back into place, this is your picture. Directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds and Eddie Albert. (Loews Orpheum.)

LOVE CRAZY (1941)—A screwball-comedy spinoff of "The Thin Man" series: William Powell tries to prevent his wife, Myrna Loy, from divorcing him by feigning insanity. The far-from-memorable picture wrenches some laughs out of such subjects as mothers-in-law, a lunacy commission, life in a goofy rest home, William Powell in drag, and slippery scatter rugs that send the actors flying. Myrna Loy retains her cool, aloof manner, and Powell, between bouts of skittishness, manages to retain his usual urbanity. With Florence Bates, Gail Patrick, Jack Carson, Sidney Blackmer, and Sara Haden as a kleptomaniac. Directed by Jack Conway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 28.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 27-28.)

THE MAD ADVENTURES OF 'RABBI' JACOB—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Beacon.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1971)—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Olympia; through Aug. 27.)

MAME—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Fritz Lang directed the Dudley Nichols adaptation of Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male"—an anti-Nazi thriller about a broad-shouldered British big-game hunter (Walter Pidgeon) stalking Hitler at Berchtesgaden. It's ingenious, all right, but the direction is too insistent and the plot too tangled for a first-rate entertainment. Joan Bennett plays the streetwalker heroine, whom the studio turned into a "seamstress" to get past the Hays office. With George Sanders, John Carradine, and Roddy McDowall. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25-27.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Elgin; Aug. 25-26.)

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (1932)—Fortunately, Boris Karloff doesn't seem to take his Oriental accoutrements too seriously. As the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter, Myrna Loy isn't as archly bemused as Karloff, but she's fun to see in her slinky getup. A tolerable, campy entertainment, with Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, and, in the juvenile lead, Charles Starrett, who has a perfect profile and is a perfectly deadly actor. Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor directed; from the Sax Rohmer story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 28.)

THE MECHANIC (1972)—With Charles Bronson and Jan-Michael Vincent, directed by Michael Winner. (Symphony; starting Aug. 28.)

METROPOLIS (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Cinema Studio; Aug. 22-26.)

MR. MAJESTYK—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Symphony; starting Aug. 28.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 23-26.)

THE PAPER CHASE—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Olympia; starting Aug. 28.)

PAPER MOON (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Gramercy; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 28.)

THE PARALLAX VIEW—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter. Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails. Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Waverly.)

PICTURE SNATCHER (1933)—A minor effort by James Cagney; he plays a cocky ex-con turned reporter. The story is lifted from the exploit of the newspaper photographer of the twenties who sneaked a picture of Ruth Snyder's electrocution. In the movie, the reporter goes back to the prison where he served time and performs this loathsome feat; he then expiates his crime by a socially useful act—

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which is more than the screenwriters on this one did. Lloyd Bacon directed; chesty Patricia Ellis is the heroine. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

Pink Floyd—Directed by Adrian Maben. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

Rachel, Rachel (1968)—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

The Ra Expeditions—A documentary film of Thor Heyerdahl's voyage across the Atlantic. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Art, Guild, Paramount, and Symphony; through Aug. 27.)

Reggae (1971)—A film of the Caribbean Music Festival at Wembley, in London, in 1970. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27, tentative.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 29.)

The Saphead (1920)—With Buster Keaton, directed by Herbert Blaché. (Elgin; starting Aug. 28.)

Savage Sisters—With Gloria Hendry and Cheri Caffaro, directed by Eddie Romero. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Aug. 28.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (2/17/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

Score—Homosexual chic is heterosexual schlock. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Le Sex Shop (1973)—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (5th Ave. Cinema, and Paramount; starting Aug. 28.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 26.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 28.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 23.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (5th Ave. Cinema, and Paramount; starting Aug. 28.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Music Hall; Aug. 21.)

The Testament of Dr. Mabuse (1933)—A Fritz Lang thriller, but not to be confused with his brilliant, spidery 1922 "Doktor Mabuse;" this later film, in which the mad Mabuse (Rudolph Klein-Rogge), a criminal mastermind locked in an asylum, hypnotizes the head of the asylum into doing his will, was Lang's first anti-Nazi picture. Banned by Goebbels in March, 1933, the film had a rough history. It opened in the United States in 1943, with a foreword by Lang: "This film was made to denounce the terrorist methods of Hitler. Slogans and doctrines of the Third Reich have been put into the mouths of criminals. . . ." Would that the film were as audacious as that sounds; the visual style, however, seems more remarkable than the content, and some people have suggested that those political intentions may have been augmented by hindsight. In German. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 27-28.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gambell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 24.)

The Three Ages (1923)—Buster Keaton in love in the Stone Age, the Roman Age, and the Modern Age. With Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, Joe Roberts, and Horace Morgan. Directed by Keaton. (Elgin; Aug. 21.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

200 Motels (1971)—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Elgin; Aug. 22-24.)

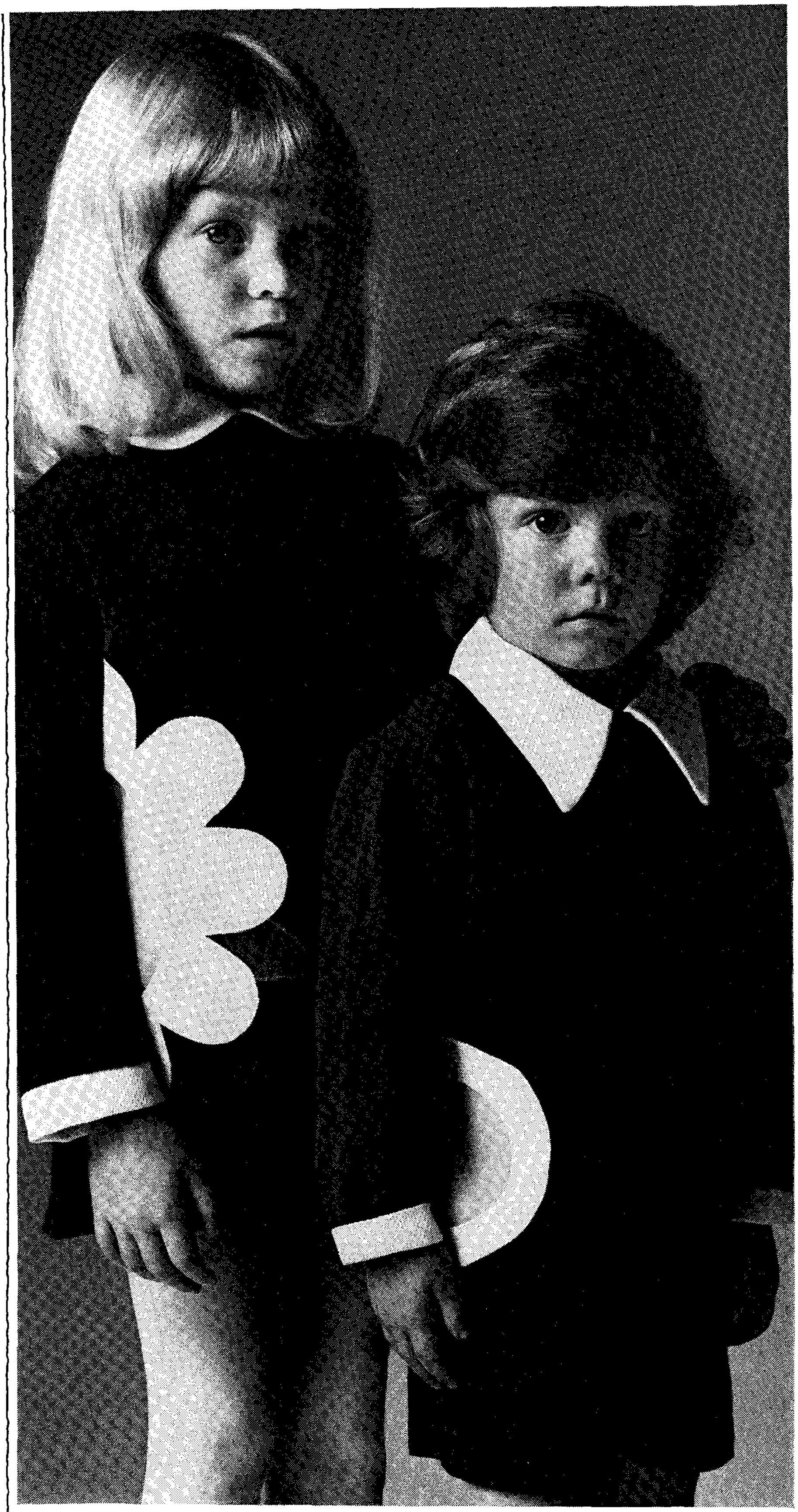
Uptown Saturday Night—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

Wanda (1971)—Barbara Loden wrote, directed, and stars in this story of the minimal love affair of a passive, bedraggled girl from a mining town and a nervous wreck of a small-time crook (Michael Higgins). The director shows great strength—she never falls back on coy tricks or clichés—and the performances are admirable, but the movie is such an extremely drab and limited piece of realism that it makes Zola seem like musical comedy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 29.)

The White Dawn—With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett, directed by Philip Kaufman. (Loews Tower East.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie-and-Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. Even though the social slant may seem like Lang pushing his view of doom, and though the end seems maudlin, the details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. With Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, Margaret Hamilton, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Charles (Chic) Sale, and, regrettably, William Gargan as Father Dolan. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25-27.)



Matchmates by Florence Eiseman.

Pictured above: Polyester/rayon poplin dress with pocket applique. About $22 in sizes 2-6X. Matching shortall about $23 in sizes 2-4. Available at Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field, and Palais Royal, Houston.

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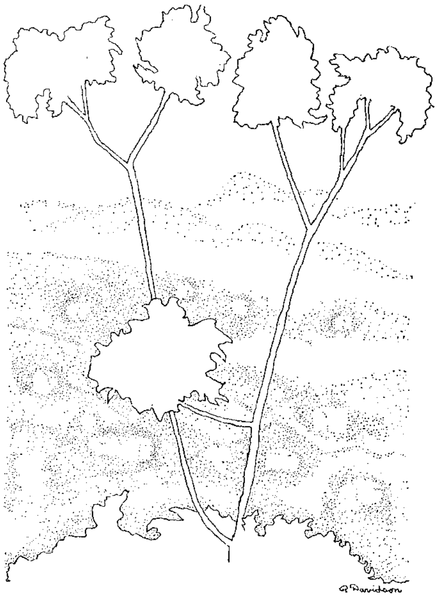
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

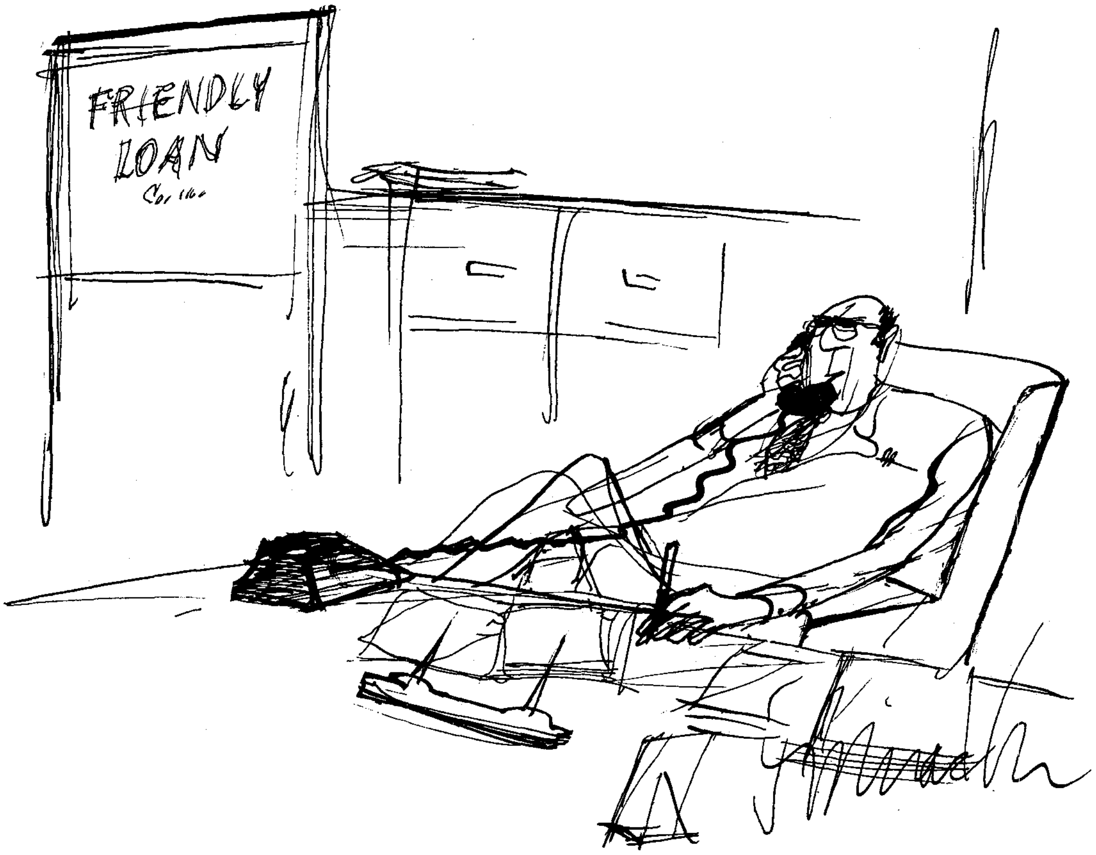
Notes and Comment

As the Nixon Administration approached its end, the President's supporters dwindled to a mere handful. They were an odd but interesting assortment. One was Representative Earl Landgrebe, of Indiana, who said, "I'm sticking by my President even if he and I have to be taken out of this building and shot." (The building in question was the Capitol.) Landgrebe also said, "Don't confuse me with the facts. I have a closed mind." Asked for his explanation of what was going on, he said that the President was being driven from office by a conspiracy that included "the national media." He suspected, he added, that it just might be run by the Communists. He apparently did not know that the Russian Communists, at least, were in close agreement with his interpretation of events. Another of the President's unshaken supporters was Leonid Zamyatin, director general of the Tass news agency. He, too, saw malicious propaganda by "the mass media" as responsible for the President's downfall. "The impulse for this affair came after the Democratic Party suffered defeat," he told the Russian public; it might have been Patrick Buchanan or Ronald Ziegler talking. "A very definite brainwashing of public opinion was taking place on both radio and television, and it certainly was not in favor of President Nixon," he went on, engaging in a bit of brainwashing himself. Zamyatin and his colleagues had adopted the Nixon line down to its smallest details; Valentin Zorin, a prominent Soviet television commentator, said that the American public was more interested in inflation than in Watergate. Missing from their explanation was any reference to any misbehavior on the part of the Nixon Administration. Here was an entire government built on the pattern of Earl Landgrebe's mind. The Soviet authorities didn't want to be confused by the facts.

In the early days of the Watergate scandal, some of the President's supporters argued that the scandal should be suppressed because our foes would make use of it in their propaganda. Then, when the Russians instead blacked out the impeachment story, it seemed for a while that they might be trying to curry favor with the President in the hope of winning concessions at the bargaining table. But now that the President has fallen and the Soviet leaders are suppressing any true account of why, it is plain that their reasons ran deeper than any hope of gaining an advantage over the American government. The paramount consideration was evidently the effect that such a story might have on their own affairs. Unquestionably, the spectacle of a head of government and his aides being driven from office for involvement in crimes such as illegal wiretapping, breaking and entering, and the use of government agencies to punish political opponents was extremely dangerous to them. They were quick to realize that their real affinity was not with the President's opposition—as they had thought in the days of the anti-war protesters—but with the President himself. The interpretation of events in the United States which was offered by the President's supporters suited their needs perfectly. It allowed them to portray what was actually a victory for justice over illegitimate rule—such a dangerous process for their people to observe—as a mere "interparty struggle," in Zamyatin's words.



At the same time, it gave the Russian authorities an opportunity to denigrate the American press. For they understood that, with the American government maintaining silence on the Soviet Union's treatment of its dissidents in the name of preserving détente, a free press was the one remaining major forum in the world where the truth about the Soviet regime could be made known. If President Nixon had been able to put an end to press freedom in the United States, no tears would have been shed in Moscow. For, secure as the Soviet regime appears to be, its own slight experience with truth-telling has given it some inkling of the power of "the facts." No less a figure than Alexander Solzhenitsyn put them on notice about that. During the period of "de-Stalinization" under Premier Khrushchev, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," Solzhenitsyn's account of life in a Soviet concentration camp, was published in Russia, and, to his amazement, he was invited to appear before officials of the Military Collegium to elaborate on his views. "It was like a dream," he writes in "The Gulag Archipelago." The officials "stepped onto the rostrum and talked about 'Ivan Denisovich,' " he continues. "They said happily that the book had eased their consciences. . . . They admitted that the picture I painted was decidedly on the bright side, that *every one of them* knew of camps worse than that. (Ah, so they did


FRIENDLY LOAN Co., Inc.

"Mr. James, I wonder if you're aware that we have an understanding with the Unfriendly Collection Company."

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know?) Of the seventy people seated around that horseshoe, several turned out to be knowledgeable in literature, even to be readers of *Novy Mir* [the Soviet literary magazine]. They were eager for reform. They spoke forcefully about our social ulcers, about our neglect of our rural areas. And I sat there and thought: If the first tiny droplet of Truth has exploded like a psychological bomb, what then will happen in our country when whole waterfalls of Truth burst forth? And they will burst forth. It has to happen."

Demanding

WE dropped by the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, on West Forty-second Street, the other day for a glance at the activities of the Summer Latin Institute, which is sponsored by the Brooklyn College School of the Humanities and is in its second summer. A brochure put out by the Institute warns, "Since the work of the Latin Institute is *extremely* demanding (between two and three years of college Latin are completed in eleven weeks . . .), students must devote virtually all their waking hours to the program. No student should enroll who has *any* other commitment for the summer, i.e., term papers, job, family problems, etc." As if that were not caveat enough, the brochure goes on to say, "If you want to vacation, get an easy twelve points, go to the beach, have weekends free—the Summer Latin Institute is *not* for you." The brochure indicates, further, that the course will prove valuable both to graduate students who want to fulfill Ph.D. requirements and to undergraduates who for one reason or another want to learn Latin in a short time.

In a classroom on the tenth floor of the Graduate Center, we found Dr. Floyd L. Moreland, the director of the Institute, teaching a class of ten young people. The students, who were in their seventh week, had already mastered the fundamentals of Latin grammar (most of them had had no experience with the language at all) and were now reading the Aeneid. As we entered, the class was at the point in Book IV where Dido is approaching her final insanity. Dr. Moreland, who is a brown-haired, brown-bearded man of thirty-one, was reading aloud, "*Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido mortem orat.*" He called upon one of the girls in the class to translate the line, and she did so easily.

"Watch the grammar from here on," Dr. Moreland said. "Remember, Dido is entering the real insanity, and the grammar is shifting, too."

A little later, the names Pentheus and Orestes occurred in the text, and Dr. Moreland asked the class, "What does Dido have in common with these people?"

"They're all mad," said a boy in the back of the room.

"Right," said Dr. Moreland. Then he declared a break for lunch.

We strolled with the Doctor toward one of the elevators and asked him how the Institute had come into being, and he told us that he had been a co-founder of a similar program at the University of California at Berkeley in 1967. "Last year, Brooklyn College brought me here to set up the same sort of program," he said. "We have six instructors—all of them are absolutely first-rate—and there are twenty-two students. The students were all screened by our admissions committee, to make sure that they could handle the work. It really amounts to total immersion. All our instructors are on twenty-four-hour call. We've received phone calls as late as two in the morning, but we're willing to go through this sort of thing, because we're working with such a superior level of students. Classes start at nine-thirty—an eight-thirty class is optional—and continue until three-thirty. Then we have tutorials till five. After that, of course, the students go home and work for seven or eight hours more."

We accompanied Dr. Moreland to the cafeteria, on the building's eighteenth floor, where the students had settled at three separate tables. Most of them were looking at books or scribbling on work sheets as they ate. We joined one of the groups and asked them what they thought of the Institute.

"I'm very impressed with the quality of the instruction," said a red-haired young man, who told us later that his name is Bob Zoller. "I'm concentrating on philosophy, and I want to be able to read the classics in the original. It's important that we not lose sight of the past. A lot of things that are happening today were happening in the Renaissance, you know. And, of course, to study any of the earlier periods you really have to know Latin."

We moved on to another table, where two boys and two girls were discussing a problem of grammar. "You have to give up absolutely everything else in your life," one of the girls said. "It gets so you do *everything* in Latin. You begin translating subway ads into Latin. I even woke up from a dream the other night and realized that I had been *dreaming* in Latin."

"It can be maddening, but it's worth it," said a boy in a striped shirt. He picked up a copy of that morning's *Times* and pointed to a headline on the Op-Ed page that read "ALL'S BETTER THAT ENDS WELL."

Then he took out a piece of paper and wrote rapidly, "*Omnia meliora quae prospere cadunt.*"

Your Tax Dollars at Work

AMTRAK restored daytime train service to Montreal early this month, and, naturally, just to make things official, it invited along Ernest M. Frimbo, the world's premier train buff. An inaugural run without our old friend Frimbo would be eggs without Benedict. Frimbo phoned us from the Château Champlain, in Montreal. He stays there because it's a railway hotel. The tape of our conversation has just been released.

Talk of Town: Hello?

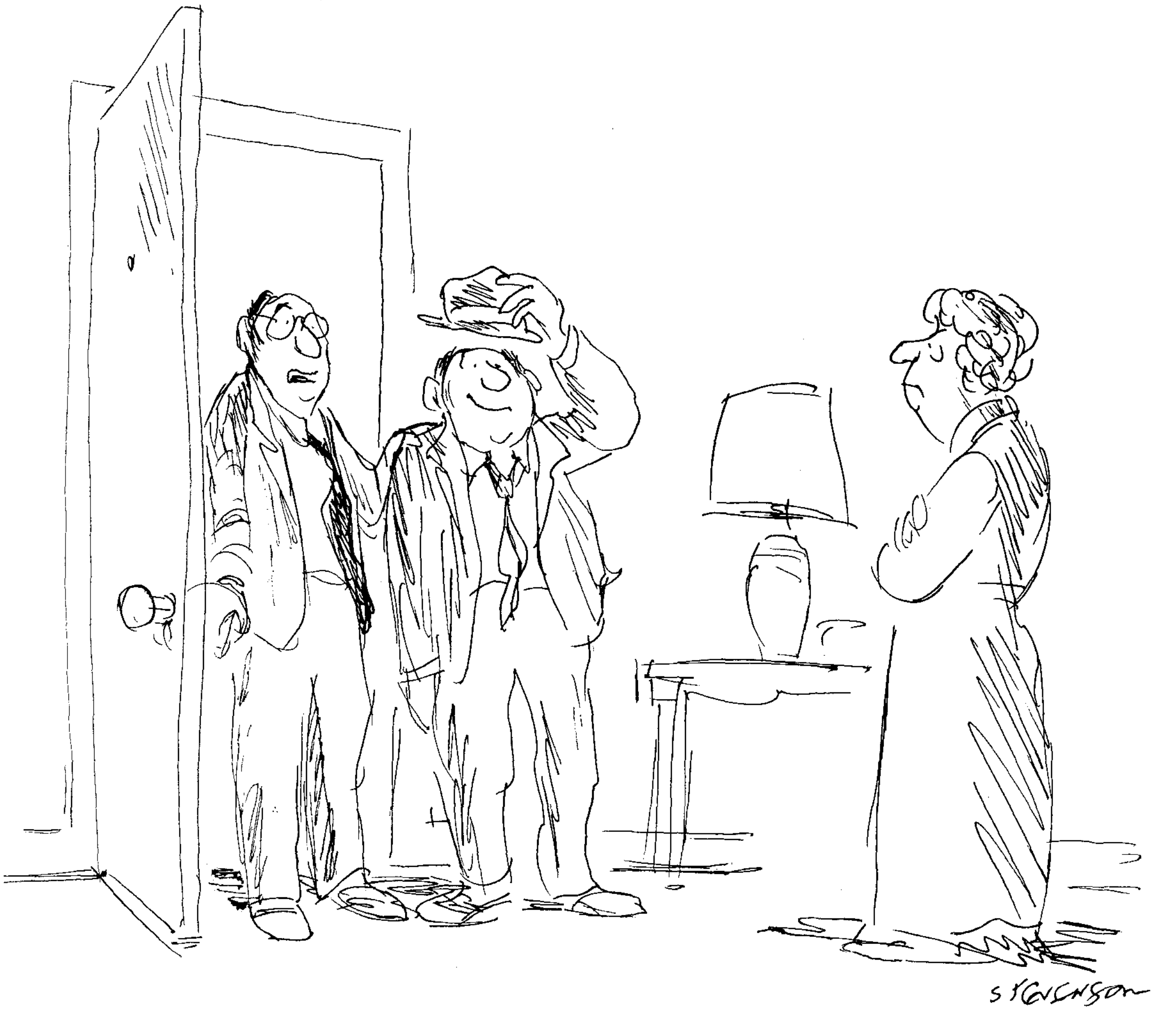
Frimbo: E. M. Frimbo here. In Montreal.

TOT: Frim! Haven't seen you since Mardi Gras.

F: I'm calling about the Adirondack—the name of the new train that has just brought me to Montreal. "Your Tax Dollars at Work," I say, and at last in a good cause, since the State of New York, not Amtrak, is putting up most of the money for the service. Some of the American papers have been saying, to the great distress of the New York State Department of Transportation people, that the *feds* have put up the loot. Which is quite funny to us insiders, seeing as how the federal Department of Transportation is vigorously opposed to the restoration of long-distance passenger trains. As a matter of fact, it is vigorously opposed to the *operation* of any long-distance passenger trains. And the New York State DOT men I saw on the train looked rather glum when they were reading this news. Not only that but, all the way along through upper New York State, whenever we stopped there were vast signs held up by the underlings of hotels thirty, forty, or fifty miles away saying "SUCH-AND-SUCH AN INN WELCOMES AMTRAK." You know that *somebody* wants this train. Governor Malcolm Wilson, who joined the train in Albany, apparently decided that it should be part of a barnstorming tour for the reëlection of Governor Malcolm Wilson. He devoted all his time, standing on improvised podiums in the towns we stopped in, trying to overcome this unexpected Amtrak display by saying that it was he, as Governor of New York, who was restoring this train.

TOT: O.K. Got that. (*Pencil-scratching noises.*) Now tell us more.

F: The train started out from New York at eight-thirty this morning, tacked onto the rear of an Amtrak train for Buffalo. This is the train that once had the Herbert H. Lehman and the Franklin D. Roosevelt (two parlor cars with real, movable stuffed upholstered armchairs, used for hauling politicians as far as Albany) and a very fine dining car (steak-and-eggs for breakfast—the whole bit). The Adirondack is the restoration of an earlier train called the Laurentian—a fact that caused a bit of juggling in Albany. New York State money, it was hastily decided, could hardly be used to fund a train with a distinctly Canadian name. So somebody came up with the name Adirondack. We paused momentarily halfway through the long tunnel leading north from Grand Central Terminal to inspect the usual third-rail fire, which had hung up two commuter trains on the adjoining track. I got a good look at this, because I was riding on the en-

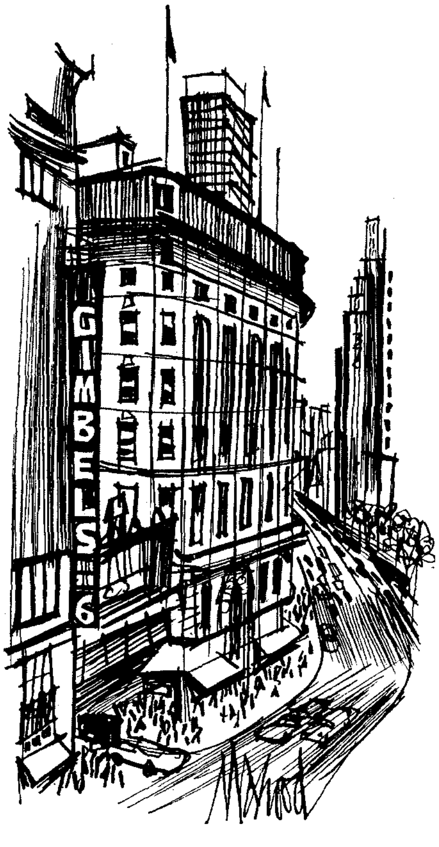


"*This is my spokesman, Harold W. Mulcahy. He will handle your questions.*"

gine. Then, deftly skirting the fire, we rolled out into the open, and on up the Hudson. The Adirondack is very much to the credit of a reasonably young man named Carl Bruce Sterzing, Jr., the new president of the Delaware & Hudson Railway, the line that takes the train from Albany on up north to the Canadian border. We in the railway industry suspect that Mr. Sterzing is a—um—crypto-rail-buff. The basis for this is the fact that the cars provided for the Adirondack portion of the train out of Grand Central—four day coaches—had just been completely reupholstered, repainted, revacuumed, re-everything-elsed, and when we got to Rensselaer, the station, just this side of Albany, where we were put on the train that would be the complete Adirondack, Mr. S. had provided—for this first trip, anyway—several more day coaches, a dining car, a double-decker dome lounge-coffee-shop car, and his own private car, on the rear end. The dome car was a noble touch, but it had to begin in Albany—it's too big for the tunnel into New York City. Amtrak's part of the décor was a handsome bilingual timetable, which offered, on the southbound run, connecting service to "la Floride." Mr. Sterzing is almost unique here in the East—he runs a railway that makes money. But he is beset on all sides; nearly all his connections are with railroads that are bankrupt and may soon be going out of business, or going into a state of catalepsy. The Penn Central, one of his principal connections, has been trying like mad to get freight traffic away from the D. & H. instead of just being a connection—something it's done before with other railways. Mr. S., like most railway presidents, usually takes a dim view of passenger traffic. But along comes the State of New York with the money, and it's not unreasonable to think that he, being a bright young man, has decided that by taking the queen's shilling from the State he will make friends in the Legislature in Albany in his battle to keep what is essentially a very good railroad in working order for the rest of its life.

TOT: Describe the train, please.

F: Well, you could say it's a capsule history of transportation today in the United States. Though it is all beautifully painted in Delaware & Hudson blue and yellow, which is close to the New York State livery—a nice touch that, and a fine-looking train it is—it has been assembled, like Amtrak itself, from bits and pieces. Practiced eyes recognized the two diesels on the head end as waifs from the Santa Fe. Most of the coaches were clearly once part of the long-lost Phoebe Snow, the fine Lackawanna train from Hoboken to Buffalo. The lounge car had come from the Rio Grande, and the dome car had been borrowed from the Canadian Pacific. A nice job of rehabilitation by Mr. Sterzing, who, by the way, joined us in Albany and made instantly for the lead diesel, like a true railway president/rail-buff, leaving his private car open to all of us invited guests. A colossal buffet luncheon had been laid on by a really first-class caterer in Albany, Mendel's Catering Service—absolutely one of the best buffets this old curmudgeon has ever sampled. Glorious job. Kind of thing you'd expect of the Ritz in Boston. Some of our best tax dollars were at work here. And, to make sure it was run properly, my old friend Tom Middlesworth, late of the Penn Central and now hired away by Amtrak, was in charge of one of the three cars that afforded the buffet. Another was in the charge of another old friend—Sparky, whom I hadn't seen since the Laurentian disappeared. Sparky is the last surviving member of the old D. & H. dining-car department, and Mr. Sterzing had drafted him into service again for the first day. Sparky now runs a quiet—to hear him describe it—bar-and-lounge on Livingston Avenue in downtown Albany, but there he was behind the buffet, big, handsome, husky, looking more like a retired professional football player than a dining-car man, and gleeful as ever at one more day of service on the line he'd served so well for so many years. The crowd at the buffet was so large and so hungry that Harold Graham, Amtrak's vice-president for marketing, pressed himself into service and started carving the pâté.



TOT: Did you set any speed records?

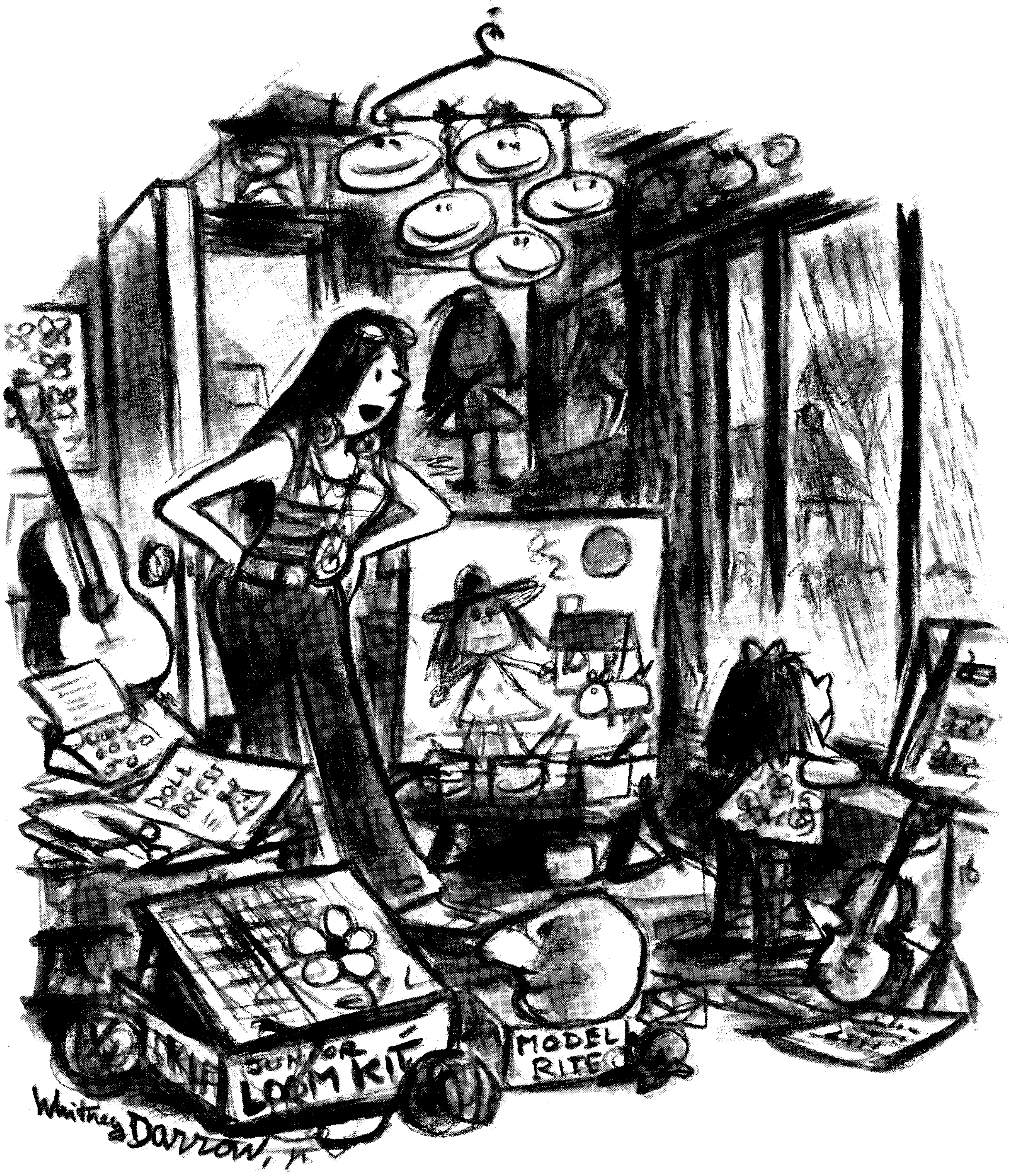
F: Well, only for eating. The Adirondack is probably the slowest train I have ever travelled on, in all my years, between New York and Montreal. But that is really not the point. Getting to Montreal is not the primary interest of most of the people who take a train like this. The train goes through all those upstate towns that nobody ever thinks about—Saratoga Springs, Fort Edward, Whitehall, Westport, those resort towns that were once so easy to get to. Westport for years was the jumping-off place for people who went over across the hills to Lake Placid—much the simplest way. Whitehall, a town that looks half asleep all day long, is within half an hour of Rutland, the second-biggest city in Vermont and the beginning of a vast ski area. So it really doesn't matter that a train like this takes ten hours, over one of the most spectacular scenic routes in the entire country: first up the Hudson River, then along the canal to Lake Champlain, and then that magnificent, splendid ride high above Champlain for almost its full length, before descending to Plattsburgh (whopping big Air Force base) and shooting on to Montreal.

TOT: What else have you been up to?

F: Well, I did try a new form of conveyance the other day—or, rather, a form of conveyance I hadn't used for upward of sixty-five years.

TOT: A balloon?

F: No, no. You see, the Valley Railroad of Connecticut held what it grandiosely called an Antique Transportation Fair up in the town of Deep River, on the west bank of the Connecticut River, bringing patrons on one of its own steam trains from Essex, and providing everything conceivable in the way of transportation, from a Bee Line bus, vintage I would say about 1915, that had been hiding in someone's garage on Long Island for many, many years to a carryall: you know, a surrey-with-a-fringe-on-top—pneumatic tires, high seat for the driver, and four



"Why don't you sing, weave, paint, sculpt, compose, or something?"

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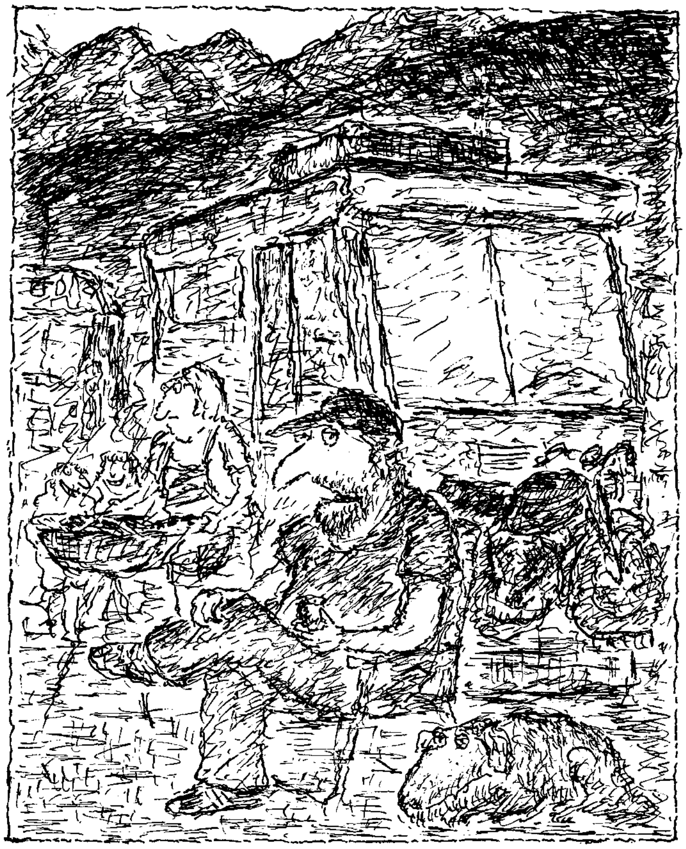
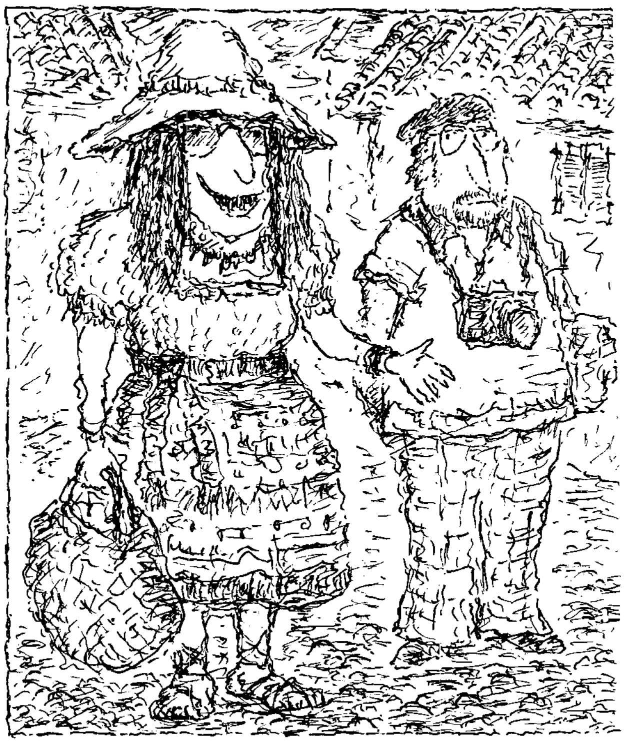
ponies to draw it. My prize, since I am a steam buff, was a mountain wagon built by the Stanley Steamer Company in 1914—the sort of open-air bus that used to meet trains in resort stations in New England and cart people slowly, safely, and rather silently up to the mountain hotels ten or fifteen miles away. My Stanley Steamer mountain wagon scared the hell out of old ladies doing their Saturday shopping in Deep River—its two-tone steam whistle had enough bark and bite to persuade them that the Twentieth Century Limited was coming down Main Street without stopping. The Steamer burns kerosene, at thirty-five cents a gallon, which should make a number of your readers groan. The machine seats twelve, is practically odorless, and has the lovely, soft *poomp-poomp-poomp* sound that comes from a vehicle driven by a piston rod moving in and out of a steam-filled cylinder. A noble Saturday, I must say, and equal in its charm to our trip today on the newborn Adirondack to Montreal.

THE INQUIRING DEMOGRAPHER

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION: HAS THE UPHEAVAL IN CYPRUS, WORLDWIDE INFLATION, AND THE RESIGNATION OF THE PRESIDENT SPOILED YOUR SUMMER VACATION?

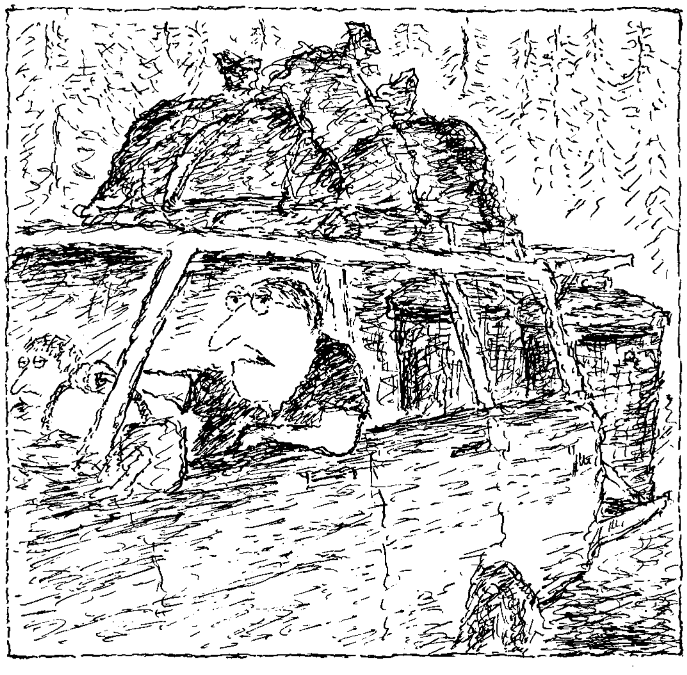


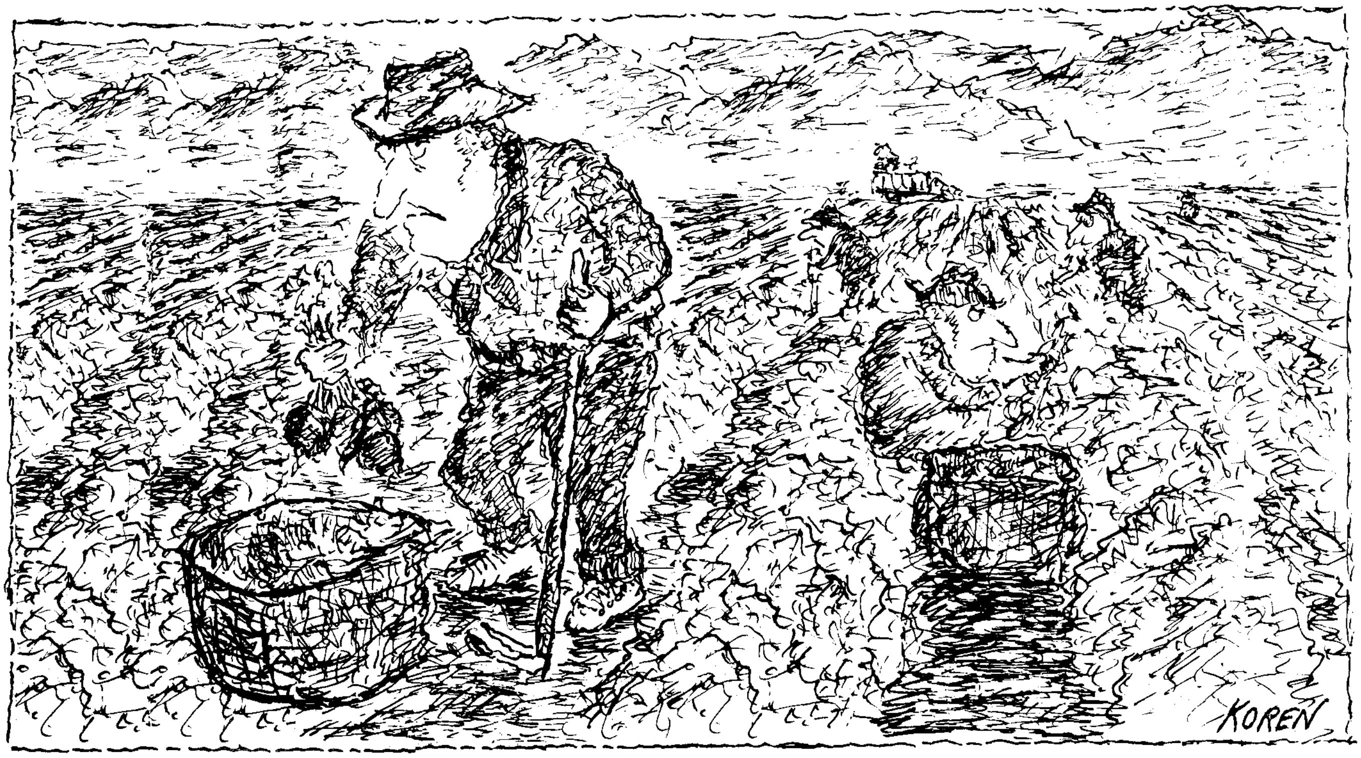
Ralph Minton, Sales Representative, Youngstown, Ohio (interviewed in Yosemite National Park): All this trouble just makes a man want to get out in the nature that the good Lord provided, if you know what I mean. You just have to shake off all that bustle and corruption of modern life and just take the wife and kids and breathe a little. Practical-things-wise, the crisis in Washington and the gas-shortage rumors and everything has just meant that we had to take the color TV out of the camper to make room for the reserve gas tanks.



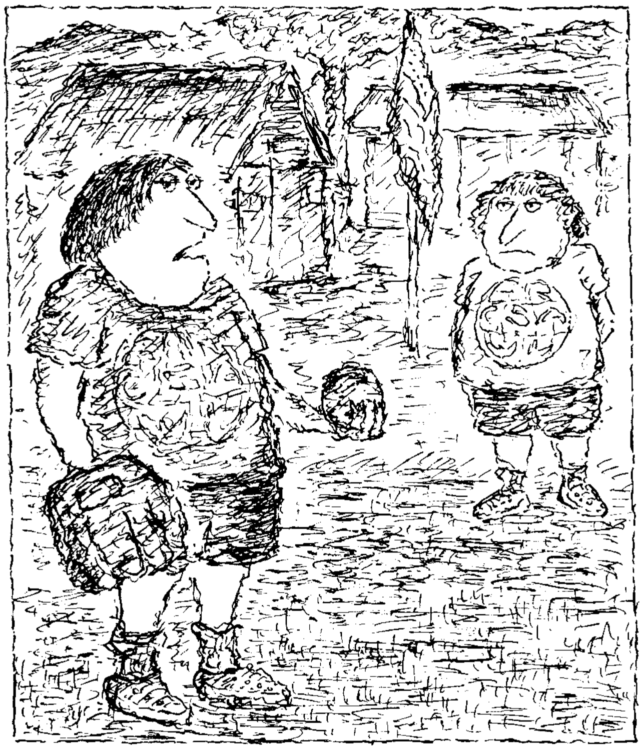
Mrs. Linda Spangler, Housewife and Macramé Instructor, Highland Park, Illinois (interviewed, with Mr. Spangler, in Torremolinos, Spain): I think if you really get to know the people—*la gente*, as the people call the people here—you see that those problems are just political and very touristy. Your *campesino* isn't really a, well, *aficionado* of world affairs. Neither is your *camarero*. If you get away from the big hotels, you find people saying *que sera sera*—which is really hard to translate but means sort of whatever changes really remains the same.

Bruce W. Chadwick, Foundation Executive, Boston (interviewed in Lincoln County, Maine): I believe that if the Berryport Township Sanitation Department would change its trash-pickup morning from Tuesday to Monday, I would be a happy man. Sure, I have a lot of sympathy for people suffering around the world. But did you ever try driving to Boston from Berryport, Maine, with an entire weekend's worth of garbage in the back seat? Did you ever spend three weekends trying to construct a raccoon-proof trash cage and then be assessed forty dollars a year on your real-estate taxes for "property improvement"? We all have our own crosses to bear.

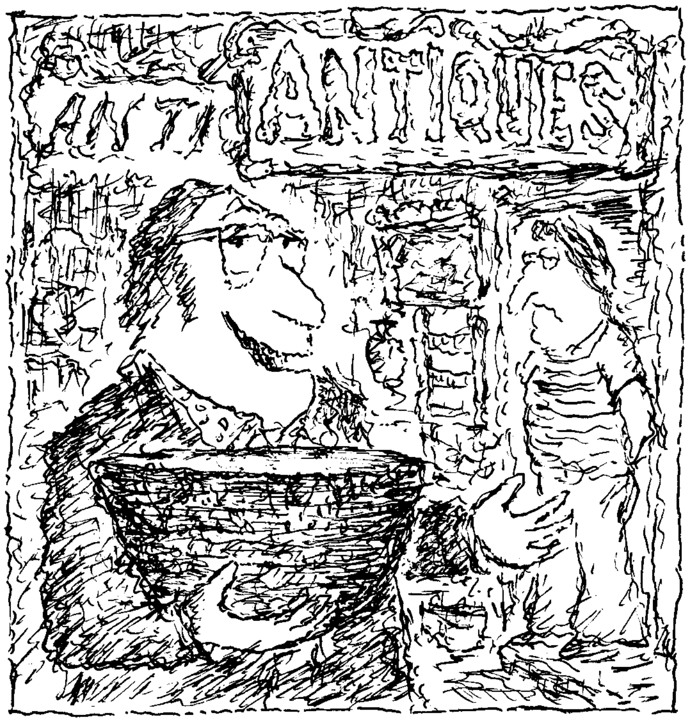




Luis Valdez, Stoop Laborer, Del Rio, Texas (interviewed, with the permission of management, on the property of Agribeet, Inc., near Weiser, Idaho): No.



Joshua Hockheimer, Schoolboy, Manhattan (interviewed at the Eleanor Roosevelt Camp for Social Awareness and Weight Loss, Lost Mountain, New Hampshire): Yesterday, at the campfire discussion, Chubby Harris took a position on the Cyprus problem that was completely inhumane, so I kneed him going into second in the softball game today. Which is the kind of argument he understands, because he tried to drown Jeremiah Fine down at the pond just because Jeremiah said that the Mitchell-Stans trial ignored due process. I think Chubby Harris is a crypto-Fascist, and also very fat.



Fred Mohler, Bolt-and-Tube Manufacturer, Columbus, Ohio (interviewed on the Portobello Road, London): Sure, the country's falling apart at home, but you got to look at the bright side. Yesterday, a guy offered me some china plates for fifty-five pounds and I said, "Look, I'm just an American and things haven't been going so well with us." He came down eight pounds. Today, another guy said to me that a pub mirror the wife wanted cost twenty pounds. I said to him, "Do I look Japanese to you?" I offered him three.

—Calvin Trillin
and Edward Koren

PRIMAL THERAPY

WHEN Marty's cardiologist called to say that Marty was "breathing on his own now," or, as Ada herself would have said, "being allowed to die after his long illness and nine hours in intensive care," she thanked him and went to wait in her mother-in-law's wing chair. It was the chair in which her husband, if he had not preferred the hospital, might have waited for death. It was the chair in which a favorite aunt and his mother had waited and in which Marty, during the nights when his sense of being "full" was too oppressive to be borne in bed, had found relief.

Sitting there, Ada spoke his name and heard the sound of it in the quiet room with the kind of incredulous wonder that "Goodbye"—shouted to a long-loved person at a considerable distance—often stirs. But of course it was not the same as saying "Goodbye." Marty had not gone away. The odor of his agony still surrounded her, and the chill of his hands was no less real than it had been when she touched them and left him. Dying.

"No, don't come," Marty's doctor had said. "I wouldn't want you to see him the way he is now."

So Ada waited in the big chair while an April thundershower washed the house and Marty died. When the telephone rang again, it was the doctor asking permission to perform an autopsy.

"Do you expect to learn something from an autopsy?" she asked, because it seemed unlikely that after more than ten years in the doctor's care there could be anything more for him to learn about Marty.

"We usually do."

"Then you may perform an autopsy."

Dry-eyed and speechless—except for her recurring tendency to repeat Marty's name—Ada went to bed. It was, she was certain, what Marty would have wanted her to do.

THREE days later, feeling that Marty was pleased with the freedom he presumably now enjoyed, Ada listened to the funeral sermon that Pastor Neal was beginning to deliver:

"We are sad today because a teacher, churchman, civic leader, husband, father, grandfather, gentleman, and friend is no longer with us. His absence now will affect the family who loved him and lived with him and shared the unique qualities of his life. That absence will also affect the hundreds, even thousands of others who over the years came to know him and respect him and admire him for his never-ending kindness, for his uncommon modesty, and for his remarkable capacity to see some good in everybody he met. That this giant of a man (and I mean that literally and figuratively) is no longer a presence among us is just cause for us to be sad."

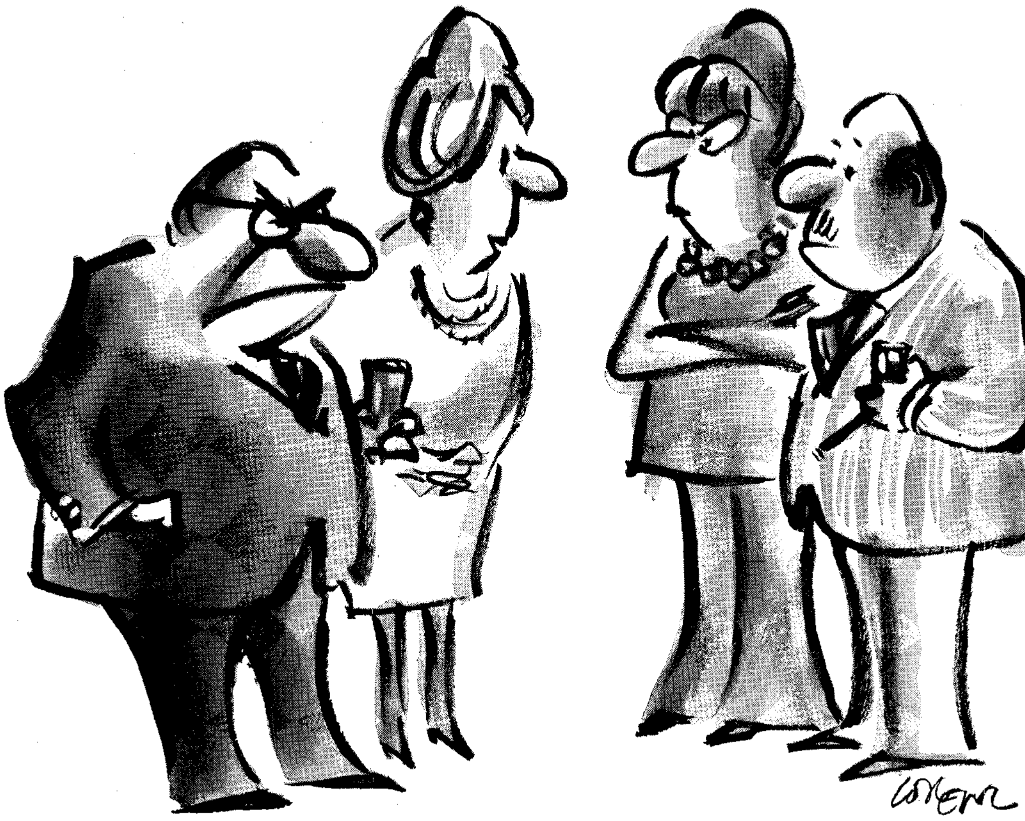
Ada could not help smiling inwardly at this. Whether she was relieved to see that Pastor Neal, whose eyes were brimming with tears, still was able to cry or glad to remember that it was Marty's six feet two inches of height and the pride with which he carried it that had made him her husband she could not have said. Certainly, along with the pastor's tears and her memory of the young man whose presence, indeed, had seemed gigantic, the sermon was a revelation so surprising she wanted to laugh in the way that small children laugh at a fairy tale.

Yet the pastor's eyes were full of tears and his voice was eloquent, speaking of a man she seemed to have known somewhat as she knew their mailman (a dependable man who came and went at predictable times with news both good and bad, sometimes angry but always aloof, a man whose real business had nothing to do with her), and less well, as a matter of fact, than she knew the heavyset plumber who came to deal with the unexpected failures of their electric pump.

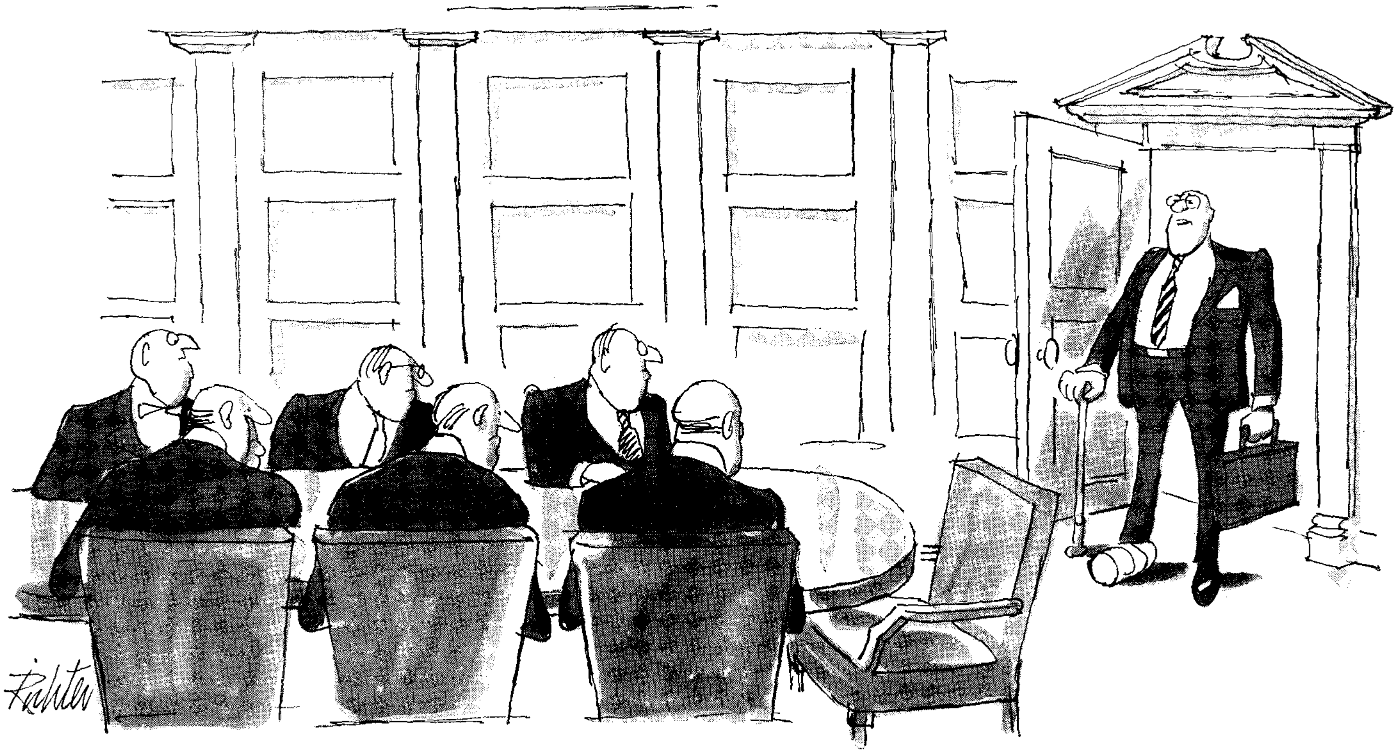
On all sides of Ada, people were holding their handkerchiefs ready to staunch the flow of tears and nasal excretions when Pastor Neal said:

"But we are also glad today. For we can come into this church and make these statements because they are true. This is the church where he regularly worshipped for many years. This is the church where he faithfully taught the adult Bible class for a longer time than I can remember. This is the church where his extraordinary faith both in God and his fellow-man was renewed and strengthened—through Word and Sacrament. We are glad today because we can rejoice in the memory of his Christian life and we can thank God that He made it possible for us to know this man and be enriched by him in so many ways."

Ada bowed her head and closed her eyes. The tremor of a *petit mal* came and went while she wondered



"Grayson is a liberal in social matters, a conservative in economic matters, and a homicidal psychopath in political matters."



"Nothing serious, gentlemen. I dropped a gold bar on it."

• •

if Marty's enrichment of the lives of these tearful people could have been a little like her own enrichment by the painting of Christ's transfiguration that, throughout her childhood, had been on the wall behind the altar. After a renovation of the church, the painting had been covered by an arras.

"We don't know anyone who restores that kind of painting," Ada had been told when she asked why the arras was needed.

"I'm so sorry," she had said, thinking of all the long sermons through which the representation of Jesus in a floating white garment, with the favored disciples—Peter, James, and John—in cloaks of Easter-egg coloring on a grassy slope below the unspeakable glory, had sustained her. "But the painting will always be there?"

"Yes. Under the arras," the woman who had bought the arras said.

Seated now in one of the pews where both Ada and the painting had once been stylishly acceptable, those early years—when her love had transfigured the world so that she could not fall asleep for fear that somehow, while she slept, the world and everyone in it might be lost—became more real than they recently had been.

IN those years, the painting, she supposed, had enriched her own life in a way roughly comparable to the way in which Marty had enriched Pastor Neal's life. It was natural, therefore, that he—an honest man determined to keep the scales in balance—should have seen the funeral sermon as an opportunity, perhaps an obligation, to enrich Marty's life. If not an outright exaggeration of Marty's virtues, his speech was an *irradiation* of them. Or was it true—as one or two of Marty's old college friends had suggested, both before her marriage to Marty and afterward—that she was not really able to appreciate Marty?

No better equipped to answer that question than she had ever been but still fascinated by the mass of its unknown quantities, Ada briefly considered the difference between Pastor Neal's appreciation of Marty's life in retrospect and her own. Assuming that the pastor had been one of their contemporaries, who, having known her as a loving child and, a little later, as an indifferent teen-ager who, at seventeen, found Marty indispensable, the differences in their remembrance of him now would be immeasurable. At his best, she had found Marty warmly exciting; at his worst, painfully irritating.

Yet, in and under the roles of "street angel" and "house devil"—both of which Marty had played to perfection—there was a solidly masculine presence. It was this presence, she imagined, that Pastor Neal had discovered and was now describing. It was to this presence that Ada herself had addressed her proposals of marriage when one of Marty's long absences had convinced her that she could not live without him.

Almost all of those letters had been lost in Marty's progress from one place of employment to another, while almost all of his letters existed still, in one of the old trunks in the attic. During Marty's last illness, she untied one of the packages and found in it a letter of her own, written after a visit during which, quite obviously, their relationship had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The letter's paper was the green of a luna moth's wing and stiff with the courage of youth. It began:

> Dearest Marty—In the most literal sense, you are all the world to me and the only desire or ambition I have is to help you to be happy. If you don't want to marry me, I'll find some other way to help you. This is what I've been wanting to tell you all summer.

Later—and even more incredibly—the letter went on:

> I, too, wish that fate had made me your sister. But I'm not your sister. I'm Ada and have to make the best of it. I believed you when you said that it hurts you to be so far away. Yet whenever you mention marriage, you look terribly depressed. Why, Marty?

After thanking him for his visit, the letter ended with a piece of advice that Marty, she was sure, could not have taken seriously then, and that she, after more than forty years as his wife, did not understand at all:

> Don't worry, darling, about your work—or anything. The only real wealth is time. Let's invest it where it gives us the most interest. Your own Ada.

A year later, with dozens of lesser letters in the meantime, Marty had replied to that letter, having accepted the fact that Ada was not his sister and must, therefore, become his wife. It was a twelve-page letter—the longest of their lengthy correspondence—and so plainly punctuated with the anguish of self-sacrifice that, while rereading it, Ada was as close to tears as sympathy for another human being could bring her.

After paying tribute to the memory of William Jennings Bryan (who had died the week before) and Ada's father (who was alive), Marty listed her virtues. Since the list was a short one, he had asked her to forgive his faults without listing them.

> I realize so many of them must be corrected, Ada. But now I understand how much it means to possess a superior mentality and I realize more and more—as I know you—how profitable and advantageous the application of knowledge is.

The problem of marrying her he had tackled manfully by writing a modified quotation of her father's endorsement of honesty as the best policy.

> As your daddy says, courage, stick-to-itiveness, and honesty win out in the end. What a true possessor of common sense that man is. I don't blame you for appreciating him.
>
> Dear, to write more would be only a repetition of the fact that I love you.
>
> I don't mean to be pessimistic. But living alone has been so distasteful to me.

Perhaps exhausted by the effort of writing at such length and supposing that somehow his faith in her father's judgment would suffice, Marty had ended with "Ada, yours till judgment day and through eternity."

Almost before the wedding ceremony could be performed, however, Ada had begun to wonder if Marty's promise to live with her forever was *meant.* As her husband, he had a penchant for saying things that, almost certainly, implied that her hopes of being helpful to him were without foundation. And when she asked him to explain, his answer was "My mother told me not to marry you. Because you are an idealist and I am not."

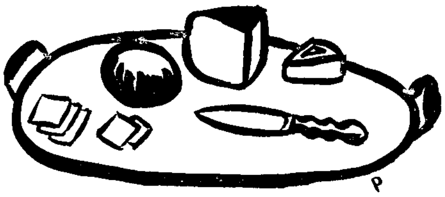
Happily, she had become somewhat used to this fallacy in her mother-in-law's view of their marriage before Marty was moved to say, "Ada, there is no such thing as love. What 'love' means is nothing but a willingness to be exploited. And you're not willing to be exploited. In fact, you're the most completely selfish person I ever met."

This revelation of Marty's own view of the truth was related, she had thought, to the familiar belief that in some persons both a "street angel" and a "house devil" have made their home. Surely, there were times when, loving the "street angel" in Marty, she had hated the "house devil" who lived with her.

So that, without the solidly masculine presence, dependable and strong, their marriage would have ended before it began. This was the presence that Pastor Neal had known and, with wet eyes, described.

This was the man who, during their last meeting, had said, "Ada, I want to get well so that I can help you." This was the Marty who—coming and going like the mailman—would be with her "till judgment day." He would not want her to cry now.

—LINDA GRACE HOYER



SWIMMING IN THE ROCK

Emptying my body of its last breath
I am free to walk the paths
of rivers at such depths

that mucky bottom sand sucking
on my hollow, moving steps
cannot keep up. Crawfish and finger

leeches kiss my flesh and wet
red pores pass their salt. Floating
its gold dome the bobbing sky takes the shape

of my eyes. I pull the riffling
surface on my head
and I break skin like a bone.

My birdwing lungs flap in new
air and currents press their spilling
noses to me. I like the feel of living

in two worlds. Below my floating belly
my legs remove themselves. Like fat
driftwood I watch them go and am alone

in the air. Riverwater becomes
my blood, it eddies in curved veins.
A soft dead fish rolls his bloating

body into mine. I am unable to take
my eyes from his, his pregnant soft
wild eyes. He wraps around my chest

and floats off. In the air above
someone is breaking branches and slinging
the ripped arms into the water.

Along the shore I see the rocks
putting on moss. The green robes
are three shades brighter under river.

Like motherbirds with worms in their beaks
my legs are coming back. There is no
ceremony, they just clamp onto my hips

and swivel footfins into a cloud
whorl, and the liquid twang
of my ascending body frees the river.

—MICHAEL BORICH

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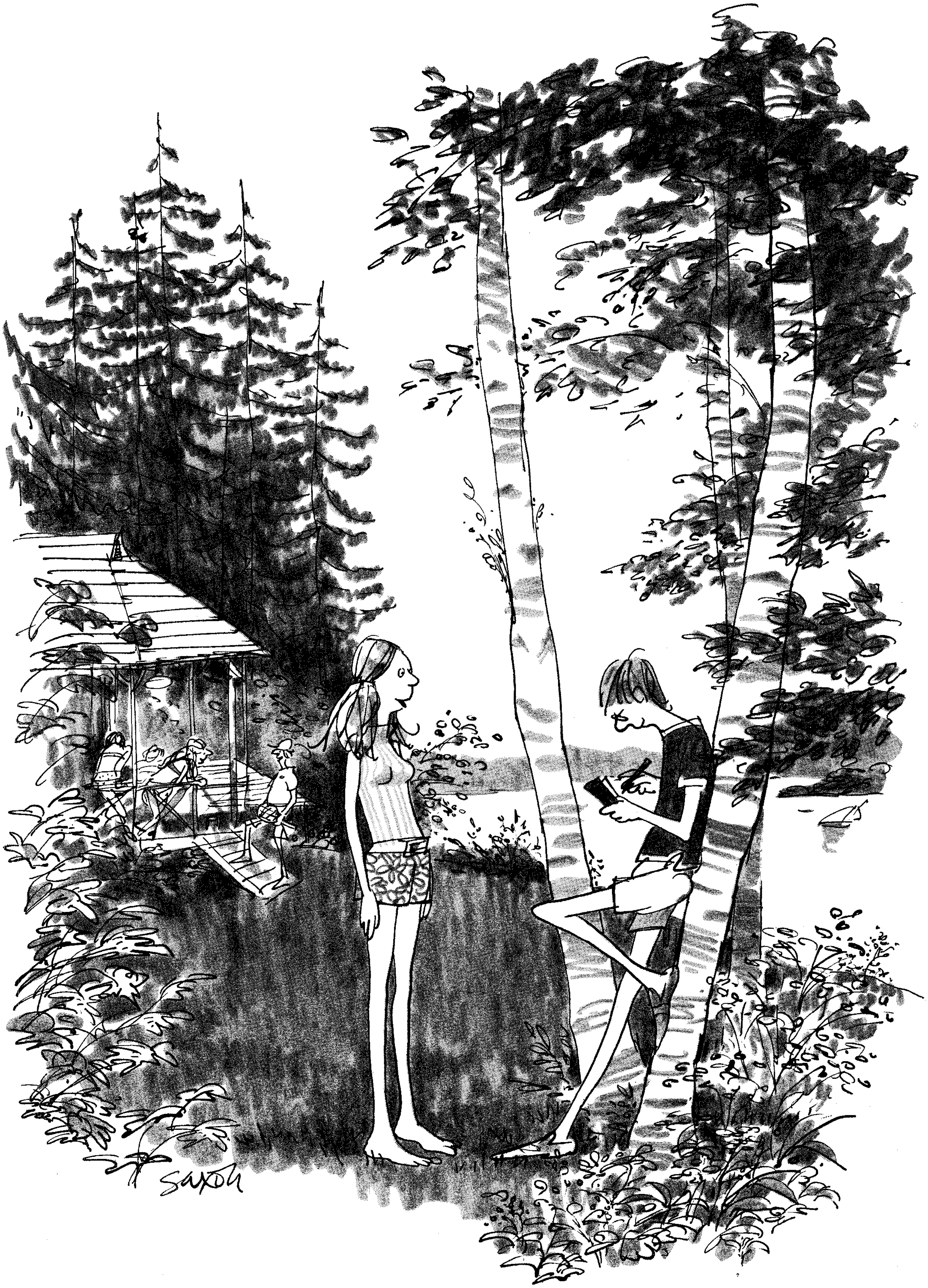


"Apartment 6-B, 310 West Sixty-eighth Street, New York. Zip Code 10023. 212-695-9445."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BIGGEST EVENT THIS YEAR

ON Friday, May 3rd, in the late afternoon, Sly Stone, the sleek black singer, called the office of Epic Records, his record company, and talked with Stephen Paley, his main man there. During the conversation, Sly announced to Paley that he planned to marry Kathy Silva, a striking young Hawaiian girl, who has been an actress in California, and who is the mother of his eleven-month-old son. Sly said he planned to marry Kathy almost immediately. "I might do it in Hawaii," he told Paley. "Or I might do it when I come to New York."

"Why don't you do it in Madison Square Garden?" Paley asked facetiously. "Before your concert."

"Yeah," Sly said. "I could be my own opening act."

On Saturday, May 4th, Sly called Paley at home. Paley was out, but his telephone-answering machine clicked on. "This is a recording, but don't let that intimidate you. Leave your message after you hear the signal," said Paley's voice. Sly left a message: "I called you at five-fifty-four. My name is Sly, and I wish you would make my wedding the biggest event this year. You can do it if you want to. I'll be at home awaiting your ideas. Ha. Ha. Ha. Don't let *me* intimidate *you*."

During the next several days, Sly left other taped messages. On one of these, he repeated the phrase "Madison Square Garden" over and over, in a low, provocative voice.

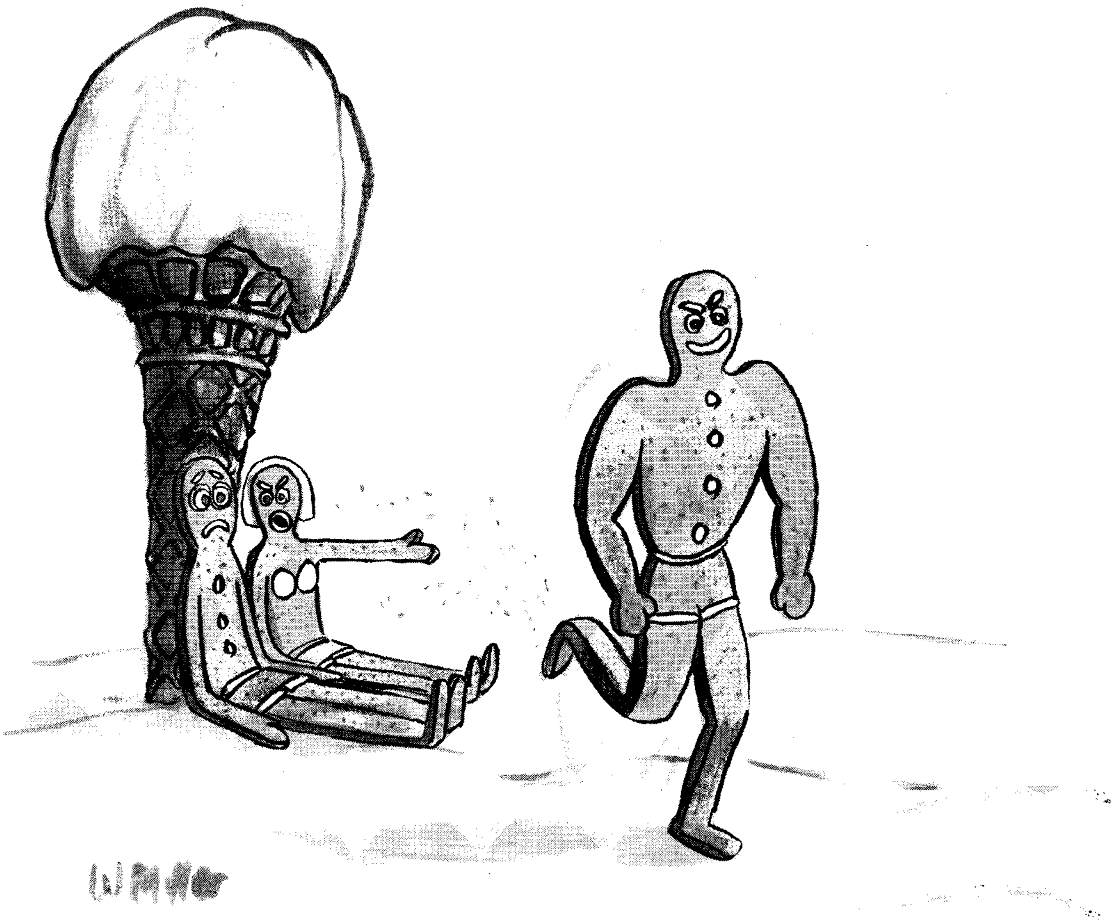
SLY STONE was born in Denton, Texas, in 1944. He is a lean, graceful man with a large smile. He makes a point of being in control. He is in control of his leanness and his grace. He is in control of his large smile. He is in control of many of the people around him, and, sporadically, he is in control of his considerable talent. In the early sixties, Sly led a successful street life in San Francisco. In the middle sixties, he was a disc jockey on KSOL ("Soul Radio!"), in San Francisco. In 1967, he recorded "Dance to the Music" for Epic and became an important singer. The following year, he performed at the Woodstock Festival and became an important cultural figure as well. Sly's importance at the end of the sixties was two-fold. First, he developed a distinctive rhythm that came almost to dominate dance music. Second, he added to this dance rhythm, which won him a large black audience, lyrics with countercultural implications, which made him easily accessible to a hip white audience as well. His position was a special one. In the late sixties, only Sly made music that appealed consistently both to hip whites and to hip blacks. And he did it with a band—The Family Stone—that was put together in a new and interesting way. The Family Stone (which includes three real members of Sly's family—his brother Freddie on vocals and guitar, his sister Rose on vocals and piano, and his sister Vet on tambourine and piano) consists of seven musicians, and it produces a high-energy sound that is tied together by Sly's organ, punctuated by horns, and moved forward by a fine bold rhythm.

A singer who appeals to hip blacks and hip whites at the same time makes a lot of money. In 1969, Sly's "Stand!" album, on Epic, sold over two and a half million copies. The next year, his "Greatest Hits" album sold over three and a half million copies. In 1972, he renegotiated his contract with Epic and won an agreement which stipulated that he be given well over half a million dollars every time he delivered to Epic the tapes for a new album—provided only that his previous album had sold more than a million copies. Last year, Sly's album "Fresh" failed to sell a million copies. This did not mean at all that the album failed or was unprofitable. The mark of success for a record album is the Gold Record award given by the Record Industry Association of America when an album achieves gross wholesale sales of a million dollars. This happens, usually, when an album sells four hundred thousand copies or so. Sly's "Fresh" album sold twice as many copies as the average gold album. Still, the fact that "Fresh" didn't sell a million meant that Sly had to settle for less than his usual payment when he delivered the tapes for "Small Talk," his new album, and it meant that Epic had to deal with the fact that the album sales of its most important artist were declining.

By Thursday, May 23rd, it had been decided that Sly Stone would indeed marry Kathy Silva in Madison Square Garden before his concert, to be held on June 5th. Moreover, it had been decided that some important figures from the fashionable world—notably, Halston, the designer of clothes—would help to make it happen. Several complicated sets of expectations began to be felt. There was Sly's expectation that his wedding would be

"I'm leaving the firm, sir, because of normal attrition."

an event—perhaps, indeed, the event of the year. There was the expectation among some people in the fashionable world that it would be a perverse event—perhaps the perverse event of the year. There were commercial expectations of a grand sort—that the wedding and the publicity it generated would give Sly's career new energy and a new direction. And there were commercial expectations of a petty sort—that news of the wedding would help to fill the house. From the start, the meaning of what was happening seemed to be tangled—except that two rules seemed to hold true: When fantastic black expectations intersect fantastic white expectations there is fantasy and energy but no real event, and when, in America, commercial expectations enter any equation they determine the result.



"Are you just going to sit there and let that bully kick sugar all over us?"

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In any case, by Thursday, May 23rd, the legal department of C.B.S.—Epic's parent company—had figured out what had to be done from a legal point of view to marry Sly Stone in Madison Square Garden; Bobby Zarem, of Rogers & Cowan, the public-relations agency, had begun to figure out what had to be done from a public-relations point of view to marry Sly in Madison Square Garden; Joe Eula, who designs many things (costumes, posters, events), had begun to think about what had to be done from an aesthetic point of view to marry Sly in Madison Square Garden; Halston had begun to think about the clothes; and Paley, who is theoretically in charge of artistic acquisition for Epic, but who handles everything having to do with Sly at Epic and who had assembled these forces and set them in motion, had, by that Thursday, persuaded C.B.S. to give Sly a wedding reception at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria.

At 12:30 P.M. that Thursday, Paley met in the office of Robert Altshuler, the vice-president in charge of public relations at C.B.S. Records, with Eula, Zarem, and two representatives from the banquet department of the Waldorf-Astoria. Altshuler, dressed casually in a blue-and-white striped shirt, worked in a mood of robust neutrality; Zarem, a Yale man, dressed in a tan suit and aviator sunglasses, seemed to represent, at different moments, intensity, sincerity, compromise, and exhaustion; Eula, a short, energetic man of middle age, who designed, among other things, the Liza Minnelli poster with the big "L" and the tiny face, and worked on the ball given last year for the benefit of the restoration of Versailles, wore tennis shoes and was creative in a boisterous sort of way; Paley was dressed casually in beige and was eager in an ironic sort of way; and the representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria banquet department strove conscientiously to uphold the prevailing standards of good taste where those standards did not hopelessly contradict the promptings of commercial good sense. The meeting was the first plenary session of the group responsible for the Starlight Roof reception. Some things had been decided already. Paley had drafted an invitation and Eula had punched it up ("You are invited to a golden affair," Eula's punched-up version read. "Wear something gold"), and this invitation was now at the printers, but many crucial decisions were yet to be made.

The first issue that the plenary session took up was security. The representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria were stern. They said that there should be two checkpoints for arriving guests, that all stairways should be blocked off, with two guards per stairway, and that C.B.S. should consider taking out an insurance policy.

"Will the guards be armed?" Paley asked.

"Of course not," a representative of the Waldorf-Astoria said.

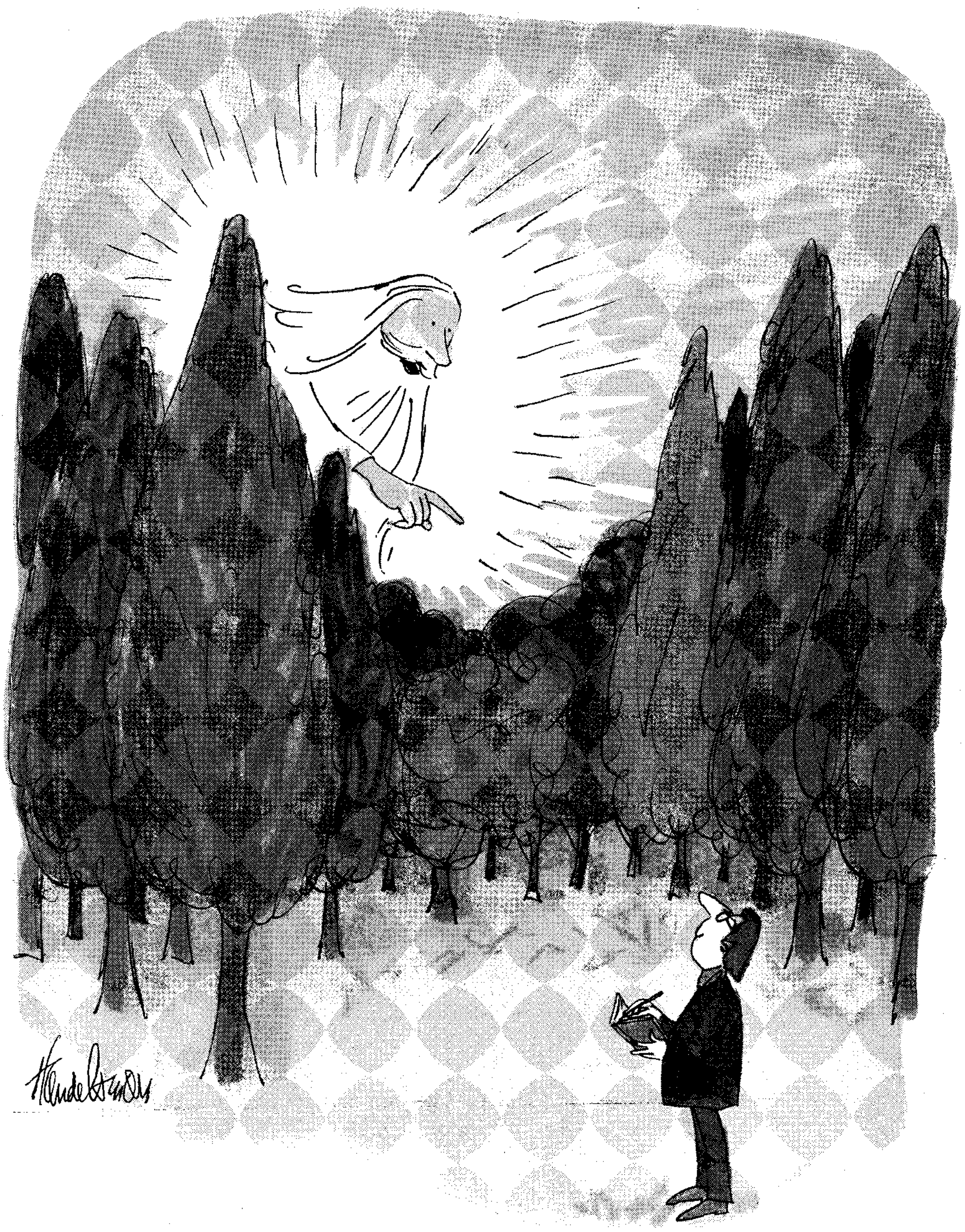
"How much more for armed guards?" Paley asked.

The representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria declined to answer, and, instead, asked Eula if he planned to have a receiving line.

"Forget it," Eula said.

The representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria asked if C.B.S. wanted imported champagne or New York State champagne. They asked if C.B.S. wanted champagne served all evening long or just with the wedding cake. They asked what C.B.S. wanted on top of the wedding cake. They asked what food C.B.S. wanted. They asked what flowers C.B.S. wanted and how C.B.S. wanted the flowers arranged.

Stephen Paley said he had seen pictures of the Starlight Roof when the Starlight Roof actually opened



"Trees are made by gods like me, but only a fool like you can make a poem."

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up. "Does the Starlight Roof still open up?" he asked.

"No," the representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria said. "Never."

"How much more to open up the roof?" Paley asked.

The representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria said no amount of money would open up the Starlight Roof.

"Too bad," Paley said.

It was decided after some discussion that there would be New York State champagne, that the champagne would be served only with the wedding cake, that the wedding cake would have a gold record on top of it. It was decided to serve Japanese food, fried chicken, and soul-food hors d'oeuvres. Only the flowers caused any real difficulty. The representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria were determined that Eula use the Waldorf-Astoria florist in decorating the Starlight Roof. Eula was equally determined to use Tony DiPace, his favorite florist. Zarem suggested the East River Florist, *his* favorite. Zarem backed out of the conflict, but Eula and the representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria did not. The representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria didn't budge an inch. "The 'Great Gatsby' party cost Paramount two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and *they* liked our flowers," one of the representatives of the Waldorf-Astoria said.

AT three-thirty, Paley met with Altshuler, Zarem, and two members of the Epic public-relations staff—Penny Ross and Bob Sarlin—to go over the guest list. Zarem said the guest list broke down into four categories: first, internal, meaning people from C.B.S.; second, the press; third, record retailers, disc jockeys, and people from C.B.S.'s distributing branches; and, fourth, celebrities. Zarem said he preferred to think of the celebrity list as being Sly's list. "The feeling I don't want to give out is that these people are just being asked because they're social or entertainment celebrities," Zarem said.

EARLY on the morning of Friday, May 24th, Ken Roberts, Sly's manager, sat in a coffee shop across the street from his West Side office and swapped stories with a stocky rock-and-roll talent agent about the difficulties involved in dealing with black artists. "You know what's the trouble with these black acts?" the agent asked. "They all think they're superstars. They think everyone else is imitating them. You know how you make money with a black audience? You book three or four acts together. Do you think you can get them to work together? Never."

Roberts told a story about Sly's last Madison Square Garden concert. The story catalogued various hassles that Roberts had had with Earth, Wind, and Fire, a band that was Sly's opening act for the show.

"Earth, Wind, and Fire's a great act," the agent said.

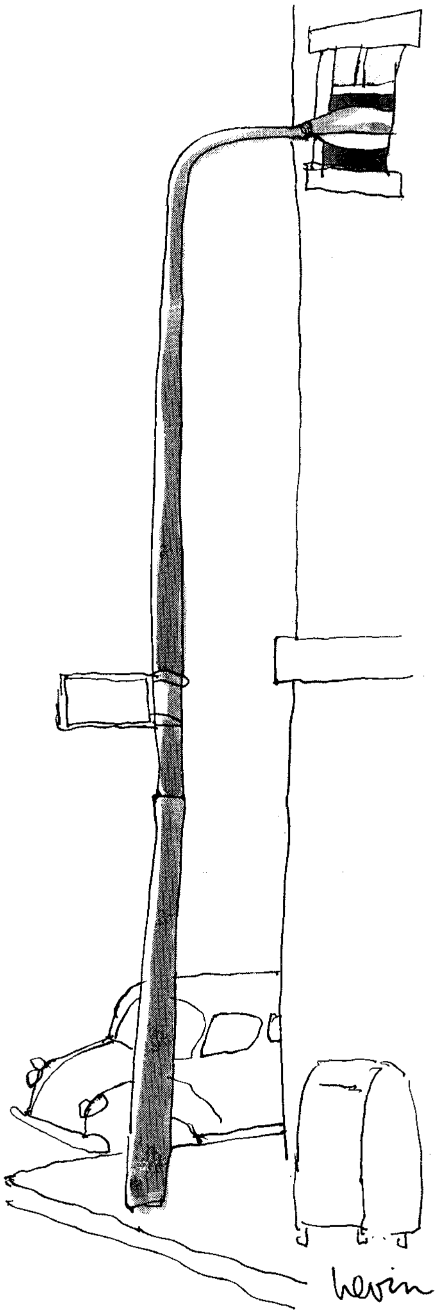
"Yeah," Roberts said. "And lots of great acts are dead."

A number of recent circumstances have affected Sly's career. One can get an idea of some of them by looking at what has happened to the two most important elements of his initial success—his dance rhythm and his accessibility to white audiences. Accessibility first. Black music often poses a subtle threat to a white audience. This threat is interesting at one level, but it is alarming at another and will keep a mass white audience away unless it is dissipated by familiarity or by some gesture of welcome from the artist. It was Sly's brilliant stroke to make a gesture of welcome but to do it in such a way that blacks in his audience were not put off. He did it largely by calling on a series of images that managed to refer both to the new white street style and to the traditional black one. "Stand!" and "I Want to Take You Higher" and "Everyday People," for instance, all seemed friendly to whites without seeming fatuous to blacks. Sly sometimes works in this style now (the lyrics of his current single, "Time for Livin'," are in the familiar late-sixties mold, although the music is not), but things have changed. For one, the waited-for convergence of white and black experience on the countercultural grid failed to take place. And, for another, it seems now that hip whites find almost every black singer accessible. No special welcoming gesture is needed: records by Kool and the Gang and Eddie Kendricks are as popular at white discothèques on Long Island as they are at black discothèques in Manhattan. Which brings up the second point: Sly's dance rhythm. Sly's dance rhythm is as important as it was five years ago, and Kool and the Gang, Earth, Wind, and Fire, and Graham Central Station—to name just three groups—all use it. Strangely, though, Sly doesn't. His last three albums have been done (and redone, in an incredible number of hours and at incredible expense) by Sly working almost alone, without a band, in the studio. He has meticulously laid down track upon track, playing each instrument himself instead of using a band in the studio, and making use of a new electronic rhythm machine called a Univox. The resulting work has been complicated, and may be of more interest than anything done by Kool and the Gang. But it lacks the spontaneity and the enormous energy of Sly's early songs, and people don't dance to it.

After coffee, Roberts crossed the street to his office. Roberts is a man in his thirties who looks older. His hair is slightly long, and he wears glasses with large frames. Roberts, before he began to manage Sly, was best known as the promoter of Oldies concerts starring the Four Seasons and Jay and the Americans. He became Sly's manager in 1972, at a time when Sly was very badly behaved—when, Roberts says, no one else wanted the job. He books Sly's concerts and exercises some tactical control but he seems to have few long-term ambitions for Sly. While Paley (who is about Sly's age) and others at Epic Records seem eager to make a new career for Sly, Roberts seems willing to ride the old one out.

Sitting behind his desk in his office (dark-grained wood panelling, orange shag carpet), Roberts set about dealing with a number of tasks while at least half his attention was centered on getting Sly, who was in an adjacent room, off to a concert in Beaumont, Texas. "In a minute, he's going to walk in that door and ask for something," Roberts said. "I don't know what he wants, but I'm prepared. The last time we did the Garden, he walked through that door and said, 'I need sixty thousand dollars.' And I gave it to him. What could I do? The last time in Houston, he said, 'I need five thousand dollars cash or I'll have trouble singing.' The banks were closed. Where could I get five thousand dollars? I had to get a friend of mine to get money out of his personal safe. Then, when I got the money for him, he said, 'You keep it. I'll take your word. You're my man.' The only way I could deal with the last Madison Square Garden thing was to disappear. He couldn't reach me for four days. At six o'clock on the night of the concert, he walked in that door and asked for the sixty thousand dollars."

Roberts called Epic Records. He asked for an accounting of Sly's financial transactions from 1967 through 1971, because, he said, Sly had no idea what had happened during those years. And he asked for a check for a hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars—the last part of Sly's advance for his just completed "Small Talk" album. In order to get this check, Roberts had Paley call a studio in California and instruct employees of the record plant, in Sausalito, to release the remaining "Small Talk" tapes to Epic. "This album," Ken Roberts said. "He spent a hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars on stuff he could have done at home for free. Now, you watch. He's supposed to leave for Texas in five minutes. He'll come in that door and ask for—what? I don't know. But I'm prepared. Sly likes to go to the brink of disaster." Not Sly but one of Roberts' associates came in the door, and he announced that Sly and his entourage had left on schedule for Beaumont, Texas. "I can't believe they left for the job," Roberts said.



AT 2 P.M. on Sunday, May 26th, ten days before the wedding date, Paley met with Eula in the loft, on Greene Street, of Marvin Torffield, a young artist who does (among other things) three-dimensional color projections in space. Eula said he was in a bad mood, because the A.S.P.C.A. had forbidden him to fly doves over the ceremony. He said that even if he were to fly a black model dressed as an angel over the ceremony it wouldn't make up for not having doves. "You've got to keep something happening every minute," he said.

Torffield showed Eula and Paley some three-dimensional projections in space. He used normal slide projectors that focussed patterns of colored light over a long distance. When, with an atomizer, he sprayed a fine mist into the air, geometrical forms—a square, a rectangle—seemed to stand out in space. Eula said the projections put him in a better mood, that they would be of use, and that he wanted to hire Torffield to produce them at Sly's wedding. "They will be my *canopy*," Eula said. "I want them to float above Sly and Kathy."

Torffield said that he had used his projections in the play "Steambath," where, of course, the mist necessary for the three-dimensional feeling had been abundant, and that it had all been very successful.

"You know what I see?" Eula asked. "For your opening shot? Triangles within triangles. *Soaring*. Very modern. All in gold. Ten different gold colors."

"For 'Steambath,' I introduced a

THE IRON LUNG

So this is the dust that passes through porcelain,
so this is the unwashed glass left over from supper,
so this is the air in the attic, in August,
and this the down on the breath of the sleeper . . .

If we could fold our arms, but we can't.
If we could cross our legs, but we can't.
If we could put the mind to rest . . .
But our fathers have set this task before us.

My face moons in the mirror, weightless,
without air, my head propped like a penny.
I'm dressed in a shoe, ready to walk out
of here. I'm wearing my father's body.

*

I remember my mother standing in the doorway
trying to tell me something. The day is thick
with the heat rising from the road. I am
too far away. She looks like my sister.

And I am dreaming of my mother in a doorway
telling my father to die or go away.
It is the front door, and my drunken father falls
to the porch on his knees like one of his children.

It is precisely at this moment I realize
I have polio and will never walk again.
And I am in the road on my knees, like my father,
but as if I were growing into the ground

I can neither move nor rise.
The neighborhood is gathering, and now
my father is lifting me into the ambulance
among the faces of my family. His face is

a blur or a bruise and he holds me
as if I had just been born. When I wake
I am breathing out of all proportion to myself.
My whole body is a lung; I am floating

above a doorway or a grave. And I know
I am in this breathing room as one
who understands how breath is passed
from father to son and passed back again.

*

At night, when my father comes to talk,
I tell him we have shared this body long enough.
He nods, like the speaker in a dream.
He knows that I know we're only talking.

Once there was a machine for breathing.
It would embrace the body and make a kind of love.
And when it was finished it would rise
like nothing at all above the earth

to drift through the daylight silence.
But at dark, in deep summer, if you thought you heard
something like your mother's voice calling you home,
you could lie down where you were and listen to the dead.

—STANLEY PLUMLY

• •

little blue just to show all the gold," Torffield said.

"Blue or pink," Eula said. "Either one. Since it's a wedding. Blue is a little down. Use the pink. Seeing it's a wedding."

"Stacking two or three projectors, I can give you one hundred feet," Torffield said.

"Go ahead," Eula said. "I want a feeling of *indefinition*. It *soars*, and *soars*, and *soars*."

"Will the audience gasp when they see it?" Paley asked.

"No," said Eula.

SLY returned to New York on Friday, May 31st, and it was arranged that he should be measured for his wedding suit at Halston, on Madison Avenue, on Saturday, June 1st. Halston, for a fee of ten thousand dollars—paid by Sly—was making costumes not just for Sly and Kathy, but for Sly's mother, Mrs. K. C. Stewart, Kathy's mother, Mrs. William Silva, Sly's sisters, Rose, Vet, and Loretta, his brother Freddie, his brother-in-law Bubba, his friend Buddha, the members of The Family Stone, three backup singers with The Family Stone, and twelve young black models who would appear onstage at the wedding. Paley came to Sly's apartment, on Central Park West, that Saturday afternoon to escort Sly to the fitting. There was a small, benign delay before Sly appeared. (Sly uses small, benign delays in the way that a lion uses small, undeadly nips—to indicate affection while calling attention to his teeth.) Sly's living room is decorated in red, black, and white—his favorite colors. There are no windows in Sly's living room, but there are these things: a game of Scrabble; a Sony videotape machine; a stereo console in a Mediterranean-style cabinet (a gift from Epic Records); a giant white Zenith Chromacolor TV (turned on and playing a Leo Gorcey "Bowery Boys" comedy); a white telephone; a red ashtray; a red lighter; a red shag rug; a black-and-white vinyl sofa; several contemporary prints in black, white, and red; and two black wastepaper baskets with white plastic liners. On a table beside the black-and-white vinyl sofa there were these magazines: *Fred Russell's Car Care; Gambling Quarterly; Texas Football; Basic Automotive Tools & How to Use Them; Popular Imported Cars; Action Black Belt.*

When Sly appeared, he was attended by his friend Buddha, and he was wearing a red shirt, striped pants, and spangled platform shoes. Paley told him it was important to get to Halston on time, because N.B.C. was planning to film the fitting. Paley said that the fitting was a news event. "I don't want to seem like I'm doing Halston no favor," Sly said.

Paley said the whole point was that a great fashion star was meeting a great singing star and that the fashion star and the singing star were equals, even though they were from different worlds. Sly listened and then stood motionless for a few moments. "We better go right now, Sly," Paley said.

"I'm just thinking about what I'm going to wear," Sly replied.

"You don't have to think about that now," Paley said. "That's what you're going to talk about with Halston."

"I'm thinking about what I'm going to wear *to* Halston's," Sly said.

"Wear what you have on," Paley said.

"I don't seem like no one important in these clothes—at least, not to me,"

"So far, she's only powering the cabaña."

• •

Sly said. "I want to represent my thing as good as Halston represents his."

Sly left the room. After a short time, he reappeared, dressed in a striking outfit. It was cut in Western style from a light-beige material and was decorated with red stones. A stripe three stones wide ran down both pants legs. A stripe two stones wide curved around the shirt in a cowboy design. He wore matching boots with red stones at the toe and at the heel. He wore, as well, two rings—one on his right little finger with "Sly" spelled out in diamonds, one on his left little finger with "Stone" spelled out in diamonds—and a gold bracelet on which both "Sly" and "Stone" were spelled out in diamonds. He looked altogether flawless, except that, halfway down his left calf, one stone was missing. "Now I'm ready to go to Halston's," Sly said. With him, to Halston's, Sly took a pack of small cigars, a comb, a bottle of Jergens Lotion, and a bottle of Heineken beer. Buddha said as they went out that he wondered if Halston would recognize Sly's outfit for what it was—a custom design by Nudie, of Los Angeles, the well-known Western tailor. "If he's Halston, he ought to know," Sly said.

In the office of Halston, which was walled entirely with mirrors, Halston held up for Sly's inspection a spangled gold dress intended for the backup singers. Halston held the dress at arm's length, swinging it back and forth under a line of lights attached to the ceiling, regarding intently the reflection it made in the mirrored wall opposite. Halston himself, a slight man with dark hair, was wearing silver clogs, black pants, a black turtleneck, a blue shirt with a big collar, and mirrored glasses. "See?" Halston said to Sly. "It reflects light like nothing you've ever seen. Isn't it incredible? It should look as though it was electric."

"I believe it will be electric," Sly said.

Quickly and efficiently, two employees of Halston took Sly's measurements. A short, thickset man with unmirrored glasses took the measurements; a blond man in unmirrored aviator glasses wrote them down. Halston himself sat at his desk drinking ice water. On his desk there were these things: a silver belt in the shape of a cobra, two potted plants, assorted swatches of cloth, five bottles of perfume, a chrome lamp, a big dish used as an ashtray, a pack of True cigarettes, and Sly's bottle of beer. Sly, while he was being measured, stood jauntily in the spot where Halston had demonstrated the electric power of the spangled gold dress. He asked Paley for some chewing gum. "I don't have any," Paley said. "Maybe Halston has some." Halston said that he didn't have any chewing gum but would try to find some. He did find some. Then a Halston model, a thin blond girl, came in to model the dress—of gold sequined fabric—that Halston had designed for the bride. The model stood stock-still in the spot where Halston had shown the other gold dress, and where Sly had been measured. Sly stood next to her and mugged a lot, but the girl looked straight ahead into the mirrored wall opposite and did not smile.

An N.B.C. television crew arrived, and the stocky man with unmirrored glasses measured Sly a second time, so that the measuring process could be filmed. There wasn't much energy in Halston's office. Halston declined to contribute much. The N.B.C. crew, which was captained by a slight blond woman named Mary Alice Williams, declined to contribute anything at all. There was music from a radio tuned to WBLS-FM, the hip black station. An unfamiliar song that used the familiar Sly Stone bass line began to play.

"What's that song?" Sly asked. No one knew the name of the song.

"Someone's been listening to Sly," Paley said, a little ruefully.

"Yeah, a *lot* of people," said Sly.

Miss Williams approached Sly. "It would be remiss of me if I didn't ask you how you met Kathy," she said.

"I met her at a social gathering in Hollywood," Sly said, without looking at Miss Williams.

"That's it?" Miss Williams asked. "A social gathering?"

"A social gathering in *Hollywood*," Sly corrected her.

"He met her at a party in Hollywood," Paley said.

"It wasn't no party," Sly said firmly. "It was just what I said it was."

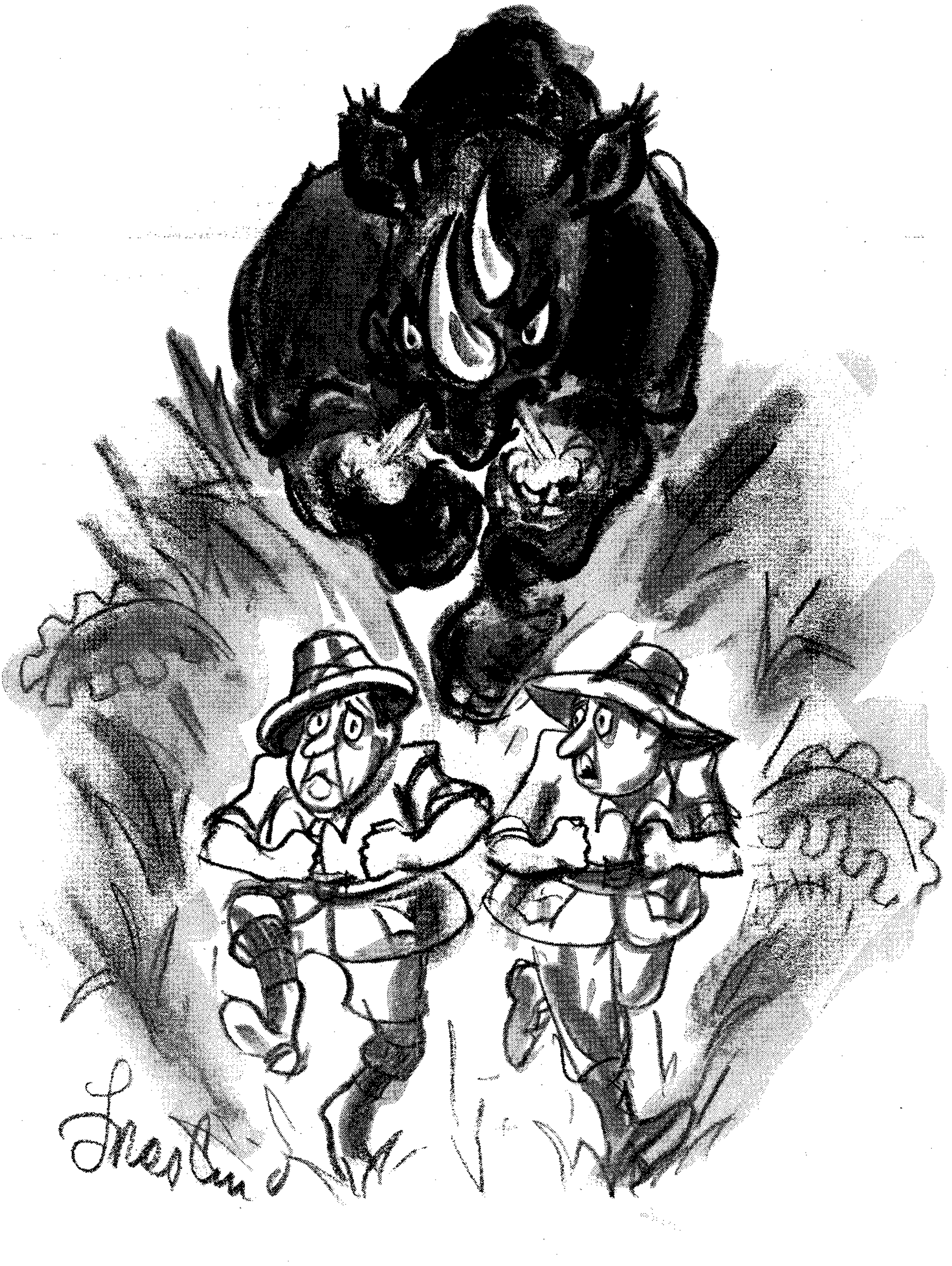
"I feel like a wilted daffodil," Miss Williams said to an N.B.C. companion.

Later that night, on "NewsCenter 4," Miss Williams did not sound like a wilted daffodil. She sounded pert and slightly acid. She referred to the bride's dress, with some irony, as a "3-D matrimonial masterpiece" and called the fitting "today's little publicity stunt." Paley, watching the broadcast, said he didn't like the tone of the report, but he said he liked less the fact that there were several thousand tickets to Sly's concert still unsold. "This will help sell tickets, won't it?" he asked.

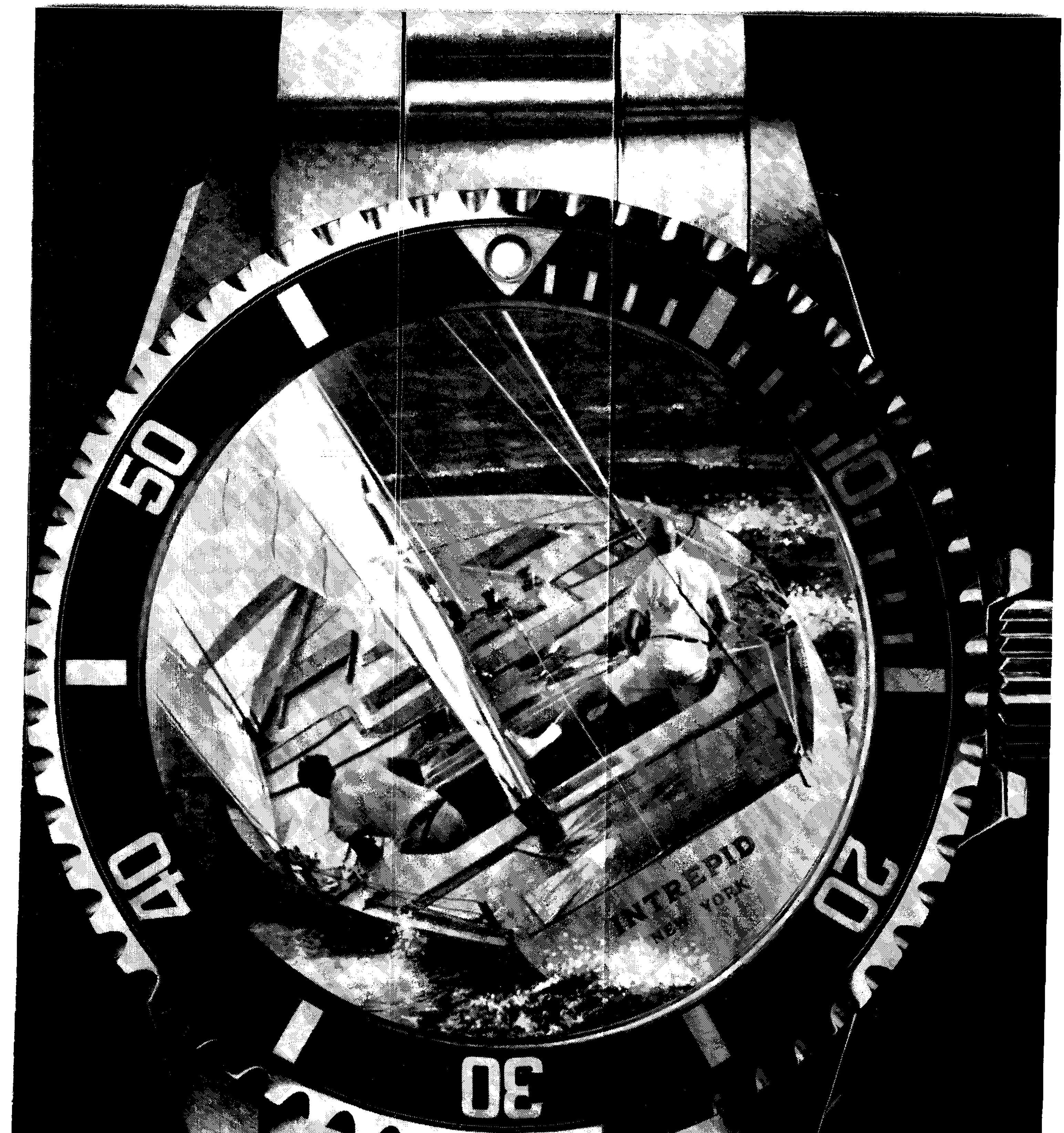
"KSOL *Soul Radio! On and on and on. Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, cats and kitties, hippies and squares, seventeen past six with Sly. Without further ado, I'd like to introduce bad, bad Charlie.*"—From a mid-sixties taped "aircheck" of Sly Stone on KSOL, San Francisco, played by Stephen Paley in his office, Tuesday, June 4th, during his haircut.

At six in the evening on Tuesday, June 4th, the day before the wedding, Roberto Vega, who works at Elizabeth Arden, came to the C.B.S. Building, at Fifty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, to cut Paley's hair. (As the concert drew near, Paley found it necessary to conduct even pressing personal business within reach of his office telephone.) Mr. Vega noticed at once that Paley's office was not well equipped for haircutting, and allowed himself a sigh, but then, with intrepid professionalism, he sat Paley down on a piano stool in the middle of the room and began clipping—first twisting hunks of hair into manageable little haystack-like units, then delivering to these units one or two definite snips with what looked to be deadly accuracy.

"Well, there's good and bad news," Paley remarked. "The bad news is that Sly didn't rehearse on Saturday and he didn't rehearse on Sunday. The good news is that he did show up for his eight-o'clock rehearsal on Monday. The bad news is that he came to his eight-o'clock rehearsal at eleven-forty-five and stayed only fifteen minutes. The good news is that he said he wanted to rehearse and record the wedding march at noon today. The bad news is that he didn't show up. The bad news is that Kathy is worried about her fingernails. The good news is that Joe Eula says he can find someone to do her nails for her. The bad news is that Halston went to Sly's house last night at six o'clock for a



"Actually, he's afraid of us, but his inability to deal with his fear makes him angry. Anger is something he *can* *deal with."*



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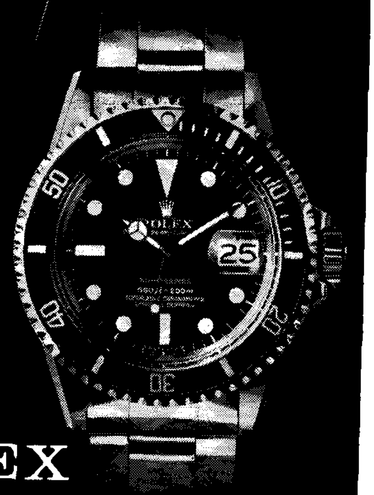


fitting and the babysitter wouldn't let him in. The babysitter said, 'I'm sorry. Mr. Stone can't be disturbed.' The good news is that when Sly woke up he went over to Halston's house with roses to make up."

"*All right, listen closely, everybody. Dig, everybody, dig. Do not burn, baby, burn. Learn, baby, learn, so that you can earn, baby, earn. Get something called yearn, baby, yearn, or you'll be sittin' around one of these days talkin' 'bout durn, baby, durn, 'cause you didn't turn, baby, turn. I want you to get together and churn, baby, churn.*"

Paley answered the telephone. "That was Kathy," he said when the conversation was over. "She said she didn't want her parents staying in a dump. I said she should call the Dorset. Isn't that nice that Sly went to see Halston with roses?"

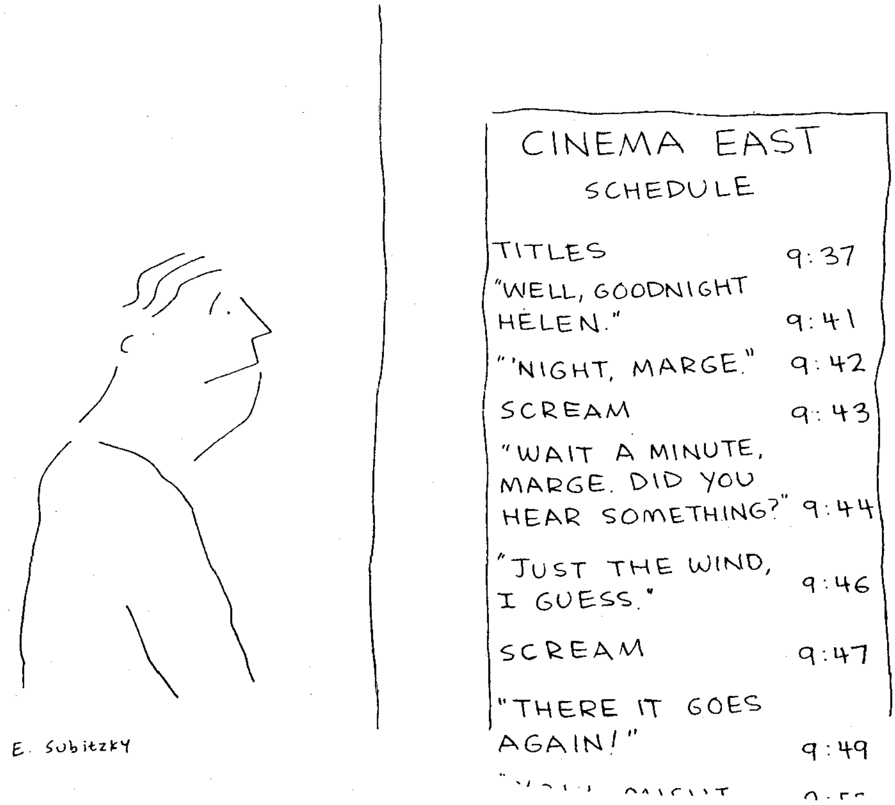
When the haircut was over, Paley called Sly. Sly told him he wanted to rehearse starting at one o'clock Wednesday morning. Paley then phoned Sly's road manager to alert the musicians and the Columbia Records studios to arrange for an engineer, and also made a call to Floral Park, Long Island, to get approval for these arrangements from Bill Townley, the manager of the Columbia Records studios in New York. Vega then explained, in Spanish, to a cleaning woman, about the hair on Paley's office floor.

"*Swinging soul brothers, let me remind you that American medical skills are sent to the people of the new nations through the efforts of Project Hope. This is undoubtedly, heh, one of the grooviest charity organizations of all time. Of all time.*"

AT six-thirty Wednesday morning, the day of the wedding, Sly called Paley at home to tell him that he had rehearsed and recorded a take of the wedding march but that he wasn't pleased and wanted to try it again. He asked Paley if a C.B.S. remote-recording unit might come to his house. Paley said absolutely not—that it would have to be done in the recording studios, on East Fifty-second Street. Paley found it difficult to book studio time for Wednesday afternoon, but he finally prevailed on John Hammond (who is in charge of signing new acts for C.B.S. Records and who is well known for recording Bessie Smith and "discovering" Billie Holiday and Bob Dylan, among others) to surrender studio time he had booked at two o'clock. Addicted by now to intoxicating juxtapositions, Paley asked Hammond if he would care to produce Sly Stone recording the wedding march, and Hammond said he would. That morning, Paley had to deal as well with a request from Sly that a musician named Truman Thomas be flown in from California to play the organ (ultimately granted), and he had to deal with the problem of the wedding rings. He remembered that no arrangement had been made for rings. He called Eula to ask what ought to be done. Eula was by this time suffering problems with Madison Square Garden over his plan to march Sly and Kathy through the audience, and was somewhat annoyed at what he considered the unlavish nature of his budget. "Go to Lamston's," he told Paley.

At eleven o'clock Wednesday morning, Eula, using a black Magic Marker, was drawing a battle plan for the wedding ceremony on a tablet of lined paper. He had returned to his apartment, in midtown, from an early-morning visit to Madison Square Garden, where he had learned that he would not be allowed to march anyone down any aisle unless that aisle was guarded by Madison Square Garden security men standing shoulder to shoulder. "You could buy the house with what that would cost," Eula said as he worked out a way to bring the bride and groom on from backstage.

By Wednesday morning, some of Eula's fun had been spoiled, but he was not dejected or lacking in energy. The strength of people who favor extravagance, eclecticism, and humor is that they can find satisfaction in awkward situations as well as in sublime ones. "Sunday night, I blew up," Eula said. "I called a meeting at Halston's apartment, and I blew up. I was drunk out of my mind, and alcohol for me is truth serum. Period. I looked right at Sly. He was sitting there with great big Jean Harlow glasses on and his wig tilting just slightly to one side—I know why he's always late, by the way; he's adjusting that wig—and I said, 'Just *who* is in charge? Just who is paying the *bill*?' Because, you know, no one would say anything about money. So Sly pointed one long finger at Ken Roberts and said, 'Him.' And I said, 'O.K., you can all get lost. That's all I have to know.' And I said, 'Furthermore, I am doing this for no money. Literally. I will go through with it, because I am too pro to quit, but I am doing it for *no money*.'" Eula's work with the Magic Marker was interrupted frequently by phone calls. He sat on a low stool in front of a low table and fielded them. Around him, in a square, high-ceilinged old room of splendid proportions, was a pleasant clutter of possessions. There was an old-fashioned ceiling fan, a graceful leather love seat, and a Great Bear water cooler. There were tall, generous windows giving on the street and a window box filled with successful tomato plants.


CINEMA EAST
SCHEDULE
TITLES 9:37
"WELL, GOODNIGHT HELEN." 9:41
"'NIGHT, MARGE." 9:42
SCREAM 9:43
"WAIT A MINUTE, MARGE. DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?" 9:44
"JUST THE WIND, I GUESS." 9:46
SCREAM 9:47
"THERE IT GOES AGAIN!" 9:49
E. Subitzky

Eula discussed some problems he

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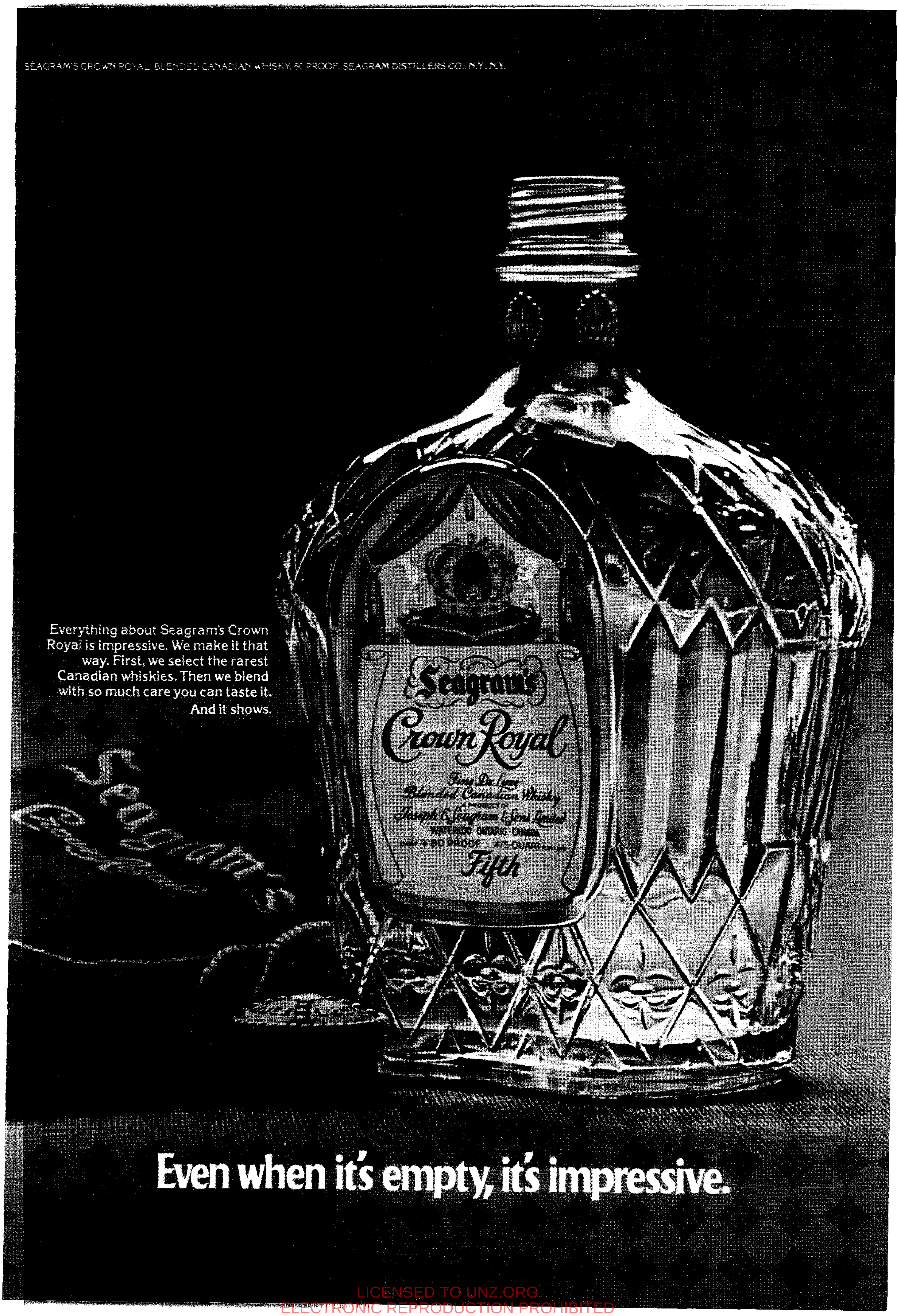
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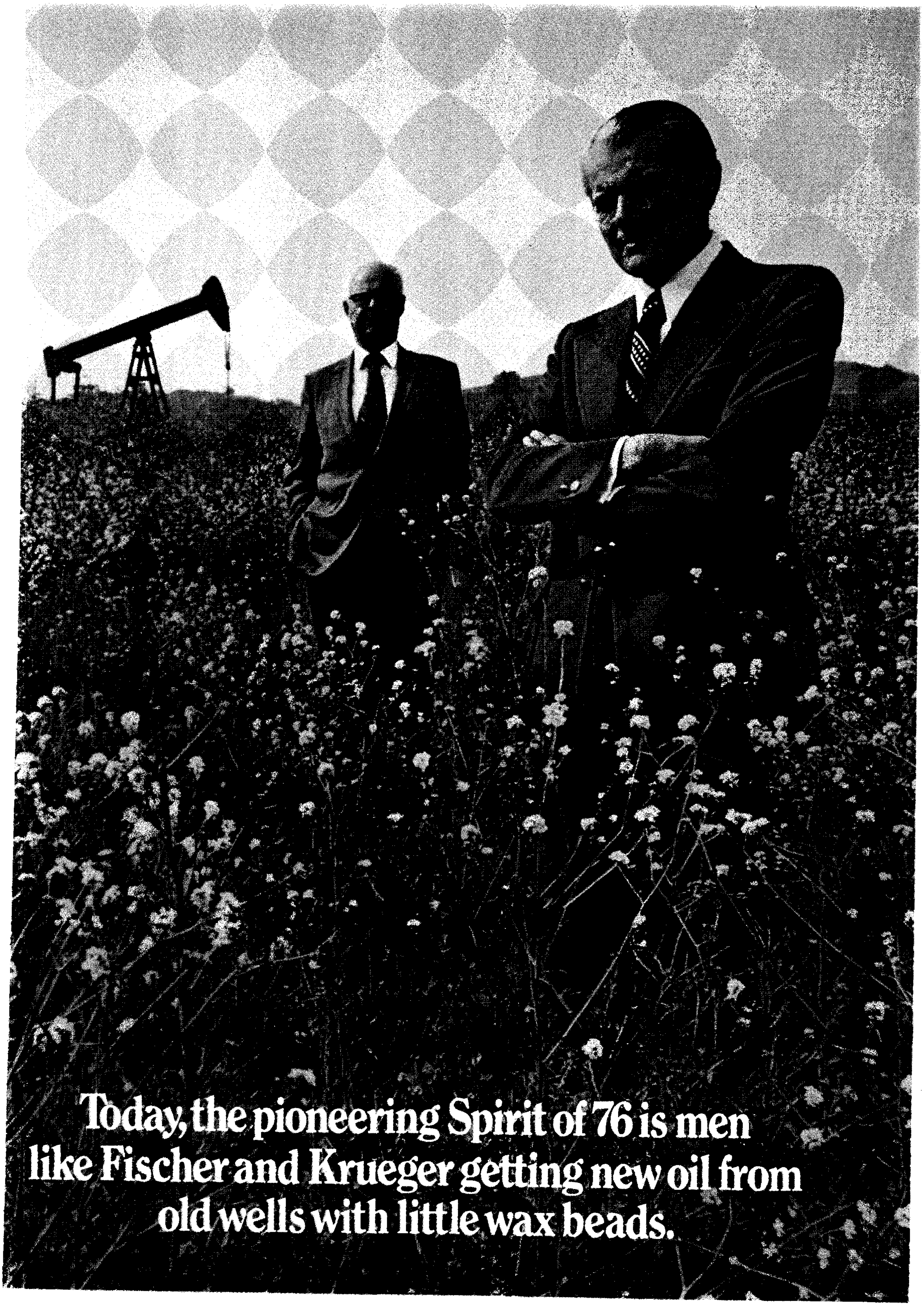
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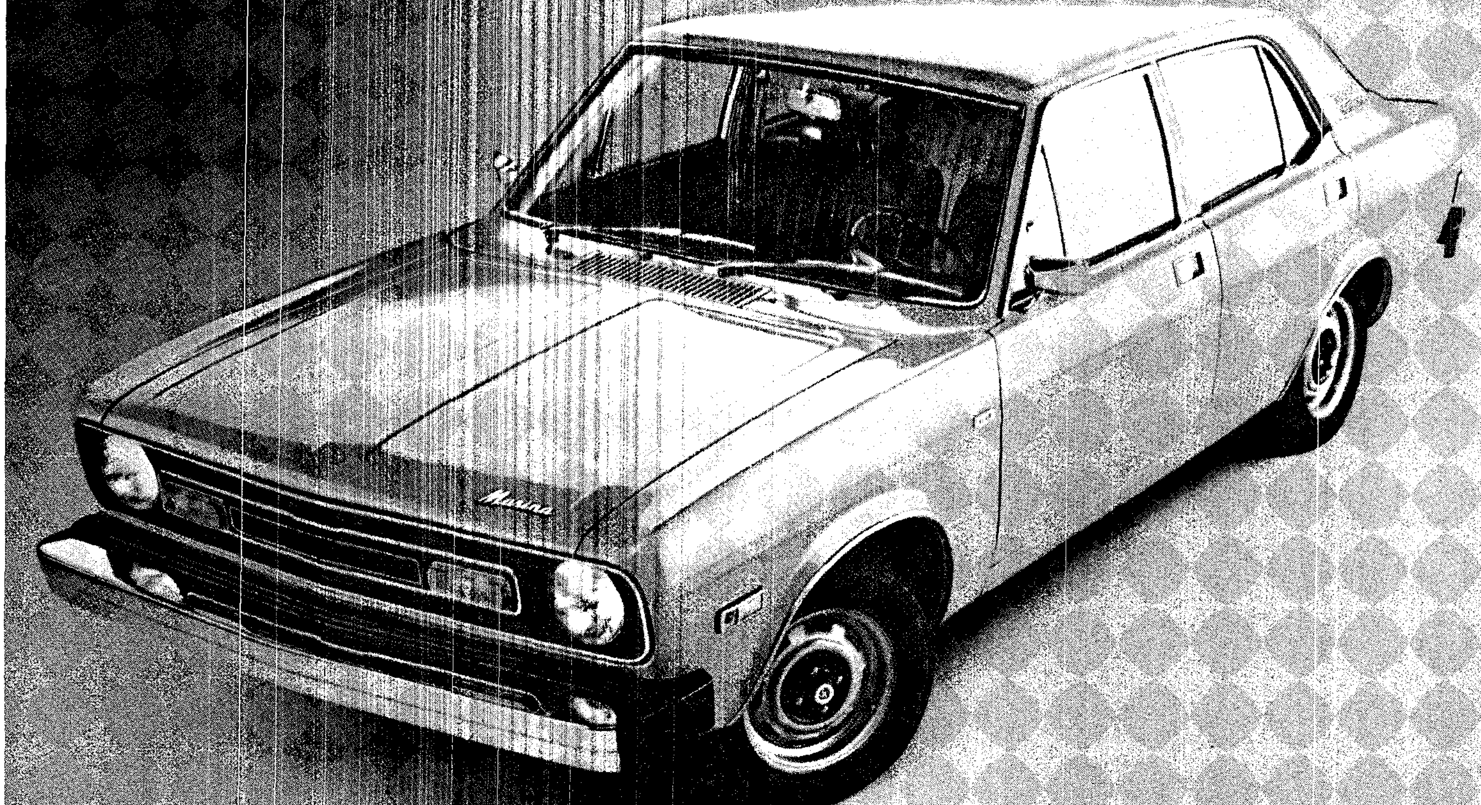

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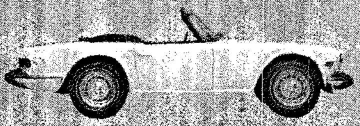

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had solved and some he still had to face. “Sebou, the one who fools around with Raquel Welch’s hair, will do Kathy’s nails, and that takes care of that,” he said. “But then there’s Lisa. Lisa is Sly’s ten-year-old niece, and she is going to sing. When or what she is going to sing no one knows. And then there are the additional best men. Mrs. Stewart said she’d go home if Freddie Stone, Sly’s brother, wasn’t a best man, and so now Stephen Paley is a best man and Freddie is a best man and I think Bubba is going to be a best man, too. But the thing that makes me mad is that Madison Square Garden won’t let me fly a black angel in over the ceremony. I needed that. I needed that *event*. I find it a *little* peculiar. They let everyone in the *circus* fly. But I’ve figured out how to get myself home without flying anybody. My black girls are going to save me, and Halston. Halston has done the most fabulous things. Those twelve black models are going to look like Botticelli in 3-D. Imagine black girls in black Halston dresses carrying gilded palms. Arise, Cleopatra, Queen of the East River! But in its essentials I’m going to do it by protocol. That’s how I’m going to do the whole thing. I could do a hoedown if I wanted to send it up, but when I saw Sly’s father, when I saw he was a respectable man who was taking it seriously, I knew I had to do it in a proper way. I’ve got problems, God knows. If that minister talks for twenty minutes, we’ll lose every kid in the audience. But we’ll pull it off.”

AT one-forty-five Wednesday, the day of the wedding, Paley was about to leave his office at Epic to go to the recording studios for Sly’s two-o’clock session with Hammond. On his way out, he took one last phone call, in the reception area. The phone call came from a man at a Rolls-Royce dealership. The man wanted to know if Sly needed a Rolls-Royce or more than one Rolls-Royce for the evening. “We did Gary Glitter,” he said. “We have a car that used to belong to the British ambassador to the United Nations, if you want that.”

Paley said he didn’t want any car—even one formerly in the possession of a British ambassador. He left the C.B.S. Building and by ten minutes after two he was in Studio B of the Fifty-second Street studios. Hammond was there, Sly was not. Hammond was wearing a green jacket and a green-and-white striped shirt, and he had a pair of sunglasses poised on his head. He sat easily in his chair and smiled broadly, in a way that indicated self-assurance and composure as much as amusement. “Hi, Stephen. Do you need a Valium?” he asked.

A minute or two later, Mrs. John Barry Ryan III arrived. Mrs. Ryan, a woman of almost threatening chic, was dressed in a black silk pants suit with butterflies on it. Her admirable dark hair was pulled back into a tight bun, where there was a silver butterfly. Earlier in the day, Paley had told Mrs. Ryan, who is a friend, about Sly’s ring crisis. Mrs. Ryan had offered to help. Inspired by Eula’s facetious instruction to “Go to Lamston’s,” Mrs. Ryan had gone to Lamston’s and bought two wedding bands for Sly and Kathy Silva to exchange. She showed them to Paley. They were wide, filigreed rings of gold colored metal. Each came with a price tag reading “59¢.” Mrs. Ryan said she thought Sly would be amused by the rings, and by the price tags.

“Oh. I thought you were bringing rings from your jewelry box,” Paley said.

“I thought these would be more amusing,” Mrs. Ryan said. “At least, they’re flashy and you don’t drop them easily.”

After waiting a while longer, Paley made a telephone call and learned that Sly was at Halston for a final fitting and would go from Halston directly to Madison Square Garden for a rehearsal without stopping at the studio to record the wedding march. Paley apologized to Hammond, who shrugged and smiled, and then he told Don Meehan, the session engineer, to mix the version Sly had recorded earlier but not liked. “What are they going to do to this?” Hammond asked when Sly’s version of the wedding march came over the speakers. “Bumps and grinds?”

The only member of Sly’s band to show up at Studio B was Cynthia Robinson, the trumpeter. She wasn’t upset that Sly wasn’t there. “Sly’s a master planner. He’s even got a master plan for when the master plan doesn’t work,” she said.

PALEY rode with Mrs. Ryan in a taxi to Madison Square Garden to meet Sly. He asked Mrs. Ryan what she and her husband, who were both on Sly’s list of wedding guests, were going to wear in honor of the “golden affair.”

“John has a gold filling,” Mrs. Ryan said.

At four-thirty, on the stage at Madi-

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son Square Garden, Sly sat down at his organ and paced his band through a quick performance of "Mother Beautiful"—one of the songs on his new album—for the benefit of people checking his sound equipment and for the benefit of a gathering of cameramen. Sly had at least a small audience of non-cameramen for his brief afternoon performance. Eula was there, Roberts was there, and so were some of the black models Eula had assembled. The most lively members of this small audience, however, were several young cousins of Sly's, who sang along with "Mother Beautiful." Tactfully, they sang only the backup parts and left the lead to Sly.

By four-fifty, the sound check was over. The gathering of cameramen dispersed. Sly came up to Paley. He asked Paley to make up giant cue cards printed with the words to his new songs from the "Small Talk" album. Then he left.

Paley and Eula and Roberts stayed behind to watch Torffield try out his three-dimensional projections. "You know Sly's flying in this guy to play the organ," Stephen told Eula.

"What's he wearing—orange?" Eula asked.

"As long as he's black, he'll fit in," Roberts said.

"Not if he's wearing orange," Eula said.

Then Torffield activated his three-dimensional projections. He had one cluster of projectors behind stage left, another behind stage right, and a fogging machine in the middle. The fogging machine dispersed a thick fog over the stage, but only a little fog reached the projections emanating from stage left and stage right. Without the fog, the projections seemed two-dimensional, at best.

"Oh, boy," Roberts said in a discouraged tone.

No one else said anything.

"That's it?" Roberts asked.

"He needed two fogging machines," Paley said. "But he was afraid to ask for the money for two fogging machines."

Someone asked Roberts if the house had sold out. "Not up top," he said. "You know what? Tickets for the Eric Clapton concert went on sale the other day. Sold out in one afternoon."

BACKSTAGE at Madison Square Garden shortly after nine o'clock, Eula, dressed in white pants and a white shirt, assembled the twelve beautiful black models in a small area with a Cadillac limousine parked on one side and a blue-and-white emergency truck on the other. Each of the twelve young women was wearing a black jersey Halston dress (no two were the same), and each young woman was wearing several pieces of spangled jewelry (more than two were the same). Some of the twelve young women carried gilded palms. Eula carried various battle plans done in Magic Marker. "Get in here, Alva," Eula said to one young woman who was straggling.

"I don't have a palm," Alva said.

"Now," said Eula. "Every girl look at the diagram." Everyone looked at a diagram that showed her place. Each girl picked out her place on the stage. "Remember," Eula said. "Keep your palms *up* until the minister starts. Then *drop* your palms."

Eula left the models and went to attend to other problems. Many of the twelve beautiful women stayed close to the place where they had assembled, and spread out the contents of their makeup boxes on the rear deck of the Cadillac limousine. Amina (carrying her gilded palm), one of the twelve, wandered closer to the stage, where she encountered Halston, who was wearing mirrored glasses. Halston kissed Amina. Then Halston was taken away to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Stewart, Sly's parents. "Oh, hi!" Halston said as he shook hands with the Stewarts.

A television reporter asked Halston how he felt.

"I love the costumes, I love the whole idea," Halston said. "They're so irresistible you can't say no. Irresistible. *All* of them." The television reporter failed to ask Halston just who *all* he found so irresistible, and the moment passed. Amina continued to stand alone holding her gilded palm.

AT nine-twenty-six, the twelve beautiful models lined up close to a stairway leading onto the stage. At nine-thirty-six, a man in a red shirt brought out the giant cue cards Sly had requested and set them up on the stage. At nine-thirty-nine, Mrs. Stewart and Sly's three sisters—Rose, Vet, and Loretta (also in black Halston dresses)—walked out onto the stage. At nine-forty, the audience (which had assembled, listened to Eddie Kendricks, the opening act, suffered an intermission, and watched expectantly for an event to materialize) spotted them and let out a tremendous roar. At nine-forty-one, Torffield's fogger started, and Mrs. Stewart, with incredible energy and control, addressed the audience. She said that she was very happy to announce the wedding. "I want you to understand that this is a sacred ceremony," she said. Then she introduced Sly's niece Lisa, who sang a song called "I Don't Know About Tomorrow," in a strong clear voice. By the time Lisa had begun to sing, Torffield's fog was dense on the stage, but it had not produced the desired three-dimensional effect. At nine-forty-eight, the twelve black models came onstage, carrying their gilded palms high above their heads. At nine-fifty-one, Kathy Silva came onstage with her father. At nine-fifty-three, Sly came onstage. Eula gave him a hug and sent him out to the front. At nine-fifty-five, Bishop B. R. Stewart, of the Church of God in Christ, in San Francisco, began the ceremony, first demanding quiet. By ten-two, the ceremony was over (Sly and Kathy had exchanged the rings that Mrs. Ryan had bought at Lamston's), and Sly turned to the crowd, ready to begin his concert.

ON the morning of June 6th, Gary B. Baker, of C.B.S.'s legal department, sent Paley a memo marked "FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION." The memo read:

> Earlier this morning Herman Katz, the City Clerk, telephoned me. He advised me as follows: He read in the newspaper of Sly's marriage and of the clergyman who performed the ceremony. A check of his records indicated that that clergyman is not registered with his office. Accordingly, he will not recognize the marriage. He is requiring that the Bishop appear at his office with his credentials, register, and apologize to him for failure to do so in advance.
>
> Mr. Katz further indicated that, barring the above, he will publish the fact publicly that the marriage is not recognized.
>
> Please arrange to have Mr. Katz' demands complied with *immediately*.

That day, Bishop Stewart, who had returned to California, flew back to New York. Bishop Stewart is now registered with Mr. Katz, and Sly Stone and Kathy Silva are man and wife.

SLY's new album, "Small Talk," has picked up some momentum on the charts. Currently, it is thirty-nine on *Billboard's* list—up from forty-nine.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

•

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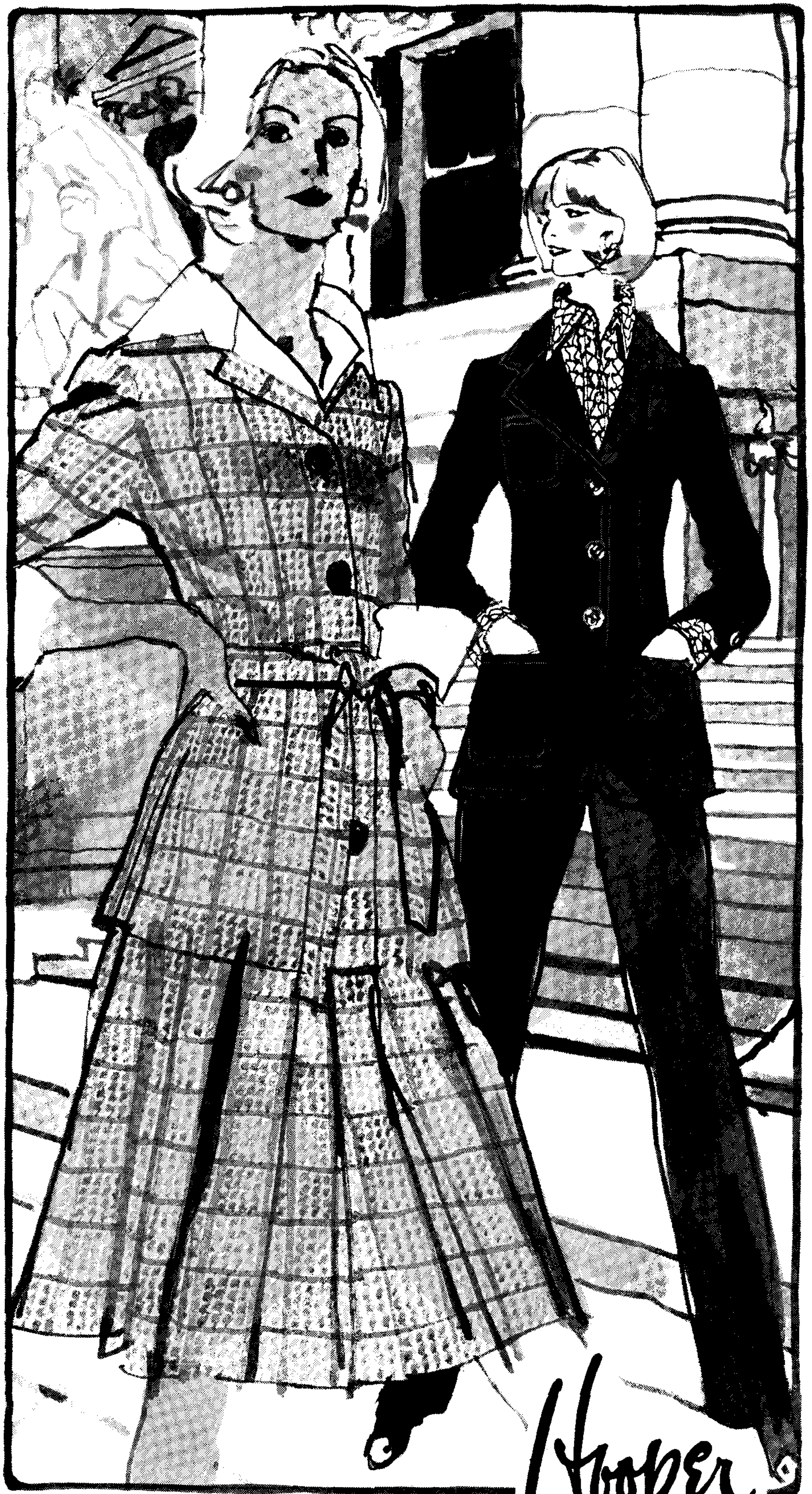

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

New York, New York

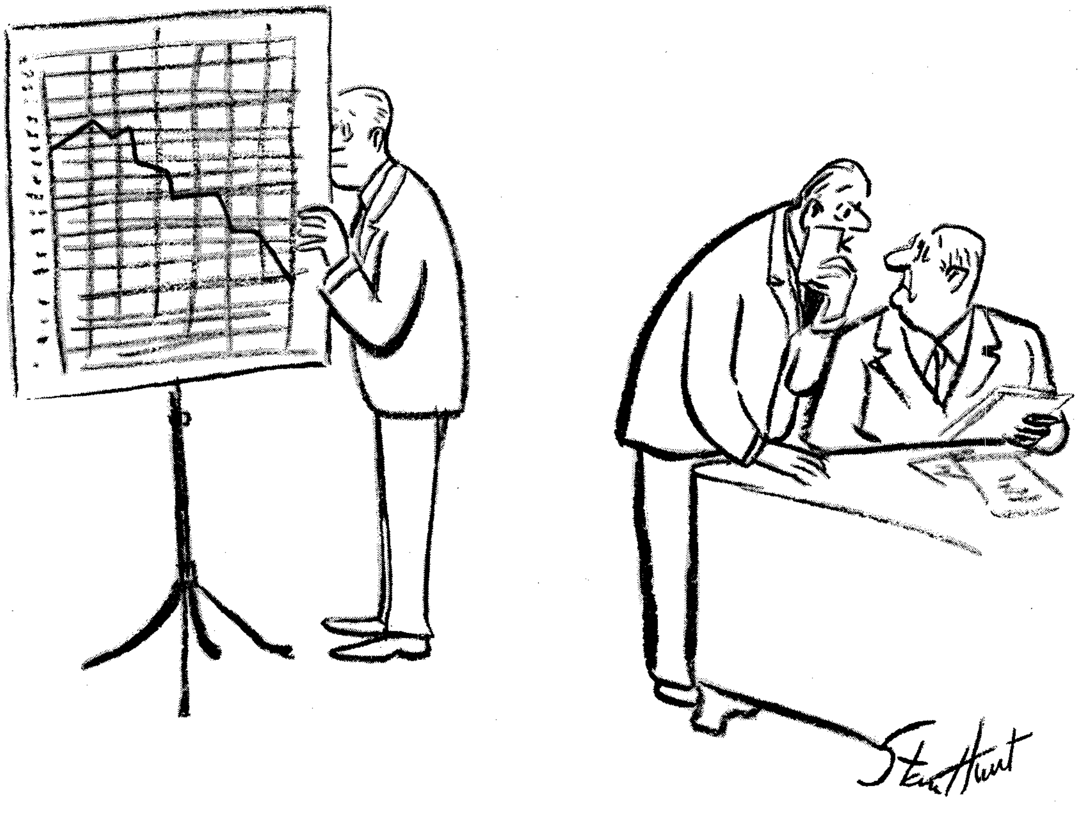
"HARRY & TONTO," directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld, takes an affectionate and enlivening folktale view of New York. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for Tonto, a cat. Tonto is a heavyset marmalade companion with a complicated temperament inclining audiences to anthropomorphism. Being more than eleven years old, which would be a good seventy-seven in a human being, as Harry points out with brisk fellow-feeling, he tends to fussiness in his habits. Harry and Tonto live in a small room of a New York house that is about to be pulled down. Harry has three grown children but much prefers solitude to feeling himself a burden. His day is broken up by visits to the local delicatessen, during which he takes scuffles that are meant to upset his grocery bag as being as much a part of city life as swerving traffic. He also chats with his friend Jacob, often about sex, with an interest both self-mockingly proud and distant. Jacob last had a girl on Saturday night, to Harry's envy. But a Saturday in March, 1951. "You have a wonderful memory," says Harry to Jacob, with as much admiration for his recall as for his prowess. Jacob (Herbert Berghof) is Polish-born, violently anti-capitalist, dead American.

Harry used to be a teacher. He sits and reads in his one-room apartment. Officials and men of the demolition squad yell at him to leave. With Tonto, he camps out first in the apartment of his elder son, Burt (Phil Bruns), where his daughter-in-law (Dolly Jonah) visibly finds him onerous. She sweeps away his concerns in a cleaning-up style, as if they were broken toys. For his part, he becomes interested in the Zen diet and the Zen silence observed by an adventurous, plump grandson called Norman (Joshua Mostel). Norman's foray into Zen strikes Harry's daughter-in-law as tiresome. Harry, sharing a bedroom with Norman, respects the vow of silence and asks the boy for books about what he is doing. New things entice this old man: things outside the common interest, which is a ball of iron chained to the ankle.

Something not at all ordinary, having nothing to do with the story of an ordinarily argued hero, begins to change the life of Harry. This mild Lear begins to travel. He finds his children insufficient, one by one, and a rope on liberty, strung across the country. He hitchhikes wistfully from one to another as if they were points on a map, balking at airplanes, at Greyhound buses, even at a secondhand car that he buys and drives with an out-of-date license for a while. He has left the son in New York and headed for his daughter in Chicago, in not much of a hurry, with Tonto. The daughter (Ellen Burstyn) is a beautiful girl who works in a bookstore: four times married, argumentative, tight-spirited. His other son, on the West Coast, is living in a terrible chic hotel equipped with a pool, boozing away his last penny, and suddenly breaking down under the strain of pretended success, then bucking himself up by means of plans and bravado, but eventually asking Harry for money and crying like someone at the end of his tether.

On the way to this passionless prison, Harry has done some wondrous things. He has walked across far parts of America when he had never before been west of Chicago. He has made a long detour to seek an old girl friend (Geraldine Fitzgerald), whom he eventually tracks down in an old people's home and finds to be foggy in the mind. She calls him by a wrong name and asks for books and the perfume on her dresser. She used to dance with Isadora Duncan. She and Harry waltz together, watched by senile dreamers: a snatch of what might have been, a chance taken on Harry's journey. He has as a hitchhiking companion a very young girl, run away from home, who falsifies her age and may easily be only fifteen. When Harry started talking about his girl friend of long ago, it was this hitchhiker who wanted to spend time going far out of their way to look for her.

Harry and Tonto have something immemorial about them. In their quest, they summon up far more about children, time, friendship than more orthodox film characters do. In watching the drama of propriety, with argument between rational people in drawing rooms, we carry a lot of dead timber in our heads. We



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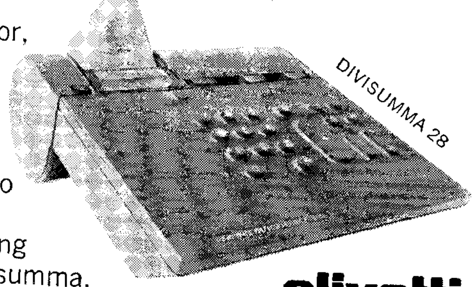

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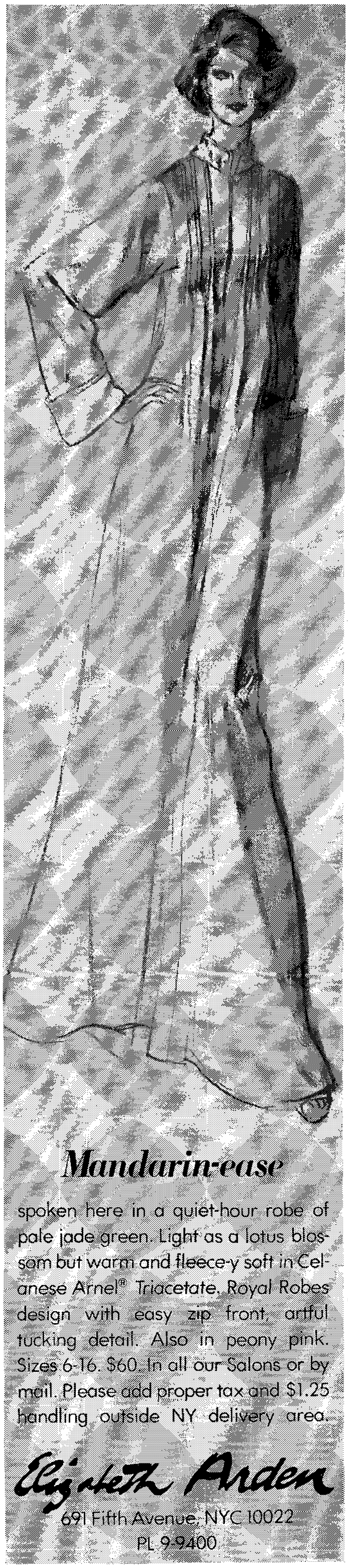

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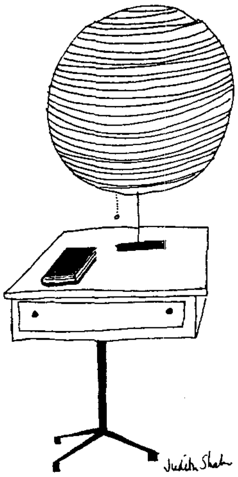
see more of life when the hero is out of the ordinary run—when he is fat and without a sense of time, like Falstaff, or a tilter at windmills, like Don Quixote, or born before recorded history, like the Fool in “Lear,” who says, “This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time.” Harry himself is a displaced king. The energy that comes from the old, the fat, the out-of-step is uneven and singular. We see them as figures on the road. They signify something talismanic, of which the forecastable and discoverable and communicable are a very small part. It is not for nothing that the Greek dramatists so often found potent characters in blind men. They stood for the ancient and insoluble, bringing no run-of-the-mill debate with them. Their habitual mood was not the one of a man stirred in his affairs. Theirs was the swift observation of someone as he had been shaped by a whole lifetime. The spirit of old wives' tales once ruled in literature. Life was at high tide, as it were, with bursts of mirth, invention, and magic. If Harry and Tonto were two sensible travellers talking about current affairs on the quickest way to a known destination, instead of an old man and a cat embarked on what they do not know to be an image of the ancient and comic quest, they would not expand in the mind or be characters open to marvels. As it is, they are somehow undomesticated; they refine primitive hungers, and they have the least possible of what is simply intellectual, which is a world that, in fiction, burns itself out in the imagination and quickly leaves white ashes. In primitive times, a blind man would become a poet or a fiddler in the villages, and old men would recite orally handed-down ballads. What they achieved was mythic; it could be turned over and looked at from every angle, as a child looks at a new penny. “Harry & Tonto” is a story of embarkation without arrival, and it includes two deaths that have their own strong sadness. If the narrative were to be told baldly, it would probably sound trivial and romanticized. As the film has been carried out, though, it has moments when it achieves strange aspects: an imagined life elsewhere, the suggestion that visible existences are not necessarily the real ones, a blithe doggedness beyond bravery. Films about voyages can be both fine and very matter-of-fact.



“HOW can one live in a city like New York,” says a dainty woman in an expensive restaurant, “when the streets are full of these people?”—as if people were rain puddles or traffic. This is roughly the attitude of “Death Wish.” It is directed by Michael Winner, who is, I am ashamed for England to say, an Englishman. His film is given over to characters who voice every bigotry about New York that runs rampant in the rest of the world, which seems to believe that New York's upper middle classes had better move posthaste to the suburbs before their wives are raped or their children learn Spanish, and that the bums who make up the rest of the city are just “freeloading off welfare” with a switchblade in every pocket. “The underprivileged are beating our brains out,” remarks someone in “Death Wish.” “You know what I say: Stick them in a concentration camp.” The film nourishes philistinism about art as glibly as it feeds fears about dark streets and dark faces, muggings and sluggings. Jokes about modern art are nearly always a signal of non-talent run amok. “Why haven't you found my dog? He's vital to my income. He paints such marvellous things with his paws,” the movie has someone complaining in a police station.

The main character, named Paul Kersey (Charles Bronson) and mischievously shown as heroic, is an ex-conscientious objector whose wife has been killed and whose daughter is made catatonic by a break-in and rape in the parents' apartment by young thugs pretending to be delivering groceries. Kersey then begins a career as a lone vigilante who keeps down crime by terrifying other muggers off the streets. He finds the police incompetent and buys twenty dollars' worth of quarters at the bank and fills a sock with them. As a weapon, the sock does splendid business on an unlikely number of assailants. Criminals and muggers appear up every side street.

Kersey's bosses, in an architectural firm, suggest that he do a job out of the city for a rest, as though New York were as impossible as sensational foreign journalists always try to make it sound. Our hero goes to Tucson to

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plan a housing project, and comes back looking as uncontaminatedly white as ever after weeks in the burning sun, thus flying in the face of the film's inane hope of showing that it is "unbigoted" by using equal numbers of black, white, and Puerto Rican bad men. The cheered-on hero immediately plunges into an orgy of killings, having been seen off in Tucson with a gift-wrapped gun. He kills at every turn. No victim is characterized. We might be watching a shoot on a stupid, rich country estate where the bag is almost too random to be counted: twenty brace of grouse, ten wild duck, two peacocks, and a flock of sitting black swan by accident, along with a lot of sparrows that happened to get in the way.

I don't know if Brian Garfield's novel was as bloodthirsty as the screen version, but the film, from a script by Wendell Mayes, is enough to make thugs of us all. It degrades audiences by bringing out the rah-rah small boy in every watcher. During the long procession of faces photographed in grotesque closeup as they leeringly demand money, and villainous bodies spinning to the ground with gunshots that never miss, we begin to think that the lone gunman represents a big city's only hope of law and order. The police inspector in charge of the Kersey case, gallantly played by that good actor Vincent Gardenia with a hopeless attempt at humanizing him by giving him an allergic sneeze, is really the most blameworthy character of all, for he goes along with a plan of the district attorney and the police commissioner to use the vigilante's crimes to bolster their own reputations: they value the fact that Kersey has halved the number of muggings in New York, and they want that fact to be attributed to the police force. So the inspector interviews Kersey in the hospital to which he is finally taken, shot by a mugger after an inconceivable time of getting away with it. The mugger is shown as possessing a gun now, like Kersey, instead of a switchblade, and the implication is that he is going to be one of many, upholding a historic national tradition. The loner's gun rule of the hero is even taken by the film to represent the American frontier spirit. Hustling a nurse out of the room, the inspector promises the multiple murderer to lose the evidence against him if he will get out of New York—get out secretly, though, so that the reduced number of muggers will think that the vigilante is still stalking the streets. But instead of obeying the order by, say, designing a farmhouse in Connecticut, the man who has tasted blood and liked it so much is freely allowed to go to another big city—Chicago—where he immediately sees a gang of jeering youngsters dancing about after knocking down a girl. The audience yells with glee. Kersey winks and cocks his hand at us as if it were a gun. End of movie.

Compared with the ignoble eye of the film, which sees heroes in brutes and ill in everything, the technical and literary ineptitude is nothing. Forget the sight of a microphone boom that creeps into shots. Forget the slipshod continuity. Forget the silly melodramatics of the dialogue, which is so overwritten that it provides some curious moments of ridiculousness, such as the inspector's grave insight, when he is trying to puzzle out the identity of the killer, that "people are inclined to buy groceries in their own neighborhood"—a perception that Sherlock Holmes would not have had to play the violin all night to hit on. Films with unworthy ends tend to unworthy means.

One is hardly likely to forget this film's blasphemous dislike of New York. Evacuate the streets, it says, in effect; decimate the population by killing it off to bring down the crime rate; give every law-abiding citizen a gun to show the police how to do their work. "Death Wish" is full of fallacies. It has high regard for the way the vigilante has momentarily reduced the rate of muggings by equipping himself with a gun, and mindlessly ignores the fact that by the end at least one of the muggers has got a gun himself to fight back with. As I write this, on the West Side the film would have us believe is impossible to live in, Central Park is full of people playing softball, picnicking, jogging, bicycling, lying under the trees, spending a Sunday afternoon in love together. It is not a city that this film would recognize.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

In a telegram to the water company the commission said, "You are directed to decease and desist immediately."—*New Haven Register.*

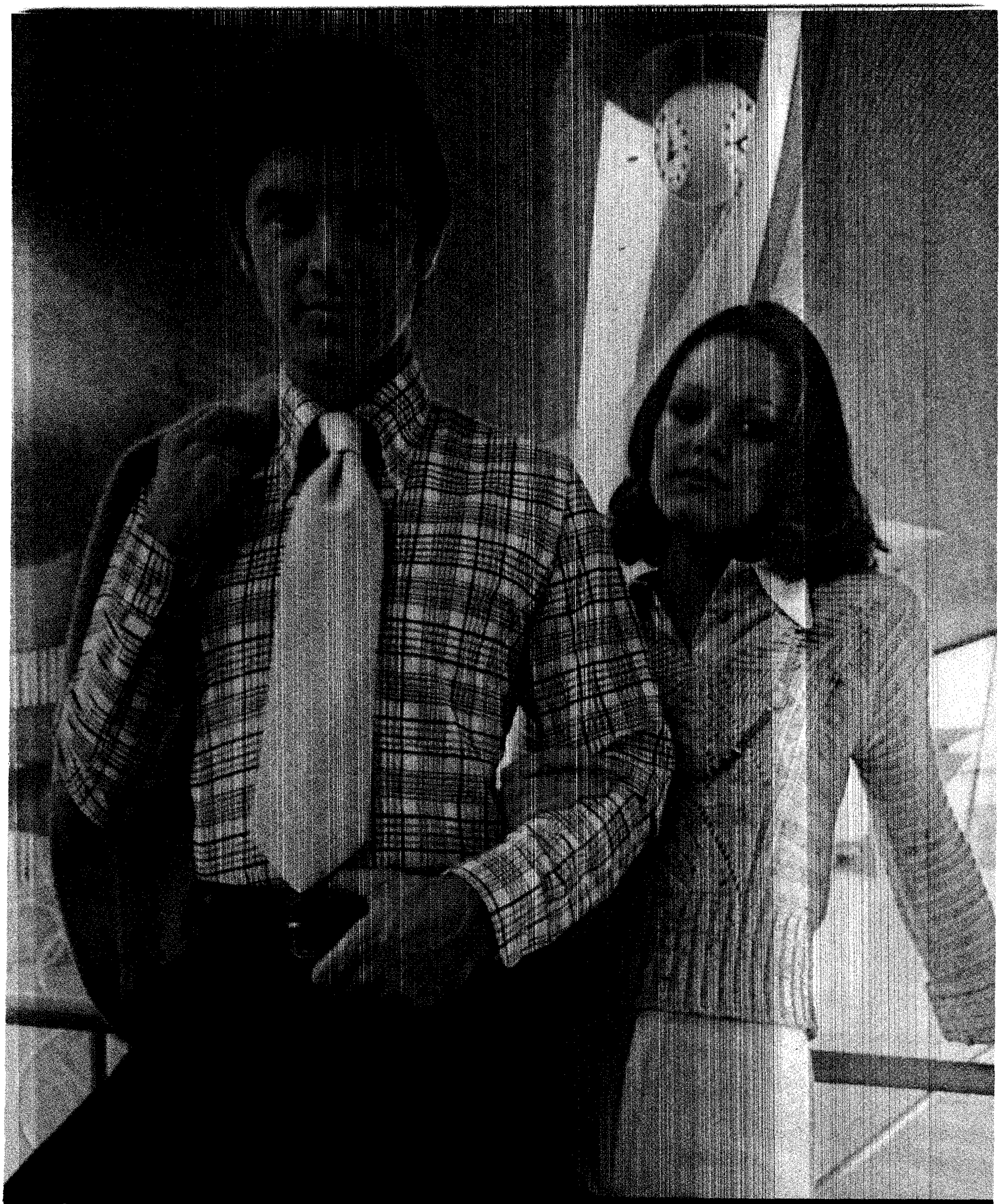
No use mincing words, eh, Commissioners?

•

Notable Quotes

When a man points a finger at someone else he should remember that four of his fingers are pointing at himself. —Louis Nizer. —*Grit.*

And he should see a doctor.



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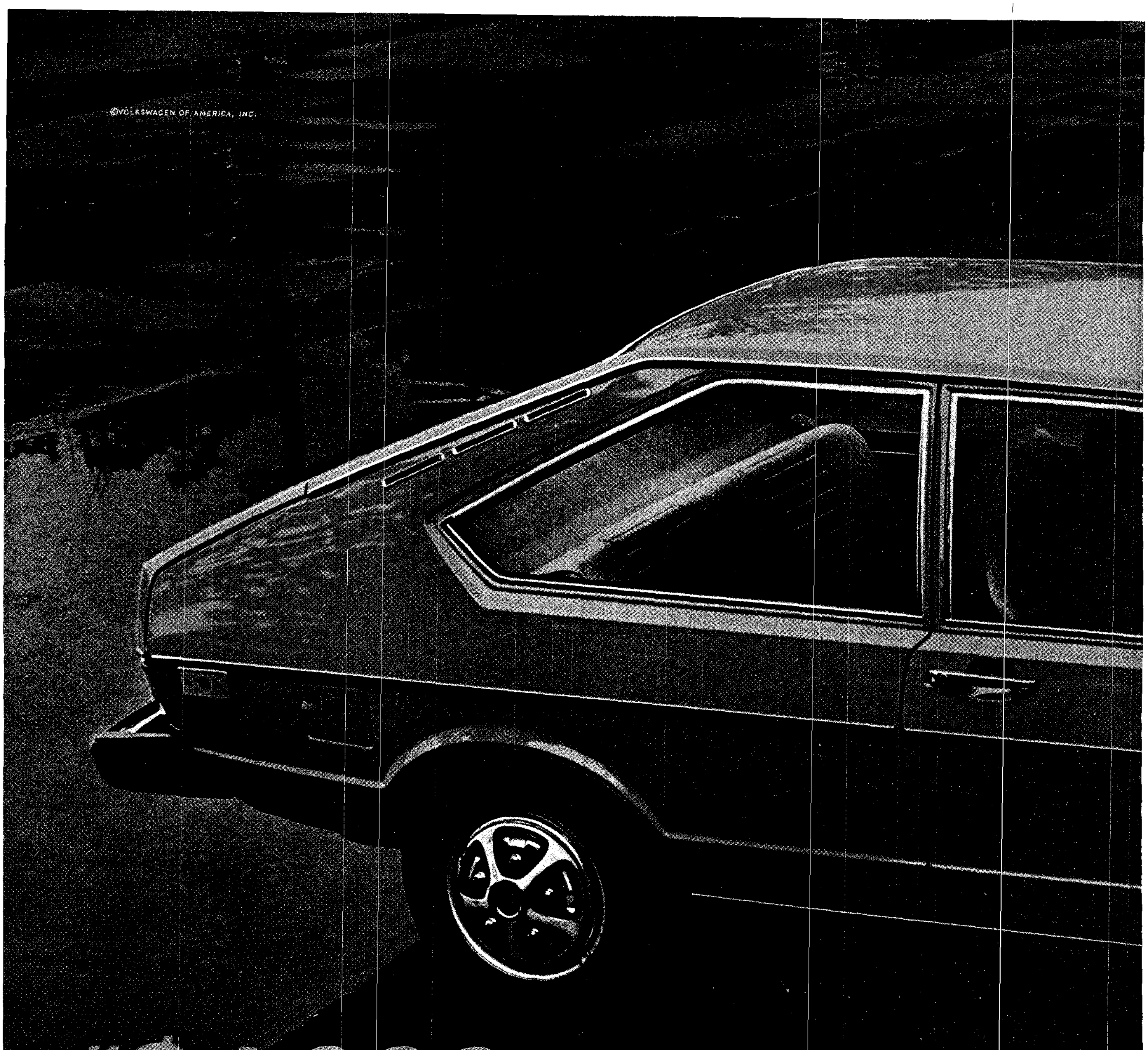

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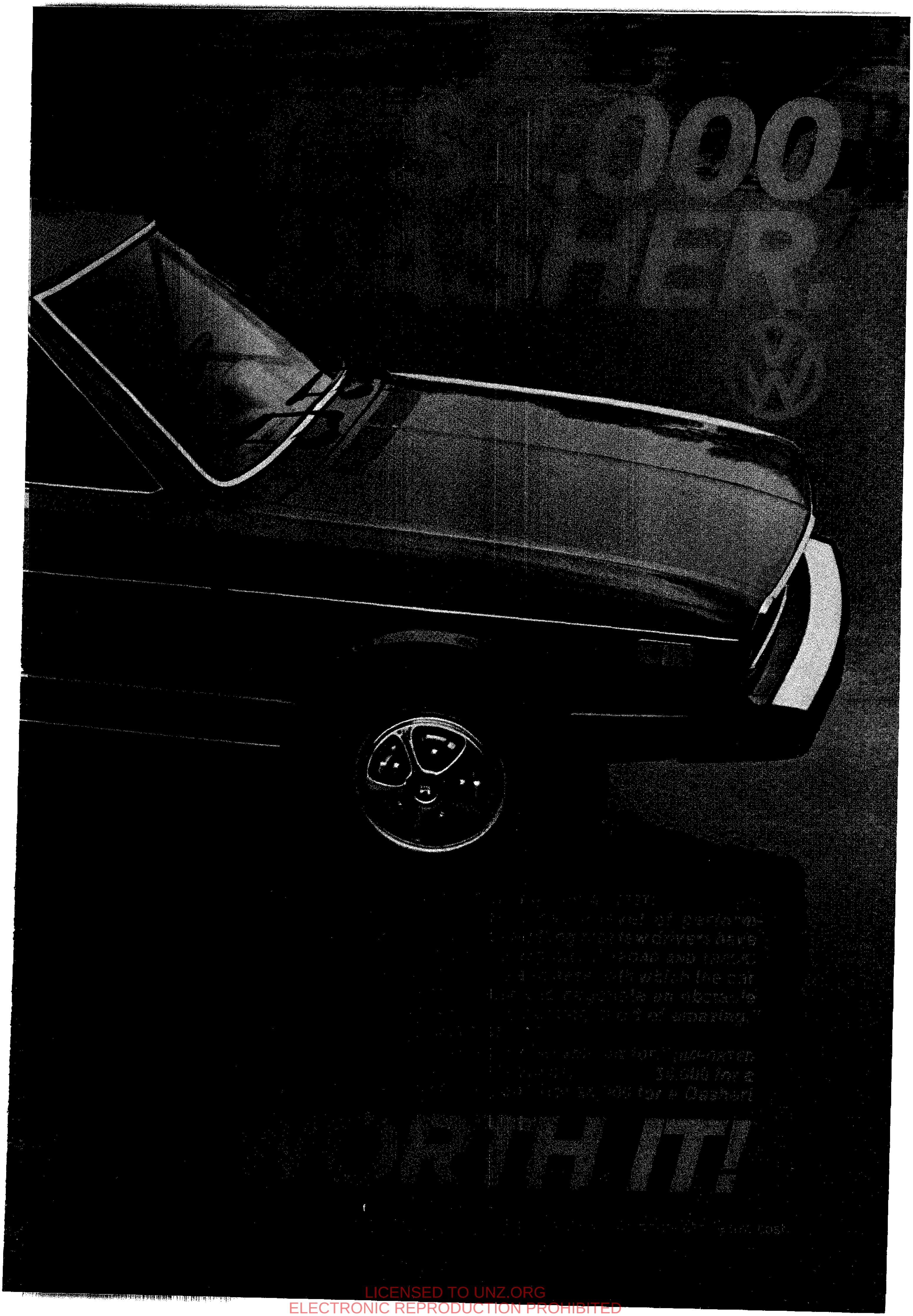

[illegible] of perform-
[illegible] few drivers have
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] with which the car
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You can always tell a lot about a man by how he holds his liquor.

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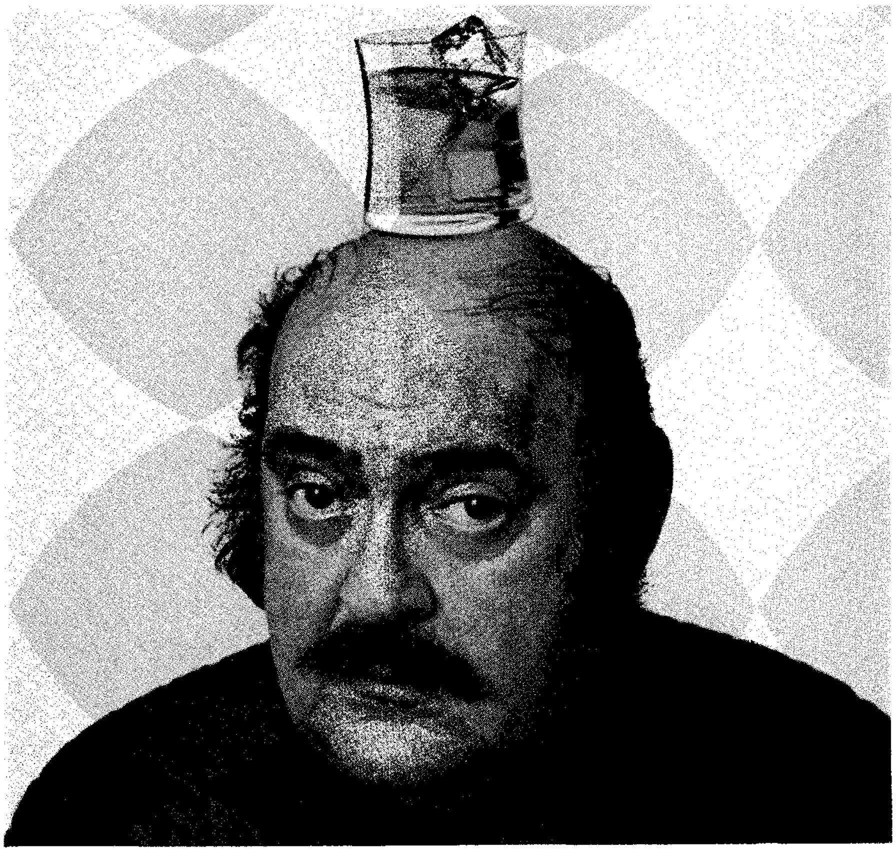


A QUICK LOOK at the way I hold my liquor can tell you that I should have my head examined. A reasonable conclusion.

For, you see, I happen to have a hole in my head. When I first discovered this, I took advantage of the situation, quickly drilling a hole in my drinking glass and placing it over the hole in my head.

The scotch sifted deliciously through my body. Which sometimes has been referred to as a beached whale. As it passed my eyes, I chased it with a little eye wash. At my knees it ran into a large body of water. Scotch and water on the knee can be very painful. In fact, it's not commonly known but the drainage on my knee was the model for the Hoover Dam.

Drinking scotch my way does have its advantages. It allows me to chew gum and drink at the same time. Besides, it's because I drink that way that I drink Teacher's. I've tried a lot of other brands, but nothing sits better on me or goes down softer.

As a matter of fact, in the hope that the Teacher's people would ask me to endorse their scotch, I set down on tape some observations about my life. The following then are the transcripts from the scotch tapes of Zero Mostel.

"My Mother (bless her) carried me a long time. I was born at the immature old age of 2. Father (inaudible.)

"In (inaudible) school, I majored in hooky. I was even going for my masters, but I couldn't find their rooms. Later I fought with the Foreign Legion.

"And lost.

"In the theater, I've worked with Burbage, Kean, Rudolph Schildkraut and the divine Sarah Schwartz, learning nothing on my way to star failure. But I've also done a lot outside the theater. Under a pseudonym I wrote War and Peace, Beowulf, Godey's Lady's Book, Timon of Athens and Bei Mir Bis Du Schoen. I was turned down for the Knighthood only because I had one bad knee. I have affixed the names of Carivaggio, Le Nain, Menzel, Rembrandt, Turner, and Rosa Bonheur to the canvasses I've painted which hang by a rope in many (expletive) museums all over the world. In addition, I served and laundered for years as Gandhi's fashion consultant.

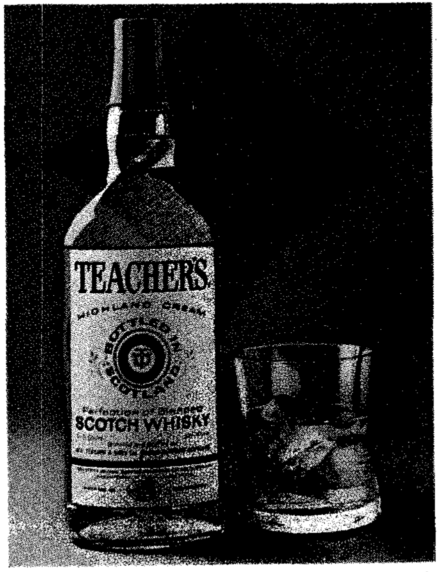
"I've often contemplated suicide, but I was out of town too much. Besides, as an actor, what do you do for an encore?

"(Gap)

"My (expletive deleted) secretary just kicked the tape recorder. (Expletive deleted, expletive deleted.)

"Altogether my life has been a happy one filled with sadness. And vice versa. When I was Lincoln Steffens, I saw the future and it didn't work. So, in the twilight of my life, I look behind me. Which can be a shattering experience when you're walking around with a glass on your head.

"As this ad draws to a close, if you didn't buy the hole in the head story, at least by now you must believe that I have rocks in my head. (Expletive, inaudible, gap, hic, haec, hoc, hup, nolo contendre, etcetera, ad infinitum, ad nauseum.)"



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LETTER FROM NAPLES

WHEN cholera broke out in Naples during the summer of 1973, some of the people who know and love the city regarded the event as a predictable consequence of, and thus a judgment on, its ancient way of life. Though the disease, most commonly transmitted through polluted food and water, is highly infectious, its spread can be controlled not only by antibiotics and vaccination but also by such everyday means as the boiling of food and water, and the judicious use of vinegar, wine, or even lemon juice. Cholera can thrive and spread only in a slum area where large groups of people live too close together, without adequate light, fresh air, and sanitation. It has sometimes been called "the disease of the poor." Cholera was one of the plagues that ravaged the European cities of the Middle Ages, but in the past half century it has sprung up and flourished almost exclusively in poverty-ridden parts of Asia. The last major outbreak of the disease in Naples occurred in 1884, when several thousand people died. "The point is that nothing has changed here since 1884," a Neapolitan friend told me recently. "The same frightening conditions still exist, just as they always have—and perhaps always will."

In its roughly twenty-five hundred years of existence, Naples has unquestionably suffered more than its share of disasters, ranging from wars, revolutions, earthquakes, floods, volcanic eruptions, and bombardments to a variety of slightly less drastic calamities, but throughout its tragic history plague reappears as a leitmotiv. The great bubonic epidemic of 1656, for instance, wiped out well over half the city's approximately four hundred thousand people—doing its worst damage, naturally, in the poorer and more crowded quarters. "Such statistics can seem unreal in our time," a present-day Neapolitan named Alfredo d'Ambrosio wrote in 1972. "But we have to keep in mind the epoch in which these events took place, a period characterized by extreme overcrowding, with a consequent absence of hygiene; the nonexistence of preventive medicines . . . the scarcity of doctors; and the over-all backwardness of public sanitation." Ironically, according to most observers of the cholera outbreak of 1973, these are almost exactly the conditions that existed last year, and to them could be added an astonishing unawareness and inertia on the part of the local authorities during the early phases of the epidemic.

The first cholera cases were officially acknowledged on August 28th, in a cautious communiqué from the Ministry of Health, in Rome, which said that a number of people suffering from what had originally been described as "acute gastroenteritis with cholera-like symptoms" were actually "under suspicion" of having cholera. By then, at least six people had died and about thirty others had been hospitalized. The disease, which had broken out in the squalid waterfront suburbs of Ercolano and Torre del Greco, at the foot of Vesuvius, had quickly spread to Naples itself, but the Ministry's bulletin insisted that there was "every reason to believe that the hotbed is limited to the above-mentioned cases," and that the authorities were very much on top of the situation. Actually, as Italian journalists who rushed into Naples while the tourists were rushing out soon discovered, the official terminology was merely part of what one correspondent called "a continuous succession of manifestations of irresponsibility at various levels." The first suspected cases, it turned out, had been reported locally on or about August 20th, but not until the afternoon of the twenty-seventh had anyone in authority ordered the necessary laboratory tests to identify the cause of the infection. Two of the city's leading medical officials happened to be out of town—one, the director of the city's hospital for infectious diseases, at a doctors' congress in Bavaria, the other, the provincial health commissioner, on vacation—and no one else, apparently, was in a position to order the tests. Even when he learned the news, the provincial health commissioner didn't consider the situation alarming enough to allow it to interrupt his vacation, and he eventually had to be fetched back from his refuge in Pesaro by carabinieri. No one in Naples during that week thought to inform the Ministry of Health, whose officials learned of the outbreak only through a radio news bulletin on the morning of the twenty-eighth. This fact, however, did not prevent one of Naples' highest medical functionaries from blaming Rome anyway. "The fault lies with the Ministry of Health, which gave us no forewarning," he said. "In 1972, we were deluged with circulars. This year, nothing." No one on the spot would accept responsibility for anything, although, as a reporter acidly pointed out in the weekly *Epoca*, "Cholera doesn't wait for the circulars to arrive before spreading."

The initial efforts to cope with the epidemic were chaotic. To begin with, there was very little cholera vaccine on hand. Even after big shipments started arriving from Rome, in the early days of September, the authorities remained incapable of organizing an effective system for administering the serum. In the Traiano quarter, for instance,

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where about sixty thousand people live in a hive of decrepit buildings along narrow streets, a single vaccination center was opened, in a tiny ground-floor office of a public building in the Piazza Giovanni XXIII. The only access was through a narrow glass door, and the office could not hold more than five patients at a time. By eight o'clock on the morning of September 1st, the piazza was packed with some ten thousand worried people jostling each other to reach the door, and by ten o'clock, when a hot sun began to beat down on them, they had become restive. There were only three policemen present to cope with the situation, which threatened several times to get out of hand, since there was obviously no effort to speed up the snail's pace of the vaccinations. A possible riot was averted when the cooler heads in the crowd spontaneously took charge, hurriedly found some ramshackle wooden barriers, and set them up to create an orderly flow of patients toward the vaccination center, with preference given to small children. The incident was regarded by one observer as a typical example of how Neapolitans, having been betrayed, as usual, by their leaders, desperately improvise their own salvation.

By early November, after cholera cases had been reported as far north as Rome, the epidemic was officially over, but the soul-searching and the economic effects were not. Though the statistics, in cold black and white, were hardly devastating, they cheered no one, despite a determined tone of optimism in official reports. Twenty-four people had died—fifteen of them in Naples—and two hundred and seventy-four cases had been authenticated, most of them in Naples and Bari, with a few in other population centers. It was never established exactly how the disease broke out. The most comforting theory seemed to be that some travellers from North Africa had brought it into the city, but also under suspicion were various kinds of shellfish illegally cultivated in the polluted waters of the Bay of Naples and sold openly in the streets and markets. In this connection, forty-nine persons, including a dozen public officials, were eventually indicted, mostly for the illegal growing and selling of mussels—although it was never proved that the shellfish carried cholera—and the mussel beds were destroyed by teams of divers, thus effectively putting several hundred people out of work and causing a good deal of public indignation.

The general attitude seemed to be

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that Naples had suffered enough without having to add to its unemployment rolls—a point of view heartily shared by everyone connected with the tourist industry. "Last year was catastrophic," Luigi Torino, president of the Provincial Tourist Board, declared this spring. "Many small hotels were forced to close and to dismiss their employees. In August, five hundred thousand tourists fled in terror. Fear and its exploitation by our competitors brought us to the edge of a precipice. Today, things are going better, because we've succeeded in making known the limited nature of the evil."

It remains to be seen, of course, whether Signor Torino's statement will be confirmed by future events. His attitude, though widely shared by the city's bureaucrats, is not endorsed by at least one of its leading medical authorities, who recently pointed out that anyone can carry cholera bacteria and that not much has been done since the epidemic to correct the conditions in which the disease thrives. During November, it was announced that twelve hundred men were being hired to swell the ranks of the city's overworked and underpaid street-cleaning force, then consisting of about two thousand employees, half of them inactive for one reason or another on any given day, and the rest equipped mostly with long-handled brooms and pushcarts. No one seriously imagined that "this little army of street-sweepers," as it was described in one deadpan newspaper story, would make much headway against some twelve hundred tons of refuse dumped daily in the streets. A much more prevalent attitude is a cynically fatalistic one, which I encountered over a series of espressos with some local journalists at a coffee bar in the famous Galleria. None of them thought that anything significant had been done to improve matters, or would be. "Naples has always had cholera," one of them remarked cheerfully. "In other years, we've called it colic or gastroenteritis or stomach flu. The real trouble is all these wonder drugs. Before they came along, hundreds of thousands of people died whenever the plague broke out. The city was emptied and we could start over. Today, hardly anyone dies, and so the city is being suffocated by the weight of all these hot, living Neapolitan bodies."

THE hot, living bodies of Naples are its greatest, and perhaps its only remaining, major resource. It is depressing to have to write negatively about a place I like, and still come to

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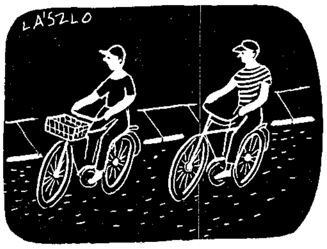
with pleasure. The unfortunate fact is, however, that when I do come here it is almost entirely because of my undiminished affection and admiration for the Neapolitans themselves, and not for what has become of their city. Not even Venice has suffered so much from the evils attendant on Italy's disorganized, practically uncontrolled industrial boom in the past two decades. The national economic recession that began in 1971, along with an accelerating rate of inflation, and the subsequent energy shortage have, at least, had the positive effect of slowing down what could be called the autodestruction of Italian cities. People have begun pushing actively, with some success, for such long-overdue reforms as stricter zoning laws and the elimination of private-auto traffic from downtown business districts as well as from historically and architecturally valuable areas, but a great deal more needs to be done. In Naples it may already be too late.

When I returned here, some weeks ago, after an absence of several years, I was shocked by my first panoramic view of the city from the waterfront of Santa Lucia. I had heard and read, of course, about developments in Naples, but nothing could have prepared me for the great stone clusters of terraced apartment buildings massed along the heights of the Vomero, one of the hillsides upon which most of Naples is built, which used to be crowned by public parks and the gardens of small villas, or for the almost complete disappearance of the once verdant district of Posillipo, along the northern arm of the Bay of Naples, under heaps of what looked like shoeboxes. It was almost impossible to find a stretch of relatively uncluttered open space; even along the lower slopes of Vesuvius a long belt of cement interrupted the dormant volcano's natural, graceful descent to the sea. "We had a city once that nestled between the hills and the water, but we had no effective control over the construction boom of the past twenty years—at least not until 1971, when new zoning laws were passed, too late to do any good," an architect explained to me. "The overriding concern was the most profitable way to use the space available, which meant the quick and careless throwing up of buildings whose only reason for being was to make money."

Between 1951 and 1970, dwelling places containing about six hundred thousand rooms were "thrown up" in this way, only a small percentage of them legally sanctioned even by the badly outdated "regulatory plan," or city zoning law, of May 29, 1939. The illegality did not prevent most of these projects from receiving the approval of the local authorities, from the mayor's office on down. Both the public and the private sectors of the housing industry built pretty much wherever they felt like it—even in zones reserved for farming, set aside for public parks, or supposedly protected by the local Commissione delle Belle Arti, which attempts to defend historically and aesthetically important areas from despoliation. A report submitted last year to the Ministry of Public Works, in Rome, eloquently documented the facts and fearlessly named names, including those of some of the city's highest officials, but, clearly, it is too late to do much more than punish the people responsible; some have now been indicted, but few have actually been brought to trial and convicted. A typical recent court case involved a state housing authority acting in collusion with private interests and revealed, among other astonishing things, how a land investment of a hundred and twenty-six million lire (about a hundred and ninety thousand dollars) grew to nearly eight times that sum in a period of nine days.



Such revelations, however, have not made as much of a stir here as the actual physical consequences of all the illegal construction. Over the past several years, for example, Naples has been subjected to increasingly frequent cave-ins. Holes suddenly open up here and there, and even entire hillsides slide away. Underneath the city is a huge catacomb of caves, abandoned wells, canals, and subterranean passages, some of which were carved out of the soft clay and rock by the ancient Greeks and Romans. During the worst sieges and sackings in the city's history, its people have traditionally taken refuge in the larger underground caverns, and immediately after the liberation of the city during the Second World War hundreds of homeless families were found to be living in them. Now that they are mostly abandoned and have often been carelessly sealed over, their roofs periodically give way beneath the enormous added weight of new construction, and houses, cars, and people top-ple down into them. During the period between 1969 and 1972, eleven people died and sixty-two were injured in slides and cave-ins. A recent cave-in not far from the Via Roma, in the very heart of the downtown shopping district, opened a gaping hole about thirty feet by fifteen and dropped a parked Fiat into its depths. The Neapolitans, who can't seem to get very worked up over the totally familiar corruption of their politicians and their most prominent private citizens, have complained loudly about the increasing peril and inconvenience of the prospect of a sudden descent into the void, but not much can now be done about this aspect of the construction boom, either. What everyone in Naples has had to learn to live with is the destruction of the city's most precious visible asset—the beauty of its incomparable setting.

THE Naples that survives intact and unchanged is to be found in the dense latticework of tortuous streets and alleys—the famous *vicoli,* which crisscross each other up the Vomero and extend like a huge, incredibly tangled cobweb over the heart of the old city, split in two by a long, relatively straight succession of narrow avenues, known generically as Spaccanapoli, or "Split Naples." From the height of San Martino, at the top of the Vomero, one can look down along the entire length of the Spaccanapoli and see a large part of Naples much as it was in Bourbon times. To walk the full length of the Spaccanapoli is to be in close touch with history, because a stretch of these avenues, between the Piazza del Gesù and the Via del Duomo, is flanked by numerous decaying monuments and crumbling statues, and by the great baroque *palazzi,* now in an advanced state of ruin, of the city's vanished Spanish nobility.

It is off these main avenues that the real day-to-day life of old Naples goes on, by no means entirely bereft of its traditional picturesque and folkloristic qualities (the public maintenance of which is an economic necessity for most Neapolitans) yet amid an increasingly desperate struggle with the terrible poverty that the city has borne like a curse for centuries. One can grasp, to some extent, the reality and the consequences of that poverty by simply walking through the teeming *vicoli,* where a quarter of the city's million three hundred thousand people live. The worst off are the dwellers in the so-called *bassi,* which are windowless single rooms opening directly onto the street and often inhabited by entire

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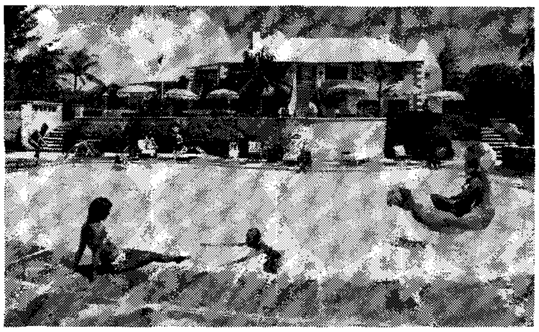

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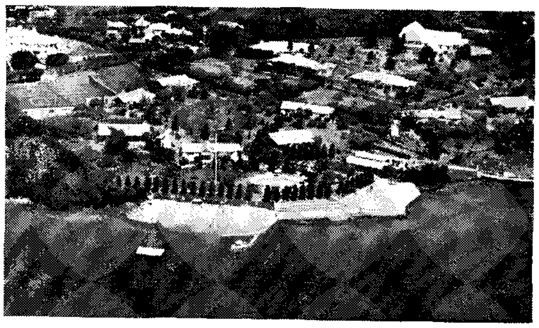

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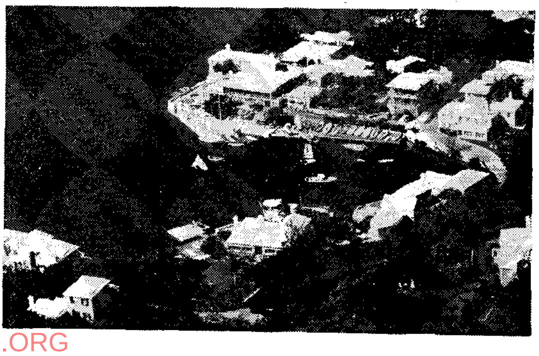

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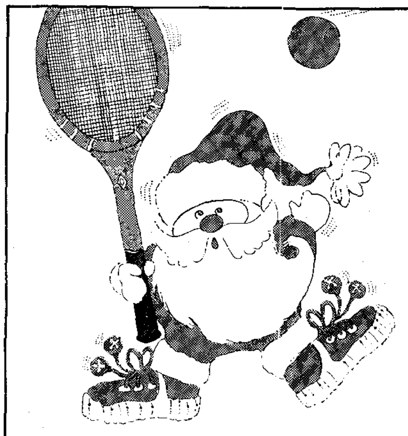
families—perhaps as many as a dozen people. "In this fetid labyrinth of lanes buried between tall and monstrous-looking buildings," as an Italian traveller passing through in 1896 observed, "the numberless *plebe* of Naples, which is to say two-thirds of the inhabitants, lead a miserable life, deprived of air and light." So little has changed since long before these words were written that the poor of Naples are still referred to in Italian as *plebe*, a term that comes directly from ancient Rome.

No statistics can convey what life for these people is like, but the statistics are astonishing just the same. More than twenty-five per cent of the population of Naples is unemployed. The city has the highest infant-mortality rate in the country; six out of a hundred babies die during their first year of life. Only about a quarter of the surviving children in the poorer sections complete elementary school, though it is supposedly compulsory to do so. Among other unenviable firsts, Naples has the most polluted waterfront and air in Italy; the greatest population density in Europe—about sixteen thousand persons per square mile; the heaviest and noisiest traffic in the nation, circulating at the lowest average speed—about two miles per hour; the largest and worst slums, including vast areas constructed since the war; the highest annual incidence of typhoid and viral hepatitis, nearly as great as that in all of West Germany; and a rat population estimated at eight million. As for the morale of the *plebe*, one local union leader said to me, "I get up in the morning and I ask myself what's happened, and what *could* happen today. There's only one main problem here, at the base of all the others—the question of work. We are sitting on a powder keg."

The impression that a visitor gets, however, is not one of incipient mass violence, of some possible spontaneous uprising against the unbearable conditions of life, such as the uprisings that have occurred from time to time in a number of less afflicted Italian towns. Traditionally, Naples has been a conservative city, nourished by nostalgic memories of the monarchy and, later, of Fascism. It has occasionally risen in revolt, but usually for purely political reasons or against some particularly odious foreign occupation. To the average Neapolitan, poverty seems to be the normal state, unfair and difficult to deal with, perhaps, but something to be handled with the exercise of expediency, not moral indignation. The noisy, confused, crowded, incredibly active comings and goings of the people



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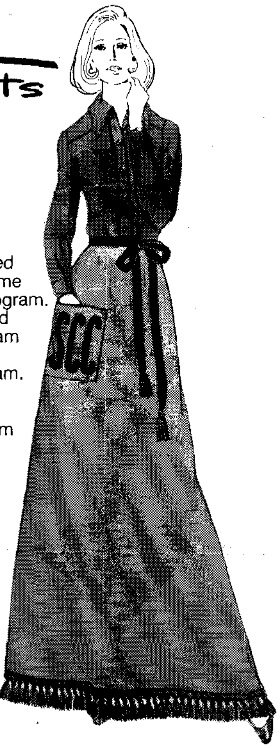

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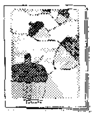

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swarming through the rubbish-strewn *vicoli* from dawn until late at night testify to nothing more than the ingenuity and vitality of a population living largely by its wits.

"What haven't the Neapolitans done to survive?" a journalist observed admiringly in the Milanese newspaper *Corriere della Sera* some time ago. "During the war, they caused ships and soldiers to disappear. Today, they traffic in contraband cigarettes and pornographic photographs, sell themselves as witnesses at the law courts, shine shoes, set themselves up as tourist guides, offer to mediate disputes, peddle lottery tips, hire out as mourners at funerals, guard parked cars, beg—seize whatever tiny opportunity comes along to make it through the day." Such people are known here as *millemestieri*, or "thousand jobs," and no one can be in Naples very long without encountering them. One of their current occupations is applying color to the fish on market stands to make them look fresher and more salable. My own favorite money-making activity was that of an old man I once came across who used to stand in any line he could find until he neared the head of it; then he would sell his place for a few lire to someone behind him. Although some *millemestieri* traffic in real crime, and will deal in anything from fake Swiss watches and phony Parker fountain pens to drugs and prostitutes, most, like the old man, are merely desperate citizens improvising ingenious, more or less legal ways to stay alive.

The profession of the *millemestieri* doesn't really fit comfortably into the state's figures on unemployment and underemployment, and the gangs of ragged children—the famous *scugnizzi*—hustling whatever they can find to sell through the streets don't, either. The problems of the city are so vast and chaotic that they simply cannot be defined by government data or cured by the considerable sums of money that the government and private industry have occasionally pumped into the moribund economy. Every attempt at such economic amelioration, no matter how well intentioned, seems to be defeated. A few years ago, for example, the state-controlled Alfa Romeo automobile works opened an assembly plant in Naples, under the promising name of Alfasud, which was to provide eighty-five hundred new jobs and help to stimulate the local economy. During Alfasud's first year of activity, the city's unemployment went up ten per cent, and more small businesses failed than ever before. Part of what happened was that the new plant had recruited

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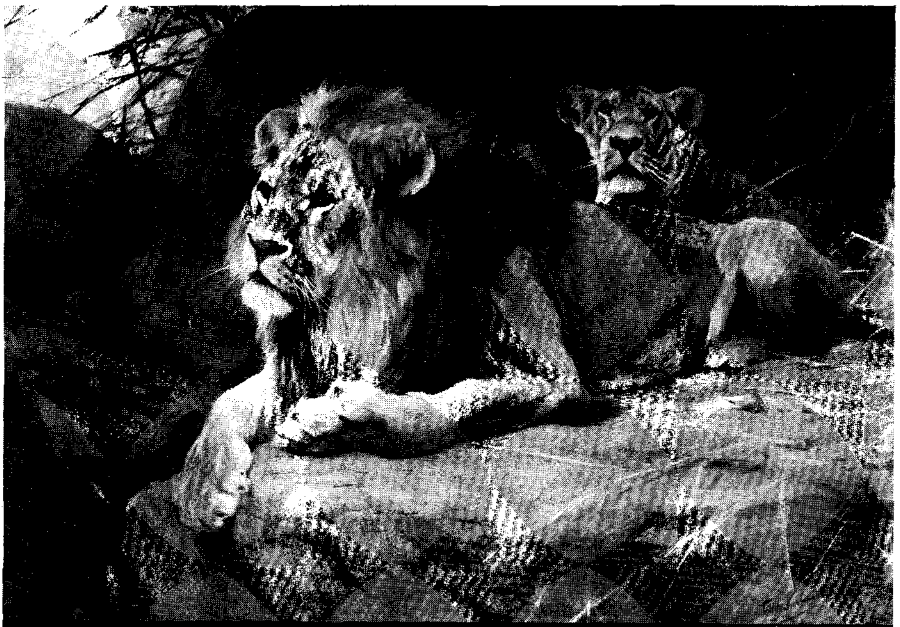

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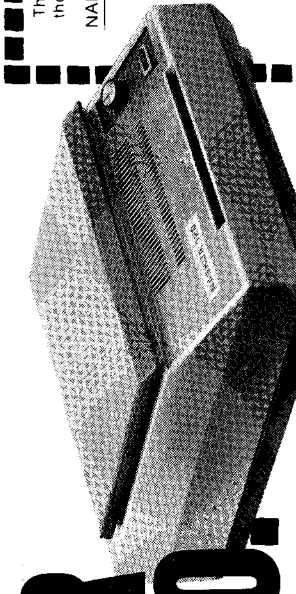

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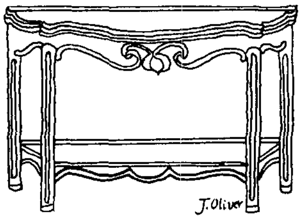
its labor almost exclusively from the city's tiny pool of skilled craftsmen and technicians, thus causing a number of shaky minor manufacturing enterprises to fold. "The government and the northern industrialists make grandiose plans and dispense their princely favors," an engineer explained. "To starving people needing bread and cheese, they promise filet mignon."

All such efforts are, in any case, regarded here as utopian, particularly if they are set up by government representatives in Rome or by a company with its home base in Turin or Milan. The reality in Naples is that nothing survives and nothing can be done without local political connections and the protection of local big shots. *Clientelismo* (an untranslatable term meaning, roughly, patronage) is the only technique by which the Neapolitan economy manages to survive at all, and the greatest stroke of luck that can befall a struggling citizen is to come under the benevolent wing of someone with direct access to political power and public money. Without that, almost nothing can function, and the intrigues and maneuverings involved in some celebrated cases of enrichment by *clientelismo* have achieved a complexity far beyond the Byzantine. At the heart of every enterprise, of course, is an acceptance of things as they are, which outsiders usually interpret as cynicism. Although most business ventures in Naples never come to anything, they always contrive to cost a great deal of money, and they vanish leaving trails of promissory notes. In a city in which small companies have been known to fail because they could not meet payments of a few thousand lire and the only credit readily available was at the usurer's, the air of resignation and cynicism is all too understandable. *Clientelismo* offers the only safety, and the one sin that Naples inevitably punishes is undue ambition. Some years ago, a *millemestieri* nicknamed Giovanni the Immortal made a good economic thing out of stepping in front of moving automobiles. He survived twenty-six accidents, and was something of a local hero in his *vicolo*, because he not only supported his family by sticking the insurance companies but also provided an income for neighborhood cronies who testified in court on his behalf. The day inevitably came when, on the Via del Duomo, he misjudged a car's speed and was fatally run over.



In this sea of resignation and indifference, only the young seem to have attempted any cohesive protest. About five years ago, when high-school and college students all over Italy began to agitate in the streets for better living and working conditions, young Neapolitans also began holding demonstrations, and since then various major rallies, periodically organized either by the students or by the labor unions, have brought out as many as fifty thousand people, most of them under thirty. But in concrete terms they have accomplished little, and the protesters are still very much a minority in this city, which has one of the largest and most virulent neo-Fascist movements in the country. Nor do these young people express anything like the same optimism that has characterized some workers' and students' movements in the past. I watched one recent demonstration—a parade of banner-carrying students coming through the Piazza Municipio—and I was struck by a look of indifference on the faces of both the demonstrators and the older people watching them from the sidewalks. "But don't you understand that to destroy the abuses . . . means to destroy the city?" a Neapolitan named Pasquale Villari wrote to a Piedmontese minister in 1860. "In fact, all the professions, the trades, the arts of life, and life itself are founded on and fed by these abuses. Once you eliminate them, I can assure you that there will be quite literally no way to live."

IT is not surprising, in view of what has happened in Naples, that during the past twenty years many of the city's leading cultural and artistic figures have gone elsewhere—usually to Rome or Milan. They rarely come back, even to visit. "We've remained a handful of old cats who don't even know where to meet," the writer Domenico Rea observed not long ago. The popular-song industry, which used to be a Neapolitan specialty, has also practically disappeared. Until a few years ago, it employed about three thousand people—composers, lyricists, singers, arrangers, editors, printers, and record producers—and dominated the Italian pop-music scene, but its yearly festival, the Piedigrotta, now ranks behind several others in national importance. "Naples sings less and less," a retired impresario told me in the lobby of the city's San Carlo Opera House. "The young people look to London or America for musical inspiration. Who can blame them? That is where success is to be found."

A magnificent exception to the flight of artists from Naples is Eduardo de Filippo, the most versatile and universally admired man of the theatre the country has ever produced. The author of some sixty plays, at least a dozen of which are considered masterpieces, Eduardo, as he is usually referred to, has also written verse, a book of essays, and numerous movie and television scripts. He produces, directs, and stars in his own works, and his gaunt, hollow-cheeked, deep-eyed, sensitive-looking face is as familiar to Italians as the face of the Pope. Though one of his plays enjoyed a success in London last season (under the English title "Saturday, Sunday, Monday"), de Filippo's work is almost unknown abroad, mainly because it is written in Neapolitan dialect and depends on an absolute rapport between word and gesture to make its effect. A critic once said, "De Filippo is one of those artists who can interpret the spirit of an entire people in a shrug, convey deep suffering in the raising of an eyebrow." De Filippo himself has written in one of his essays, "I want to say that everything begins, always, from an emotional stimulus—a reaction to an injustice, contempt for my own and others' hypocrisy, a feeling of solidarity and human sympathy for a person or a group of people, a revolt against laws that are outdated and anachronistic in today's world, dismay when confronted by events that, like wars, disrupt the lives of populations, and so on."

De Filippo was born in Naples in 1900, and made his début in the theatre at the age of six in a play by Eduardo Scarpetta, his most prolific and best-known Neapolitan predecessor. Whenever he wasn't in school—which was often—he continued to work for Scarpetta, and later he worked for Scarpetta's son Vincenzo. By the age of fourteen, he was playing important parts in a repertory company that rehearsed every morning from ten until noon and put on three performances a day. With a brother and a sister, known as Peppino and Titina, he began during the early nineteen-twenties to play in revue sketches he wrote and directed himself. By 1929, he was writing one-act comedies, and by 1931, with Peppino and Titina, he had formed his own company, which put on several performances a day between showings of movies. In 1932, his full-length comedy "Chi È Più Felice di Me?"

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("Who's Happier Than Me?") became a smash hit, and it established him on the national scene. After thirteen years of continuous success, only briefly interrupted by the war, he reorganized his company under its present title, Il Teatro di Eduardo, and opened triumphantly at the San Carlo with "Napoli Milionaria!," a typically bittersweet portrayal of Naples making the most of its dubious opportunities during the Allied occupation. In 1954, he reopened the Teatro San Ferdinando, an old and celebrated theatre gutted by wartime air raids, which he had reconstructed at his own expense. Since then, he has divided his time between Naples and the rest of Italy while continuing to turn out his extraordinary plays. He has by now become such a national institution that when he recently had to interrupt the Rome run of his latest play, "Gli Esami Non Finiscono Mai" ("The Exams Are Never Over"), to undergo surgery for the installation of a heart pacemaker, the successful outcome of his operation, his convalescence, and his return to the stage, just twenty-five days later, were the subject of front-page news stories, editorials, and public rejoicing all over the country.

The secret of the enormous appeal of de Filippo's theatre is to be found in its utterly truthful depiction of Neapolitan life at every level and the compassion it expresses for the suffering of his city. As a young man, de Filippo used to frequent the law courts, where, he recalls, "little by little, I assembled a crowd of the disinherited, the ignorant, the victims and the jailers, thieves, prostitutes, swindlers, heroic creatures and brutal beings, angels thought to be devils and devils thought to be angels." It is with them, he says, that he goes on "talking and reasoning, listening to their cases, their aspirations, too often followed by disillusionments and inevitable protests." He speaks, in other words, unsentimentally but with passion and humor for the great glory and wealth of Naples—its people.

An Englishman I met here some years ago told me that he felt there was something basically wrong with anyone who didn't like Naples. "You can't explain it to them, either," he said. "It's like trying to describe the B-Minor Mass to someone who's tone deaf." To him, as to many others, the social indifference and flaunted cynicism of so many Neapolitans are merely the mask they've adopted to cope with history's betrayals; it's their form of protest. The historian and journalist Antonio Ghirel-

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li, in his "Storia di Napoli," a history of the city up to its "takeover by the Piedmontese" when Italy was unified, in 1860, depicts the *plebe* as a great tribe that, instead of living in a desert or a jungle, finds itself isolated in its city, where it has chosen to retreat into itself as its only defense against the oppression, injustice, neglect, and exploitation it has undergone for so long, and that today still finds a chance to express itself in an impersonal modern state blindly committed to industrial progress.

Meanwhile, the dried blood of the city's patron saint, San Gennaro (or San Gennà, as he is affectionately called), continues to liquefy on schedule three times a year. Between ceremonies, the blood is kept in a couple of ornate vials in a side chapel of the Duomo, and the symbolic miracle of its liquefaction never fails to cheer the Neapolitans, if only because no one has yet satisfactorily explained or debunked the phenomenon. After Vatican II, when the Holy See revised its calendar of saints and reduced San Gennaro to the rank of a "local" personage, whose very existence could not be proved, the Neapolitans reacted, as always, with surface indifference. On the great main door of the cathedral, however, an anonymous hand expressed the city's real feelings with scrawled words that can only be inadequately translated as "San Gennà, don't you give a damn!"

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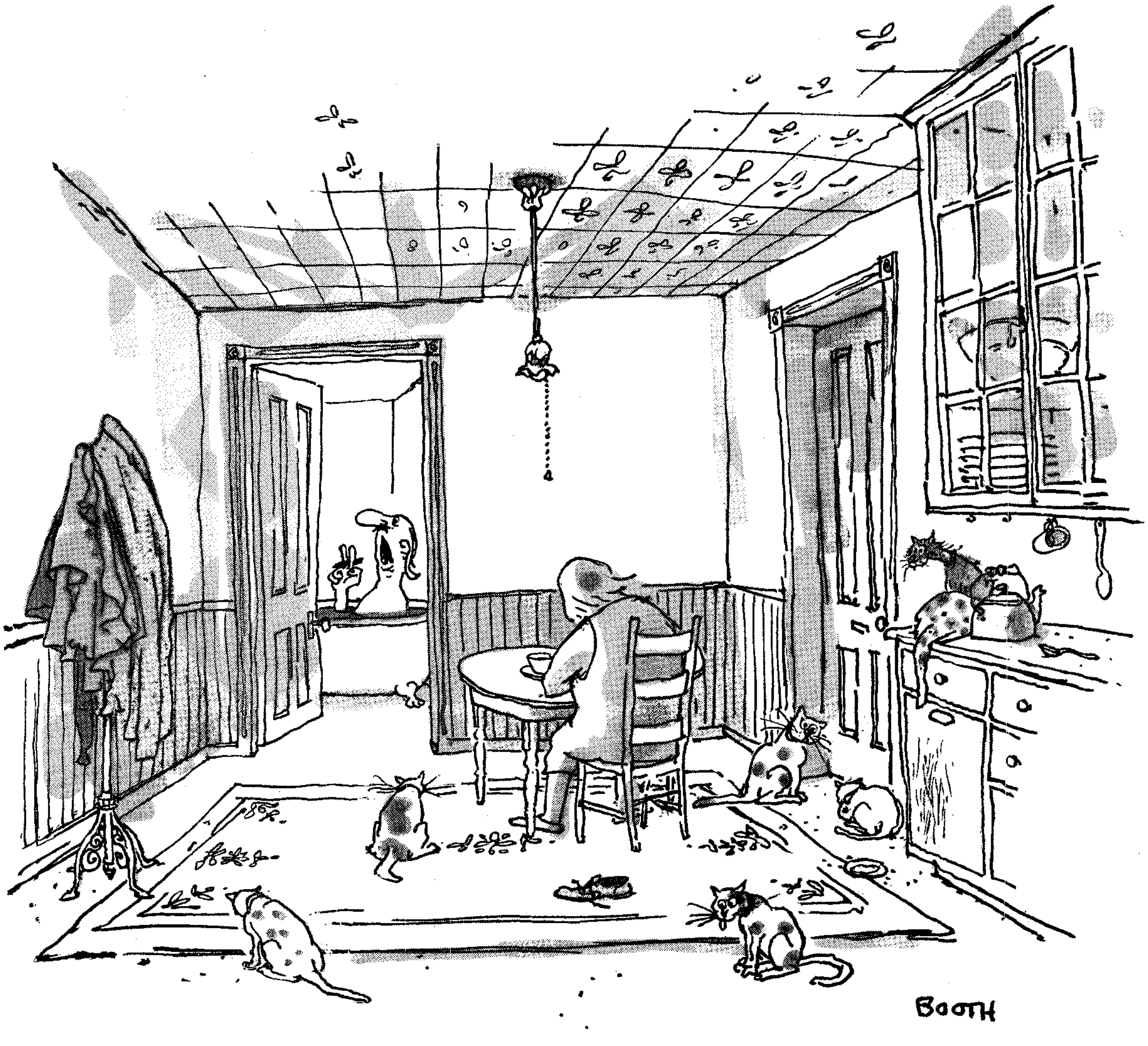
AROUND CITY HALL

THE TIN WOODMAN AND THE TIGER

“Edward is a comptroller, you see, and comptrollers rarely smile” was the caption under a cartoon in this magazine a few years back which showed cocktail-party guests discussing a solitary, glum-faced man brooding over a drink. Possibly this somewhat irrational association of comptrollers with joylessness as well as with double-entry bookkeeping helps explain why Abraham Beame is the first New York City Comptroller to win election as mayor. Beame, of course, is not only a professional politician but a trained accountant, and he campaigned for mayor—as has been mentioned in recent weeks more often and with more irony than he might have wished—on the slogan “If you don't know the buck, you don't know the job—and Abe knows the buck.” Beame's successor as comptroller, Harrison J. Goldin, is a former securities analyst (*his* campaign slogans, in his unsuccessful race against Beame for the Democratic nomination for comptroller in 1969 and in his winning race for comptroller last year, were, respectively, “He's a young dynamo!” and “He'll make waves”) who has made no secret of his interest in becoming the second City Comptroller to move into Gracie Mansion. Last spring, in the first act of the annual musical satire put on by members of the Inner Circle, the fraternity of City Hall reporters, the new Mayor (played by a local reporter, as were all the characters) followed the yellow brick road in search of the wonderful wizard (who, when he was discovered cranking the phony sound machine behind the curtain, turned out to be John Lindsay). Among those also making the trip was Harrison Goldin, as the Tin Woodman, who didn't have a heart—a bit of casting that many of Mayor Beame's friends probably now consider especially appropriate, in view of Goldin's recent release of a series of outside audits of the comptroller's office as it was conducted in the Beame days, which have badly damaged the Mayor's widespread reputation for matchless fiscal expertise. Later in the Inner Circle show, Goldin was shown singing, “I'm Harrison J. Goldin/ I am your boy comptroller/ And when I'm four years older/ I'll be your baby mayor.” Although it is now evident that Abe didn't always know the buck, it is not yet clear whether, by making waves the way he did this summer, the young dynamo has short-circuited his own political career.

The fact that Mayor Beame's comptroller has been causing him some pain has a certain historical aptness. Before Beame was inaugurated as mayor last January, the most familiar view of him was of a small, gray, angry-looking figure who, when he wasn't on the attack, seemed to be constantly bracing himself for some atrocity about to be committed by Lindsay. Among the reasons for their lack of congeniality was the fact that Lindsay had defeated him in the 1965 campaign for mayor, and it was widely understood that Abe Beame's successful bid for the comptrollership in 1969 was in preparation for another mayoral race, presumably once more against Lindsay. No one, therefore, was surprised when much of his term was devoted to pointing out the incumbent Mayor's deficiencies, particularly in the areas of budgets and book-balancing. Beame's steady attacks on the fiscal performance of the Lindsay administration undoubtedly had something to do with many New Yorkers' view of the former Mayor as a hopelessly disorganized profligate. In the end, of course, Lindsay did not run again, and Beame was easily elected. Long before he was sworn in, he had lost his former killjoy expression and was visibly more relaxed. In his early months as



“How time flies! It was just thirty years ago tonight that you first ran me a hot bath—right here in this very tub.”

mayor, his hair, which he has begun to wear longer, turned whiter, his eyebrows turned somehow darker, and as he moved briskly around town from reviewing stand to groundbreaking site to all the other events where a mayor is eagerly made welcome, he was a strikingly different figure from the small gray nag of the Lindsay years. Occasionally, like his predecessor, he even made jokes. Last winter, when he attended the opening of "Richard II" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he mentioned to the audience that his presence at the event was doubly appropriate, since he had spent much of his life in Brooklyn and had been born in London. "I think the comparison ought to end there, because I remember how this show ends," he added.

At the beginning of last month, the ceremonial press reviews of the new Mayor's first six months in office generally concluded that things were going well. As usual, most of Beame's own assessments of his achievements were in terms of money matters. Just behind him was the annual spring battle of the budget, during which, in the name of what he described as sound fiscal policy, he had demonstrated his political muscle by forcing members of the City Council to vote for an unpopular fifteen-dollar-a-year automobile-use tax and a sharp increase in local real-estate taxes, although such votes will be a considerable burden to the thirty-three councilmen running this fall for reëlection. As usual, he mentioned financial problems "inherited from my predecessor." City Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite told the *Post* reporter George Arzt that Beame's "fiscal astuteness has brought in a new dimension—credibility." "Ninety-nine per cent of his ego is wrapped up around his fiscal knowledge," one of Beame's assistants remarked to Arzt. "If you attack that, that soft, genteel man turns into a tiger and will rip your hide off." When the recent headlines about Beame's alleged deficiencies as comptroller began to break, another staff member told reporters that he believed the Mayor would be more distressed by the implication that his bookkeeping had been incorrect than by the suggestion that money and securities in his charge might have been stolen.

It is probably only in the administration of a mayor who is sixty-eight years old that a thirty-eight-year-old man like Goldin would be referred to as a potential "baby mayor." His association with precocity may also be

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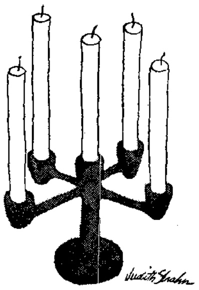
left over from his election, at twenty-nine, as the youngest New York state senator in history. In any regime, he would be described as ambitious. (The use of this adjective for a politician is, of course, pejorative, implying that all other politicians are public-spirited figures who had their offices thrust upon them. On the other hand, "unambitious" is also a political pejorative.) Goldin, a slight, nearly bald man with intense, constantly shifting brown eyes, is also often described as abrasive. His manner is very serious, although he is said to have smiled at *Times* writer John Corry's judgment that he "looks like a Reform rabbi in the suburbs who is about to give a lecture on sex education."

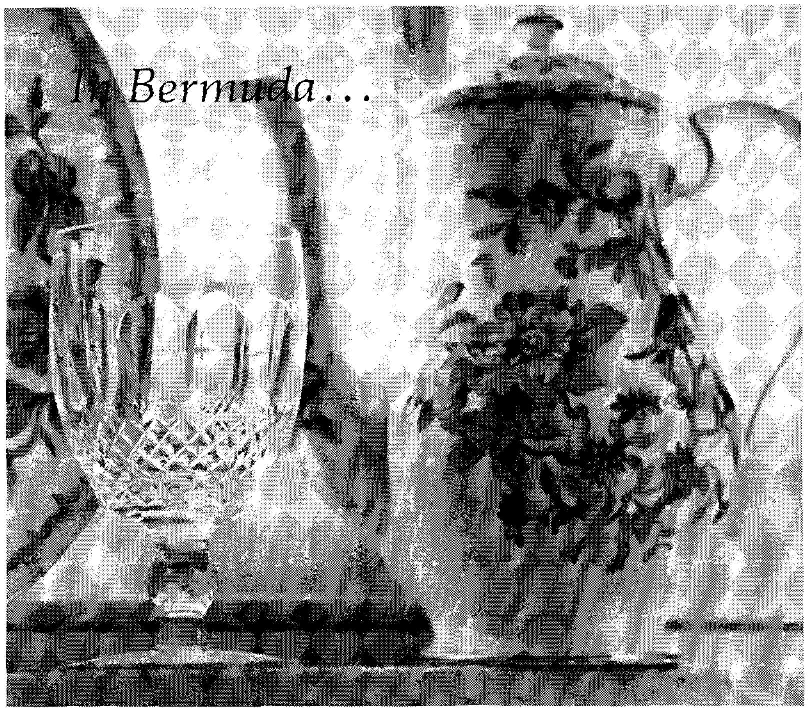
Few local political observers were surprised that there should be an early confrontation between the present Comptroller (an alumnus of Princeton, where he received a B.A. *summa cum laude*, of Harvard, where he held a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship in government, and of Yale Law School, who, as a reform Democrat, successfully fought the regular Democrats in his borough of the Bronx) and the former Comptroller (a graduate, with honors, of City College, who has said that he owes his entire political career to Brooklyn's regular Democratic organization). What has caused considerable astonishment is the fact that during these recent midsummer weeks virtually all the featured news about the city government has been coming out of the comptroller's office. Although the comptroller is one of only three local officials who are elected on a citywide basis—the others are the mayor and the president of the City Council—his office has traditionally been an infrequent stop for reporters assigned to cover local government. Once every few months, a news story will give the details of the selling of a city bond issue at an unexpectedly high or low rate of interest, and every year or so a city editor will decide that the time has come for another account in depth of the rather quaint ceremony that accompanies such transactions: the depositing, by agents of various banks, of sealed bids in a small green metal box, said to have been in use since the last century; the creaking sound as the box is opened; the comptroller's retirement, flanked by members of his staff, to his private office to compute the average interest rate of the winning bid; and his return to congratulate the winning investors. The news value of the ritual, vaguely reminiscent of the way things might have been done in the days of dog-eared, handwritten ledgers and Bartleby the scrivener, was, of course, its contrast with the ranks of modern electronic calculators and computers that were assumed to be whirring and blinking away in other parts of the comptroller's quarters, keeping track of the comptroller's disbursement of the city's eleven-billion-dollar expense budget and his investment of its six-billion-seven-hundred-million-dollar city-employee pension funds. Day after day during these past weeks, however, television crews, balancing their heavy equipment, and clusters of print reporters could be seen winding their way through the dingy lobby of the Municipal Building, a few hundred yards northeast of City Hall, and up to the comptroller's conference room to be briefed on some convolute aspect of past fiscal ineptitude in the office, from which the trusty new comptroller would henceforth save the city.



The first of the three Goldin-commissioned outside audits was published in the newspapers on July 15th, and during the next twenty-three days, until well into this historic month, there were twenty-one front-page stories in the *Times* that were from or about the comptroller's office. The *News* and the *Post* were almost equally attentive, regularly reporting the latest developments in huge front-page headlines—all this, of course, during a period when the nation was convulsed by the impending impeachment or resignation of the President of the United States. Goldin had promised during last year's campaign that, if elected, he would subject the comptroller's books to independent outside audit, and two and a half months after he was sworn in, representatives of three accounting firms regarded as among the most reputable in the city went to work on various aspects of the comptroller's operation. Their subsequent reports might possibly have been released in a manner less distressing for the Mayor if there hadn't been a Beame-Goldin falling out over the city's 1974-75 expense budget. After Beame had presented his proposed budget, Goldin brashly expressed the opinion that it didn't represent sound fiscal policy at all, being in balance only because of the borrowing of hundreds of millions of dollars at a crippling rate of interest. He also challenged some of Beame's revenue estimates as excessive. The

Mayor's response was to issue a statement indicating that the Comptroller didn't know anything about budgets, and not much about money, either. Any chance that the Mayor's feelings would be considered in the release of the audits was scotched right there.

The first of the audits—of the comptroller's securities vault, on the eighth floor of the Municipal Building—was conducted by S. D. Leidesdorf & Company and found that five million four hundred thousand dollars which should have been in the vault wasn't there. Most of the missing securities, the auditors reported, were highly negotiable and would be hard to track down because of the general office practice of taking no note of either the amount or the certificate number of individual securities. The second audit, released on July 18th, was a Clarence Rainess & Company attempt to reconcile the city's ledgers with the amount found in the city's bank accounts as of December 31, 1973, the day Beame left office. The audit showed any number of discrepancies, including forty-five million dollars in banks that the city didn't know it had. The third audit, conducted by Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Company, and released on July 21st, dealt with the pension funds. In this case, only $309,720 appeared to be missing. Like the other reports, however, the third audit warned that the state of the books in the comptroller's office was so chaotic that more discrepancies would almost certainly turn up. The horror stories reported by the auditors included five thousand blank checks (a fifty-year supply) in an unlocked desk, two thousand filled-out but undistributed checks in an open safe, cancelled checks stuffed any which way into shoeboxes, automatic signature machines that were easily accessible, and rubber stamps bearing the Comptroller's signature that could be filched at will, as an auditor proved by filching one. Twenty to thirty people were free to go in and out of the city vault, in which over a billion dollars in securities was stored. The all-time horror tale of this kind—one that won itself a separate front-page story in the *Times*—described how last March a new employee of Goldin's, whose face was unknown to the staff, walked without challenge through four unlocked doors and directly into the vault. (Security had been improved since, the *Times* quickly pointed out.) Although there were, of course, some computers in use, the auditors reported that many staff members continued to rely on



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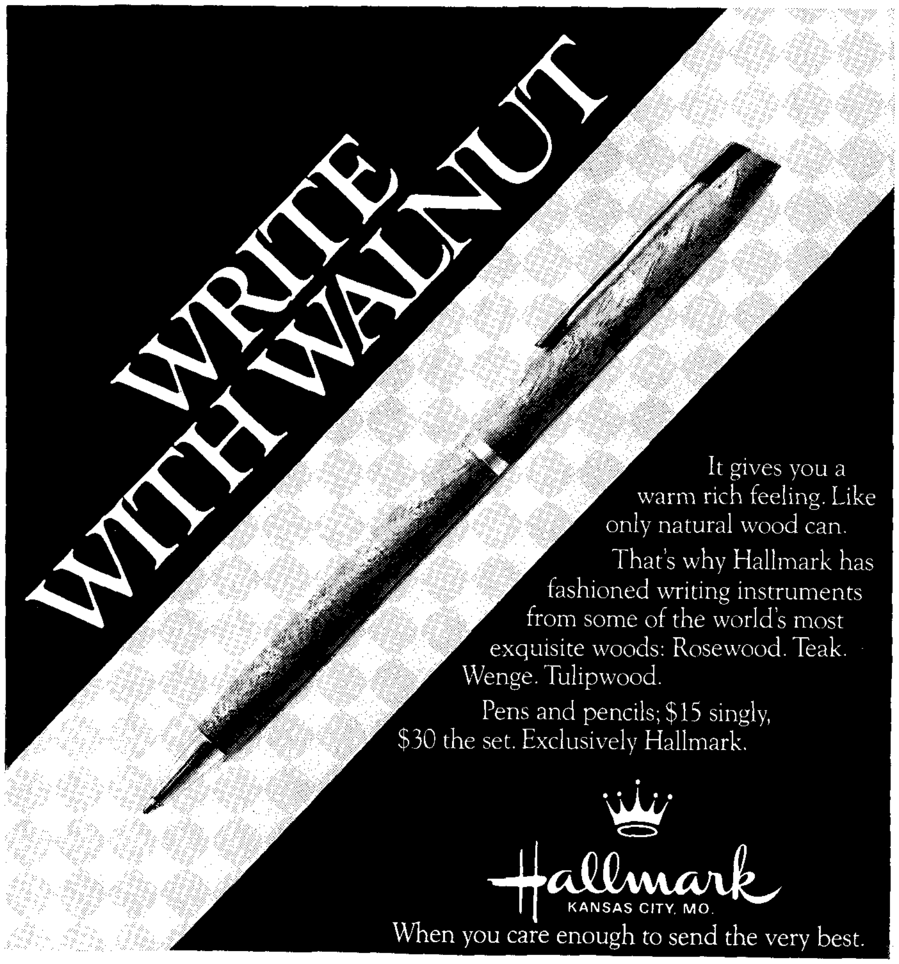

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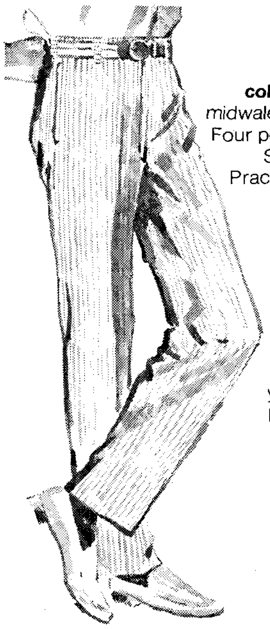

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handwritten ledgers; indeed, Xerox copies of some of the ledger pages showed that securities had been kept track of through cramped, barely legible listings—$950,000 here, $45,000,000 there—so informal that they would scarcely have been acceptable in the Old Curiosity Shop. Dickens, in fact, turned out to be an inescapable reference for anyone trying to describe the way things were still being done in the comptroller's office. Bob Cratchit was often mentioned; so, on occasion, was Uriah Heep. In angry editorials and cartoons ("Ye Gawds!" was the caption of one cartoon), the *News*, usually Beame's staunch defender, pronounced itself aghast at his way of running the office. It mentioned quill pens and abacuses, and a few days later one of its correspondents referred to the Mayor in a letter as "Abacus Abe."

The rest of the summer hasn't gone much better for the Mayor. After his press secretary accused Goldin of being "extremely politically ambitious" and of "obviously trying to embarrass" the Mayor, the *Times* said editorially, "No doubt he was, but it appears to us that the Mayor indeed ought to be embarrassed." The Mayor's response to the report of the missing five million four hundred thousand dollars in securities was to insist that a check made "sometime during the past year" had turned up no discrepancies that could not be reconciled. Seconding his recollection was his former third deputy comptroller and present budget director, Melvin Lechner, who, before Beame brought him into city government, served for some time as treasurer of Bernie Cornfeld's now bankrupt Investors Overseas Services. It later developed that both Beame and Lechner were referring to a 1972 internal audit that showed three million nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of securities missing; these securities, in fact, were never tracked down. News stories on the Case of the Accessible Vault discussed the possibility that members of the comptroller's staff had been using the missing bonds as security for personal loans. By then, Beame had taken to his bed in Gracie Mansion with viral bronchitis. From this vantage point, he appointed a task force—headed by Commissioner of Investigation Nicholas Scoppetta and including Manhattan District Attorney Richard Kuh—to conduct an inquiry into the question of the missing securities. Part of the problem, Beame said at one point, was that John Lindsay had refused to allow him to increase the comptroller's staff. In riposte,

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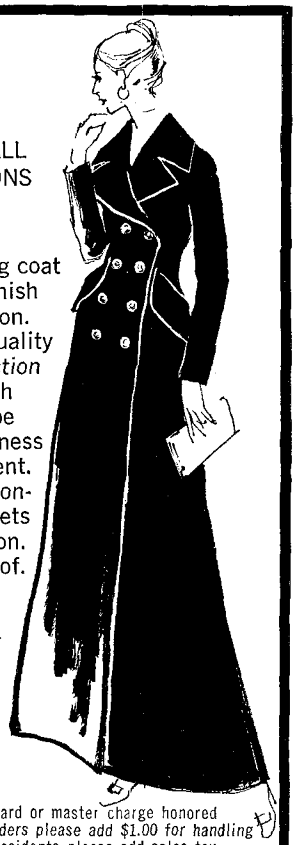

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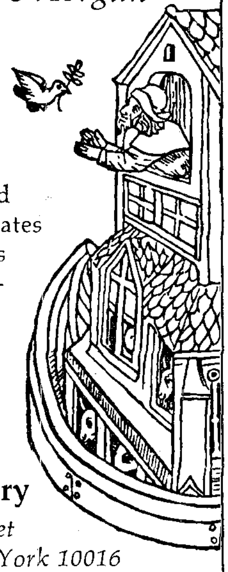

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Goldin declared that when he had asked Mayor Beame to increase the present comptroller's staff, Beame's response had been to cut it by fifty-two persons. After the second outside audit was made public, Beame conceded that two years earlier he had discovered that there was a hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar discrepancy in the city's favor. A crash program last year involving two dozen accountants had been able to find documentation for all but "an irreducible six million dollars." The comptroller's staff had then balanced the books by the simple method of removing the six million to a special reserve account. Asked if he had been warned by his predecessor that the comptroller's books were in some disarray, Goldin said he had not. The Mayor's staff seemed to think differently until Goldin produced a letter from Beame's former first deputy comptroller declaring that the books had been fully reconciled as of June 30, 1973. Fair or not, the suspicion was that Beame, as he left the comptroller's office, had hoped that the discrepancies would not surface until so long after Goldin took over that Goldin couldn't blame all the problems on his predecessor. Undoubtedly, Goldin—for similar reasons—had moved fast so that he would appear not to be implicated in any of the revealed disorders. (A special Beame problem was that while he could blame any disarray on his predecessor, Mario Procaccino, Procaccino could then blame the same thing on *his* predecessor, who was Beame. The present mayor was comptroller from 1962 through 1965, when he ran for mayor against Lindsay, and again from 1970 through 1973.)

After the release of the third audit, on the state of the pension funds, Beame rose from his sickbed and held a press conference at Gracie Mansion, at which he announced that he took full responsibility for anything that had gone on in the comptroller's office during his time there. "I will not tolerate coverups," he added. Staten Island City Councilman Frank Biondolillo, one of the five Republican members of the Council, knew a cue when he heard one. The revelation of the forty-five million dollars in banks which the city apparently didn't know it owned had been of particular interest to councilmen who had fought against the various tax increases needed to balance what the Mayor had insisted was a "bare-bones budget." They suggested that some of these increases be repealed and the newfound money used instead, but Beame didn't seem to

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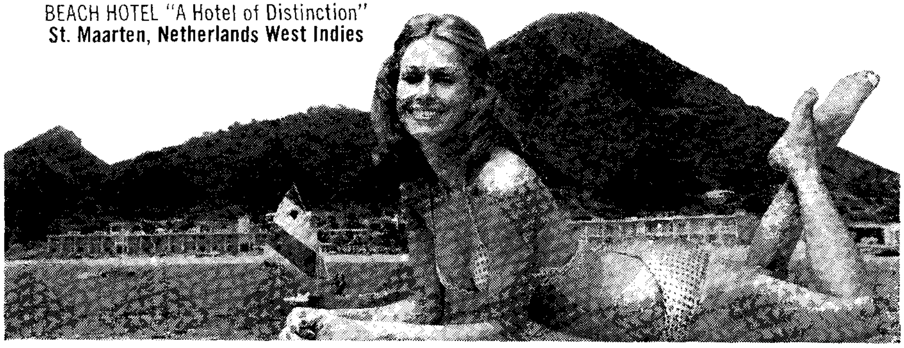

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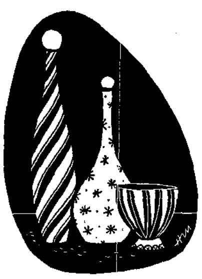
want to hear about it. Now Councilman Biondolillo called on Governor Malcolm Wilson to remove the Mayor. "If Mr. Beame was not guilty of a coverup," he demanded, "how come I, as a councilman for five years, never heard one word about million-dollar discrepancies or nearly six million in missing negotiable bonds?" He added that he expected those councilmen who favored the impeachment of the President to join him in the move to impeach Beame. "Certainly we don't have one standard for Republican behavior and one for Democratic behavior," he said. In the case of this particular move for impeachment, not a single member of the government involved paid the slightest attention.

Two weeks after he released the first audit, Comptroller Goldin took off for a European vacation, apparently on the theory that by the time he returned everything would have cooled off. This turned out to be a misapprehension. By the time he got back, rather precipitately, a week later (both the *Times* and the *News* had run editorials urging his return), the small war over events at the comptroller's office was hotter than ever, and some new battles had been joined.



"It is clear that Scoppetta is being harangued by the Mayor to come up with something fast," a spokesman for Goldin told reporters late in July. Scoppetta was, of course, the leader of the task force that Beame had appointed. Although the Commissioner of Investigation is charged in the city charter with making "any study or investigation which in his opinion may be in the best interests of the city," he is appointed by the mayor, and over the years far more inquiries of serious embarrassment to a mayor have been set off by nosy reporters than by Investigation Commissioners. As for his colleague on the special task force, Manhattan District Attorney Richard Kuh, he had good reason to want to get things settled rapidly, since he was in the midst of a primary fight. Although Kuh is a registered Democrat, he was appointed by Republican Governor Wilson last February as a successor to the late Frank Hogan, to serve until January 1st, when the winner of a special November election will be sworn in to fill out the balance of Hogan's four-year term. With Wilson's backing, Kuh was certain of the Republican nomination, but this is hardly worth laying claim to in heavily Democratic Manhattan. Soon after he took office, Kuh, who is also often described as "ambitious," announced that he expected to have no opposition for the Democratic nomination, since "New Yorkers recognize quality when they see it," and he added that "no one in this city, no one in the state, and—excuse the vanity—no one in this country" is better qualified for the job than he is. Evidently, there were some doubting Thomases in town, however, and Kuh does have opposition in the primary. Indeed, the heavy favorite to win the all-important Democratic nomination has been Robert Morgenthau, former United States Attorney in this area and onetime Democratic nominee for governor. Under the circumstances, a public word of commendation from New York's Democratic Mayor would be a nice boost for Kuh. Fortunately, Scoppetta and Kuh had been able to come up with information for which the Mayor could be grateful. Both of them were smiling broadly as they announced at a joint press conference that the "missing" five million four hundred thousand dollars in the "so-called" audit were not missing, and had never been missing in the first place, despite what the respected auditing firm had reported. All but eighty-four thousand dollars of the sum, they announced, had already been accounted for as the result of talks they had had with five veteran civil servants who knew where things were kept—although they didn't happen to have recorded them in the proper place, and although they had apparently felt disinclined to enlighten the outside auditors called in by Goldin. (It later turned out that, as the result of their help, lost securities had been found at the back of desk drawers, tucked away in the wrong envelopes, and hidden under piles of ledgers.) Scoppetta, apparently not a reader of detective stories, declared that the completely casual demeanor of one of these employees—Russell Aldag, the vault supervisor—gave him his first inkling that there was no wrongdoing involved. Scoppetta and Kuh also reported that they had found in the vault itself $114,087 in securities that the outside auditors had listed as not being there. "It was like Edgar Allan Poe's 'The Purloined Letter,' " announced Kuh, who clearly *is* a reader of detective stories of a certain vintage (1845). "If we wanted to find it, we had to look in the most obvious place." The *Times* was so taken with this literary reference that it made Kuh's remark the Quotation of the Day on its split page, selecting it over all the portentous words then coming out of Washington. (The paper also chose it over a warning to national Democratic leaders by Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, the only black man on the Board of Estimate: "If Jesus Christ were nominated President and Governor Wallace Vice-President, I'd vote against Jesus Christ.") To go along with Kuh's Poe reference, the *Times* obligingly provided its readers with a separate story giving a précis of the plot of "The Purloined Letter."

At four-thirty-seven on the day after the Scoppetta-Kuh press conference, the phone rang in Room 9, the City Hall pressroom. It was Comptroller Goldin, calling from London. He declared that the findings of the task force were "hasty" and "premature," and suggested that Kuh and Scoppetta might well concern themselves with why $114,087 in securities "that were not in the vault . . . when the vault was sealed by the outside, independent, non-self-serving C.P.A. firm" had later "unexplainedly reappeared in the vault." He also took transatlantic issue with various aspects of the task force's methods of reconciling the discrepancies between the records and the securities on hand, and specifically charged that in the case of two U.S. Treasury notes totalling six hundred and forty-two thousand dollars and redeemed in 1970 and 1971, Commissioner Scoppetta had "instructed" an employee of the comptroller's office—it turned out to be Russell Aldag—to make entries after the fact "purporting to affect a reconciliation with regard to that item." Goldin added, as usual, that he was, of course, making "no charges and no allegations." Fifteen minutes after the Comptroller had hung up, District Attorney Kuh, who happened to be on the other side of City Hall conferring with Mayor Beame and had heard about the Goldin message, came into Room 9 to describe Goldin as having filtered "what appears to be claptrap through the media." Forty-five minutes later, Room 9 had still another visitor. (Many politicians have long suspected that the center of local government may be not the mayor's office but City Hall's cluttered fifteen-by-twenty-five-foot pressroom, and the events of that August afternoon didn't discourage this theory.) As Commissioner Scoppetta, ordinarily a calm, collected sort, strode—or, rather, exploded, as one reporter later put it—through Room 9's

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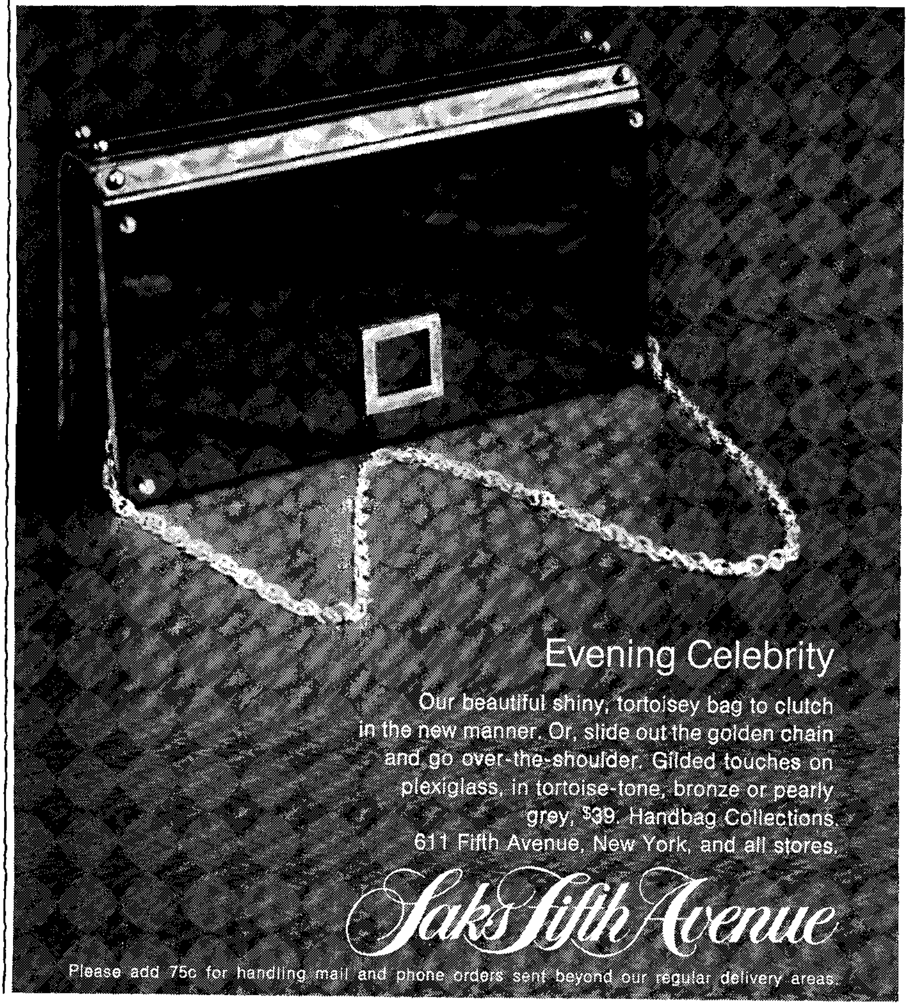

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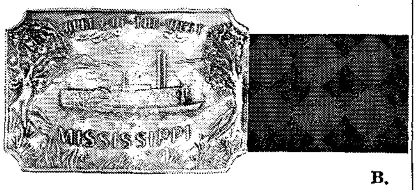

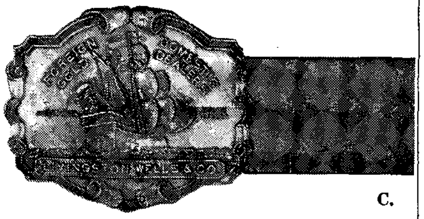

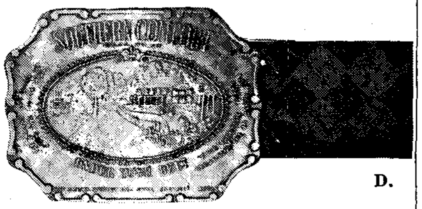

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door, he was in such a rage that, he said later, if Goldin had been on hand "I would not have been responsible for what I might have done." The eight or ten reporters in the room instinctively moved backward and made an instant, common decision to ask no smart-aleck questions as Scoppetta denounced as "outrageous and baseless" Goldin's suggestion that he might have arranged to have the comptroller's books altered (presumably in order to make his employer look better). He added, with uncharacteristic rudeness, that Goldin had better "get his fanny back" from London and make his charge under oath. "I think his ambition is just outstripping his sense of propriety," he said of the Comptroller, whom others also criticized for having made his charge from three thousand miles away. Half an hour after Scoppetta stormed out, Mayor Beame appeared at the door of the pressroom to say that Goldin had "better be prepared to prove" his charges.

In the twenty-four hours after Goldin made his transatlantic call to the pressroom, he received a hundred and eighty phone calls at his London hotel. Soon after the last of these had been put through, another controversial figure entered the picture, back in New York. Furious at Goldin's charge, Scoppetta had invited into the case Special State Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari, a Republican appointed by Governor Nelson Rockefeller in September, 1972, to investigate corruption in the city's criminal-justice system. Since Nadjari took office, he has become the personification of the relentless prosecutor, especially where Democrats are concerned; in the Inner Circle's version of Oz, Nadjari was the Wicked Witch of the East. Within an hour after the call from Scoppetta, he had subpoenaed the significant ledgers from the comptroller's office; television crews, making the now familiar trip, were on hand to record the transfer, which was also memorialized on the front pages of the *Times* and the *News*. That afternoon, apparently concluding that Goldin's charge wasn't "claptrap" after all, District Attorney Kuh held a press conference to announce that, in view of Nadjari's "dubious jurisdiction," his office would investigate the Goldin charges against Scoppetta. There seemed to be a possibility that, after escaping public attention for generations, the dusty ledgers in the comptroller's office, already the center of controversy, would now be the subject of a bitter jurisdictional tussle that would end up in the courts.

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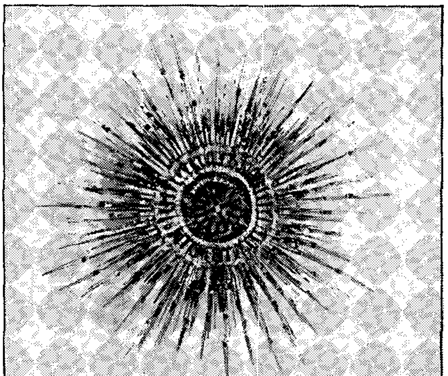

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Back home from abroad, Goldin held a press conference at which he stuck by his charge that, according to a sworn affidavit from Russell Aldag, the vault supervisor had made the after-the-fact ledger entries at the direction of Commissioner Scoppetta. Four days after he launched his own investigation of the matter, District Attorney Kuh abandoned the field to Nadjari, and the same day received a "Dear Dick" letter from the Mayor commending him for the "speed and diligence" of his task-force inquiry. A few days later, Kuh was back on the scene, launching an investigation into Goldin's charge that missing securities were still reappearing in the municipal vault. Goldin continued to explain to television interviewers that he had done it all because of "the people's right to know"—not because he was more ambitious than the next man. ("Just how much of a Sammy Glick are you?" one panelist asked him.) The Leidesdorf company was still conducting its own inquiry into the missing securities that Kuh and Scoppetta said had never been missing. Goldin's staff was trying to track down the lost and found millions reflected in the two other outside audits, which the press seemed almost to have forgotten about. Meanwhile, Goldin, to whom the Mayor hadn't spoken since July 12th, took the precaution of having a billion dollars in securities moved from the municipal vault to a neighboring bank.

As Special Prosecutor Nadjari wound up his taking of evidence, there was a rumor that he would find everyone in the wrong. Instead, in uncharacteristically benign tones, he concluded that everyone had been in the right: Commissioner Scoppetta had asked vault supervisor Aldag a question about some recommendations contained in a three-year-old internal audit of the comptroller's office. Aldag, a dutiful civil servant, had interpreted Scoppetta's question as an order and had made the ledger entries, as the old audit had recommended. And Goldin had relied on Aldag's version of events and had made his charge "in good faith." Nadjari, whom Goldin now jokingly compared to Kissinger, announced, "It is our conclusion that the entire controversy resulted from communications gaps on all sides"—and once again the great war of the audits provided the *Times* with its Quotation of the Day.

When former Mayor Robert Wagner, who happened to be visiting City Hall in the midst of the excitement, was asked whether he was confident

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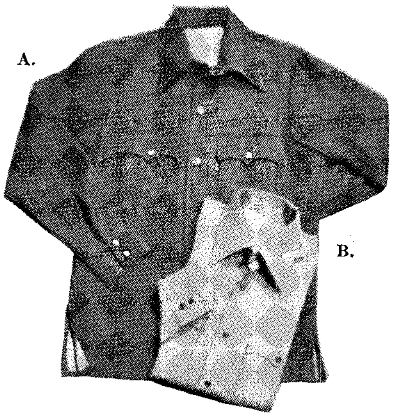

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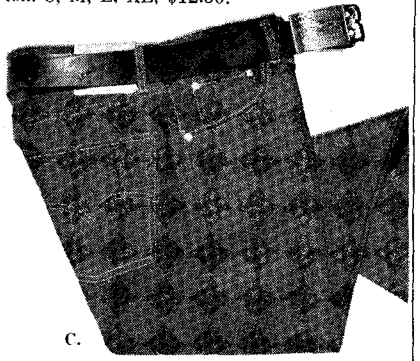

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that the city's books had been in balance when he left office in 1965, he said he was sure they had been, "because Abe Beame was the comptroller." No one knew whether he hadn't been reading the papers or was just being kind to the Mayor, who has been looking rather wan lately. There would be no general surprise, however, if Beame, when he recovers his strength, finds some way to use the considerable power of the mayor's office to get back at—possibly even to "rip the hide off"—certain figures in the Municipal Building who have thrown doubt on his knowledge of the buck. All in all, it seems likely that the comptroller's office will continue to be in the news.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

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—DEREK WALCOTT

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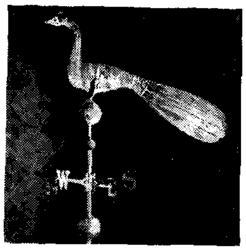

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THE RACE TRACK

Muddy Travers

Little Current beat Chris Evert in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday, but Holding Pattern beat them both. In the many years that John Galbreath has been in racing, he's never won a Travers, and Little Current, his Preakness and Belmont Stakes winner, seemed to have an even-money chance to fill that spot, but he missed by a head after a dramatic dash in the last quarter. Nearly five lengths farther back, Chris Evert, the only filly in the race, led the eight other three-year-olds home. Though it was run in mud on a rainy day, and the visibility was low, and the broadcast wasn't very well done, the hundred-and-fifth Travers provided all the traditional thrills. Menocal, a 70–1 shot, led until Chris Evert passed him on the backstretch and, fighting off Accipiter, went out in front by open daylight. On the turn into the straight, however, she appeared to change her stride, and Holding Pattern swept by her, as Little Current did in the last sixteenth. It was the second time in a fortnight that Holding Pattern had beaten Little Current. The first was in the Monmouth Invitational Handicap, in which he had an advantage of ten pounds in the weights. In the Travers, he had five. A rangy dark-bay gelding by Old Bag out of Miss Caesar, Holding Pattern is owned by Robert Schleicher, an Indiana builder, and John Gerbas, Jr., an airplane pilot, and is trained by J. J. Sarner. The colt is remembered here for winning divisions of the World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City and the Champagne Stakes at Belmont last year. Then he chipped a bone in his right knee and was idle for months. Chris Evert ran more like her old self than she did in the Alabama, where she tired toward the end. I've a notion, though, that she didn't like the sloppy track. Anyhow, her stable made a sporting try.

A day or so before the Travers, Mr. Galbreath announced that he was syndicating Little Current for four million dollars—forty shares at a hundred thousand each, twenty of which he is keeping for himself.

Buyers of yearlings didn't spend all their money at the Keeneland Sales last month. They had enough left to give $8,337,000 for two hundred and twenty-four colts and fillies at the recent Saratoga sales. Tops was $350,000 for a bay colt by Tom Rolfe out of Shuvee, sold to Sigmund Sommer, who made a special trip to the Spa to bid on him. It would be hard to fault the colt; besides, Tom Rolfe has become one of the leading sires, and, of course, Shuvee was something extra. Best of her sex at three and four, she beat the best of the boys twice hand-running in the Jockey Club Gold Cup. This is her first foal. The next-highest price was $250,000, for a bay colt by Northern Dancer out of Fleur (she's a half sister of Nijinsky II); he was bought on behalf of Robin Scully, who races in France and England. E. P. Taylor was the leading seller; his thirteen Windfields Farm yearlings brought $987,000. He also bought three fillies for $325,000—one by Nijinsky II for $170,000.

The week at Saratoga began with Neil Hellman's Laughing Bridge, the thirteen-length winner of a division of the Schuylerville Stakes, polishing off another field of two-year-old fillies, this time by five lengths, in the Adirondack Stakes. Whether she will try to match strides again with Ruffian in the forthcoming Spinaway—she did so in the Astoria at Aqueduct last month and Ruffian beat her by nine lengths—or look for a softer spot has not been decided. The Sanford Stakes is best remembered over the years for its upsets, and in Wednesday's renewal, the Greentree Stable's Knightly Sport started favorite and finished third. Quickly taking the lead, he tried to make a runaway of it but gave out of speed, and Ramahorn and Prop Man ran over him in the stretch. Ramahorn, who won by a nose, is owned by Sigmund Sommer.

Liberty Bell had a $100,000 event for Philadelphians last weekend—the Hobson Stakes, at a mile and an eighth—and Mr. Sommer's Infuriator, splashing through muddy going, won it by a neck from Ecole Etage, with Convoy II third. Infuriator picked up first money of $60,000—a nice start toward the price of the Tom Rolfe yearling.

—Audax Minor

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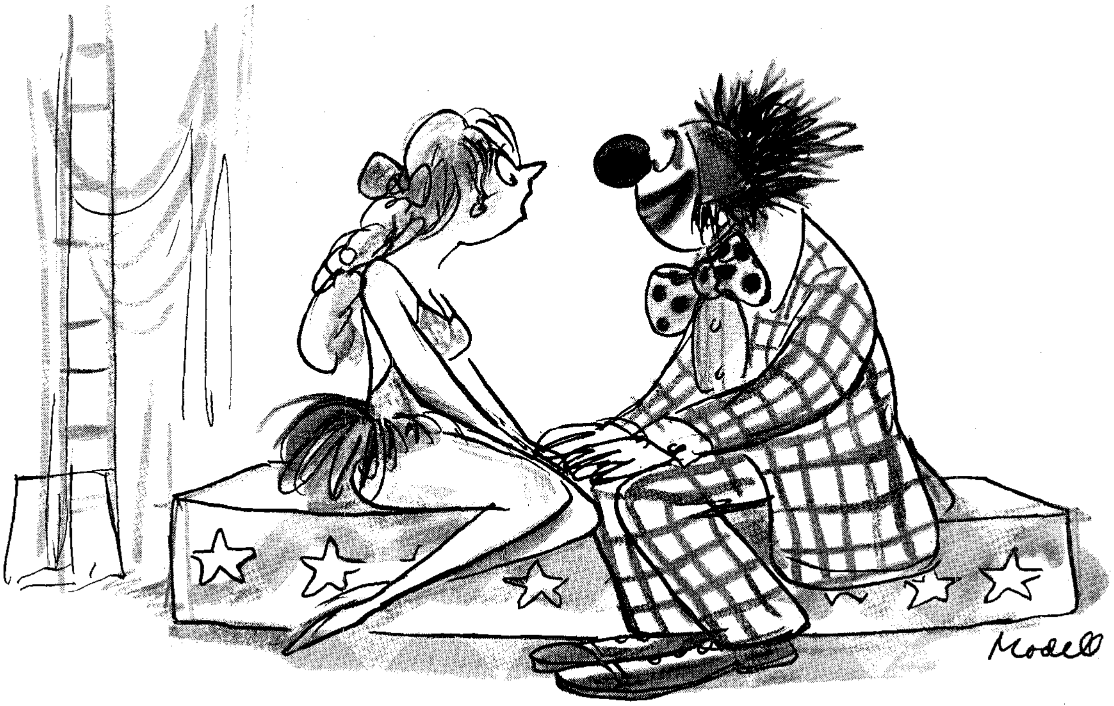
THE BIRDS OF CENTRAL PARK

FOR virtually its entire existence, Central Park has been a highly favored haunt of bird-watchers. Records of their activities go back to 1866, which was eight years after the first part of the Park was opened to the public, in the fall of 1858. Of the more than seven hundred avian species known to appear on the seven and a half million square miles of our continent north of Mexico, no less than two hundred and sixty-six have been spotted in the Park's area of slightly more than one square mile, or in the air above it. The Atlantic flyway, one of four great migration routes that cross North America between the tropics and the Arctic, passes directly above the Park. It is not surprising, therefore, that many birds native to the continent's eastern section pause in their semiannual journeys to rest there or, in the case of certain city-adapted birds, actually live there during the summer or winter. But, as is the case with the larger North American list, the Park total contains many birds not normally found in the region at any time of year—"accidentals," as they are known if only one or two of their species have ever been seen, or "casuals," if they are somewhat more numerous but still rare. A few of these unusual visitors have their homes on the opposite side of the Atlantic Ocean. Others are ordinarily found in the Far North, the Deep South, the Mississippi Valley, or even as far into western longitude as Alaska. On occasion, their appearance can be traced to storms that blew them off course. But more often this is not the case, and the reason for their arrival in the Park is unknown.

In the eighteen-fifties, when the Park was started, the city had barely half a million residents. The site itself, when the city took title in 1856, was relatively barren, consisting largely of vacant lots and some three hundred squatters' shacks. Most of the trees were small. According to Henry Hope Reed, the present curator of the Park, the site contained bone-boiling works and some hog farms known as "swill-mills." Interspersed among the bramble-covered hummocks and swamps were creeks, which were literally open sewers serving the occupants of the shacks. In 1857, the police ejected the squatters, and the clearing began. The next year, Frederick Law Olmsted, who was to become the nation's foremost exponent of landscape design, and Calvert Vaux, a London-born landscape architect, won a competition for the best Park plan, and the task of shaping the area to their drawings commenced. Swamps were drained and cleared, rock blasted and removed, basins formed and filled with water, and topsoil carted in. The Ramble, the most densely planted part of the Park and still the favorite spot for birders, was the first section to open. Some of the large trees that remain today—among them sweet gums, red maples, black oaks, and tulip trees—were planted by Olmsted and Vaux. They also put in such shrubs as spicebush and andromeda, a member of the heath family. Only a little work was required to make the Ramble ready for use by the public.

By the eighteen-seventies, the city population had swelled to about a million, and the Park and the city around it had changed markedly. Thousands of trees had been planted in the Park, as well as hundreds of thousands of shrubs and vines. Much turf had been put down, and was being tended by a large staff of gardeners. Around the Park, residential building had done away with most of the unimproved land, especially near the southern perimeter. This construction around the Park, together with the planting within it, steadily increased its allure for birds.

THE first generally recognized serious list of Central Park birds was composed by Lewis B. Woodruff and Augustus G. Paine, Jr., and published in the June 10, 1886, issue of *Forest and Stream*, a now defunct sportsmen's magazine. The list included a bald eagle, and noted that the bird had remained in the Park for two months in the fall of 1866. Since then eagles have been seen nearly a dozen times flying over the Park. (An imposing creature with a strong yellow beak nearly the length of its head, the bald eagle has a wingspread of up to seven and a half feet, and is, after the great blue heron, the largest bird that has been seen in the Park. The smallest is the ruby-throated hummingbird, an iridescent pygmy, whose newborn hatchlings are the size of honeybees.) The Woodruff-Paine list comprised a hundred and twenty-one species, of which a total of seventy-two were regular winter or summer residents. Among the summer dwellers were the wood duck, bobolink, golden-winged warbler, wood thrush, and bluebird. The winter residents included the



"Oh, I still think you're a great clown, Olaf. You're just no fun anymore."

barred owl, a raptor almost two feet high, which in cold weather likes to roost in conifer groves and now is rare even in the metropolitan area's wilder parts. Perhaps most indicative of the serenity that prevailed among the Park's tangles and copses in those days was the presence of the ruffed grouse and the bobwhite, both ground nesters and both greatly admired by hunters. The former, a large chicken-like bird, likes woodland clearings and brushy thickets. Its large breast muscles are deemed especially good to eat. It is a strong flier and markedly watchful. The bobwhite favors tall grasses and thickets, and is the only quail found east of the Mississippi River. Very few ruffed grouse or bobwhite now live anywhere in the metropolitan area, where once they were plentiful. Woodruff and Paine also reported that in 1867 six pairs of skylarks, noted European songsters, were loosed in the Park, but none were to be found nineteen years later.

The next generally accepted list, which was published in 1906, was that of Frank M. Chapman, then associate curator of the Department of Mammalogy and Ornithology at the American Museum of Natural History, on Central Park West, at Seventy-ninth Street. Through his writing and his example, Chapman is given much of the credit for making bird-watching popular in this country. One of the rarities on his list was the snowy owl. Characteristically dwelling in the Far North, often well beyond the Arctic Circle, the snowy owl is a powerful, swift, and strangely beautiful bird, two-thirds the size of an eagle. Unlike most owls, the snowy is diurnal. It perches on posts or other exposed positions, making it, in our area, the target of crows, traditional owl-haters. They taunt it at their peril, however. For it can quickly launch and seize one that assumes it is blind.

By 1906, the population of Manhattan Island had doubled again, to around two million. Furthermore, by 1898 Manhattan had annexed the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island, forming a greater New York City with a population of more than three million. Rapid transit in the form of streetcars and elevated railways had been increasingly available since 1870. These, of course, brought larger and larger numbers of people to Central Park, including off-islanders. In addition, the automobile had arrived. A special permit to operate one in Central Park was issued in 1899. Soon cars became fairly common there, and

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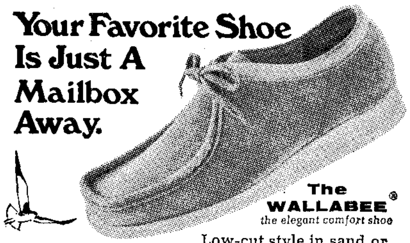

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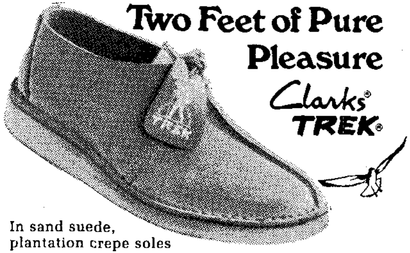

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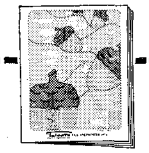

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eventually, of course, gasoline fumes were to have a detrimental effect on the trees—not so much on the deciduous ones, which shed their leaves in the fall, as on the evergreens, whose needles (through which the trees breathe) remain on year round. With the advent of the automobile and mounting public use of the Park, its suitability as a residence, or even a resting place, for birds suffered noticeably.

Chapman's list was followed, in 1923, by that of Ludlow Griscom, who was assistant curator of ornithology at the museum under Chapman and later became research curator at the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology. Again the Park had changed, this time substantially for the worse. In fact, the years just before and after Griscom's report may well have marked its most dilapidated period. For one thing, in 1911 it lost a sturdy ally. In that year, Samuel B. Parsons, Jr., a forceful man and an eminent horticulturist in the tradition of Olmsted and Vaux, resigned as landscape architect to the Department of Parks. After Parsons left, the natural features of the Park deteriorated. Trees, shrubs, and vines disappeared and were not replaced. Two of the causes for this were a continuing rise in the public use of the Park and apathy at City Hall. A diminished force of gardeners, whose numbers the municipal administration did not see fit to increase, could not prevent hard packing of the soil under the feet of the multitudes or curb vandalism against the flora that remained. Furthermore, automobile traffic had gone up sharply. The year after Parsons left, asphalt supplanted gravel on all the drives, and by 1920 these had become essentially automotive throughways. All this was bad news for birds. Griscom noted that a couple of years after Chapman's 1906 report, a total of eighteen native species had nested and twenty-two had wintered in the Park. However, the year before Griscom's 1925 list appeared, he found only eight native species nesting and very few individuals of any species wintering there. The nesters were the robin, song sparrow, red-eyed vireo, wood pewee, purple grackle, Baltimore oriole, downy woodpecker, and screech owl. In the category of winter residents, he listed the downy woodpecker, junco, and song sparrow. Today's most common city birds—the pigeon, house sparrow, and starling—were all originally aliens and thus were not placed by Griscom among the native species; but they were, of course, present as both nesters

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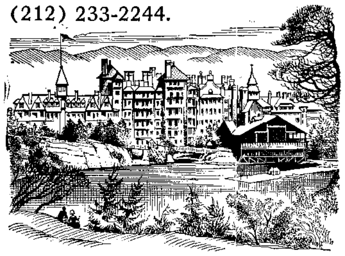

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and year-round residents. The starling had been introduced into Central Park in 1890 and the house sparrow thirty years earlier by a man named Eugene Schieffelin, who thought New York's bird life needed more diversity. The arrival of the pigeon dates back to Colonial times. Griscom's list contained in all a hundred and eighty-six species. Among the more unusual sightings he tallied were two appearances of the bald eagle, a couple of the woodcock, and in winter on the Reservoir (the chief gathering spot in the Park for aquatic types) an Iceland gull, a pallid, spectral native of the Arctic. The increase in species listed by Griscom was largely made up of migratory birds, which had been spotted by the growing number of observers combing the Park.

GEOFFREY CARLETON, a librarian at New York University and a devoted amateur ornithologist, put out his first catalogue of Central Park birds in 1947 and revised it in 1958. On his first list there were two hundred and twenty-five species, and on the second two hundred and fifty-one. These lists were followed by a supplement that covered the years from 1958 to 1967 and added species that brought the total to two hundred and fifty-seven. Birding by this time had become a firmly established American avocation, and Carleton was assisted by several dozen reliable and faithful observers. Many of them were members of the local Linnaean Society, whose meetings have always been held in the American Museum of Natural History. From a bird's point of view, the Park had improved. New plantings had been made, and when Fiorello LaGuardia became mayor the city and various citizens' groups interested themselves in improving the maintenance of Central Park—a task that has been severely handicapped by the fact that Central Park is the most heavily used park of its size in the world.

Among the "accidentals" on Carleton's revised list were the European teal, northern clapper rail, Virginia rail, purple gallinule, black vulture, black skimmer, and western sandpiper. The European teal, a male, seen on the Reservoir on January 12, 1947, was quite a surprise. About the size of our green-winged teal, which is the smallest of the North American surface-swimming ducks, the male European teal is a colorful bird with a green eye patch, yellow rump, brown speckled breast, and gray sides. The species regularly breeds only as far west as Iceland. The northern clapper rail, which is often called the marsh hen by hunters,

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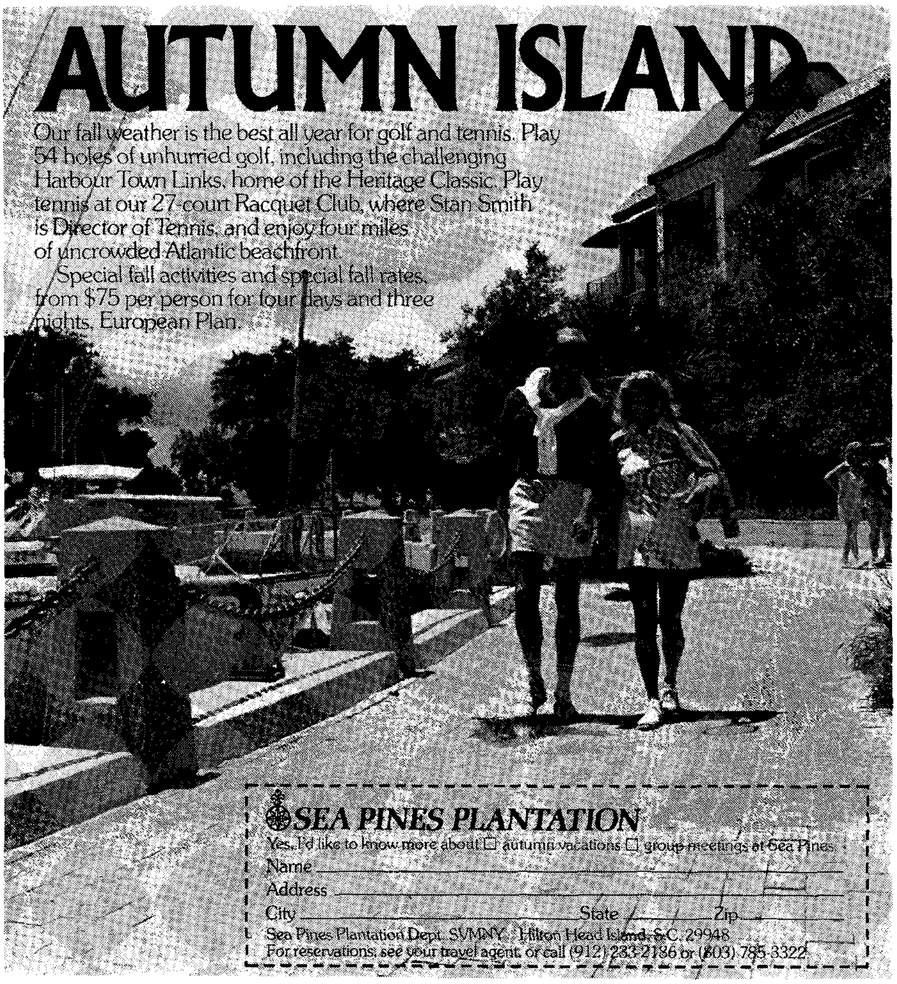
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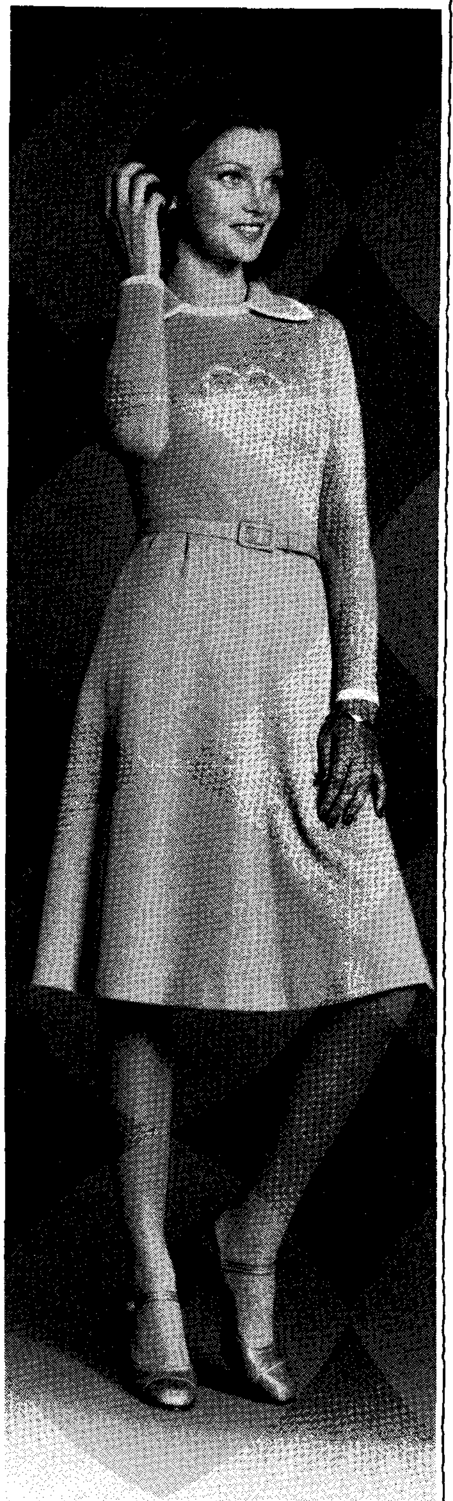

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was spotted one spring day at the Azalea Pond in the Ramble, pulling an earthworm from the ground. Its relative the Virginia rail, also a springtime visitant, is much smaller than the clapper. It is a shy thing, and when it feels endangered it prefers to slip silently through the grass of its native marshes rather than undertake its peculiarly languid flight. The purple gallinule, a celebrity among Park accidentals, was seen for several days in the summer of 1928 at the Harlem Meer, then a body of water with a natural earthen bank. Normally a native of the Deep South, the purple gallinule, which is somewhat smaller than a crow, is one of the most striking of all water birds. Its head and underparts are deep purple, its back is a bronzy green, its bill is red tipped with yellow, its legs are yellow, and a frontal shield on its head is light blue. Another visitor from the South was the black vulture. It was seen in May of 1956 for more than an hour, circling low over the southern part of the Park, perhaps seeking to determine whether the recumbent human forms sunning on the greensward were, by some happy chance, carrion. The black skimmer, a purely maritime species that is a trifle smaller and slimmer than a herring gull, was seen at the Reservoir in the autumn of 1949. It flew over the water and perched on the Reservoir's dividing wall, but did not skim. This is the method by which it feeds: The skimmer's lower mandible is longer than its upper, and it flies low over water with the lower mandible cutting the surface. On making contact with food, it quickly snaps its head down and closes its bill. This bird is also called the shearwater. One western sandpiper hung around the Park for nearly three weeks in September of 1931. It was a trim, white-breasted bird with a brown back, somewhat smaller than a robin, and it foraged busily in the mud fill of the Old Reservoir, probing beneath the surface for food with its long, slender bill. The western sandpiper's breeding ground is Alaska.

Carleton mentioned a pair of yellow-billed cuckoos, two of a number of sightings over the years, which in the summer of 1951 tried earnestly but unsuccessfully to nest in the Ramble. Once in the nineteen-forties and again in the nineteen-sixties, Carleton was able to report painted buntings—typically Southern birds, about the size of a house sparrow. The male of the species is far from sparrowlike in appearance, however, being the most brilliantly colored American bird. Its head is blue-violet, its rump and underparts red, its back green.

IN 1967, just after Carleton finished his supplement, he moved to Elizabethtown, New York, in the Adirondacks, and Roger Pasquier, an environmentalist in his early twenties, took over as head keeper of the Central Park bird list. "I had been visiting the Park daily during the key seasons and keeping records, so I guess I seemed the natural choice" is the way he explains his elevation. Pasquier, who lives a few blocks east of the Park, has been for a number of years an enthusiastic birder there, and is a member of the Linnaean Society, which continues to supply a loyal corps of associate compilers. Pasquier and his group have added nine species to the record, bringing the Park total to two hundred and sixty-six. The newcomers are the cattle egret, snowy egret, Louisiana heron, glossy ibis, mute swan, chuck-will's-widow, Swainson's warbler, black-throated gray warbler, and western tanager.

A pair of cattle egrets, white, crow-sized birds with a brown wash, were seen flying over the Park in May of 1973. Originally natives of the warmer sections of the Old World, the species apparently crossed the Atlantic around 1930 to northern South America, and from there it has spread to this country as far north as New England and southern Canada. The snowy egret, a Southerner notable for its bright-yellow feet and black legs, was spotted by Pasquier and a companion last May. The Louisiana heron, a dark bird with a white belly, standing a couple of feet tall, was flushed from the Azalea Pond early one April morning by Ogden Goelet, Jr., who forwarded the good news to Pasquier immediately. The glossy ibis is a dark-colored wader with a long, curved bill, about the size of the Louisiana heron, and a pair of ibis were noted in flight over the Park in May of last year. A pair of mute swans was seen on the Reservoir by Pasquier himself in February of 1968. Tame swans were kept by the city on waters of the Park before 1950, but these were wild. The chuck-will's-widow, a squat brown goatsucker slightly longer than a robin, and nocturnal, was seen, Pasquier estimates, by more than seventy agitated birders as it dozed all one May day in

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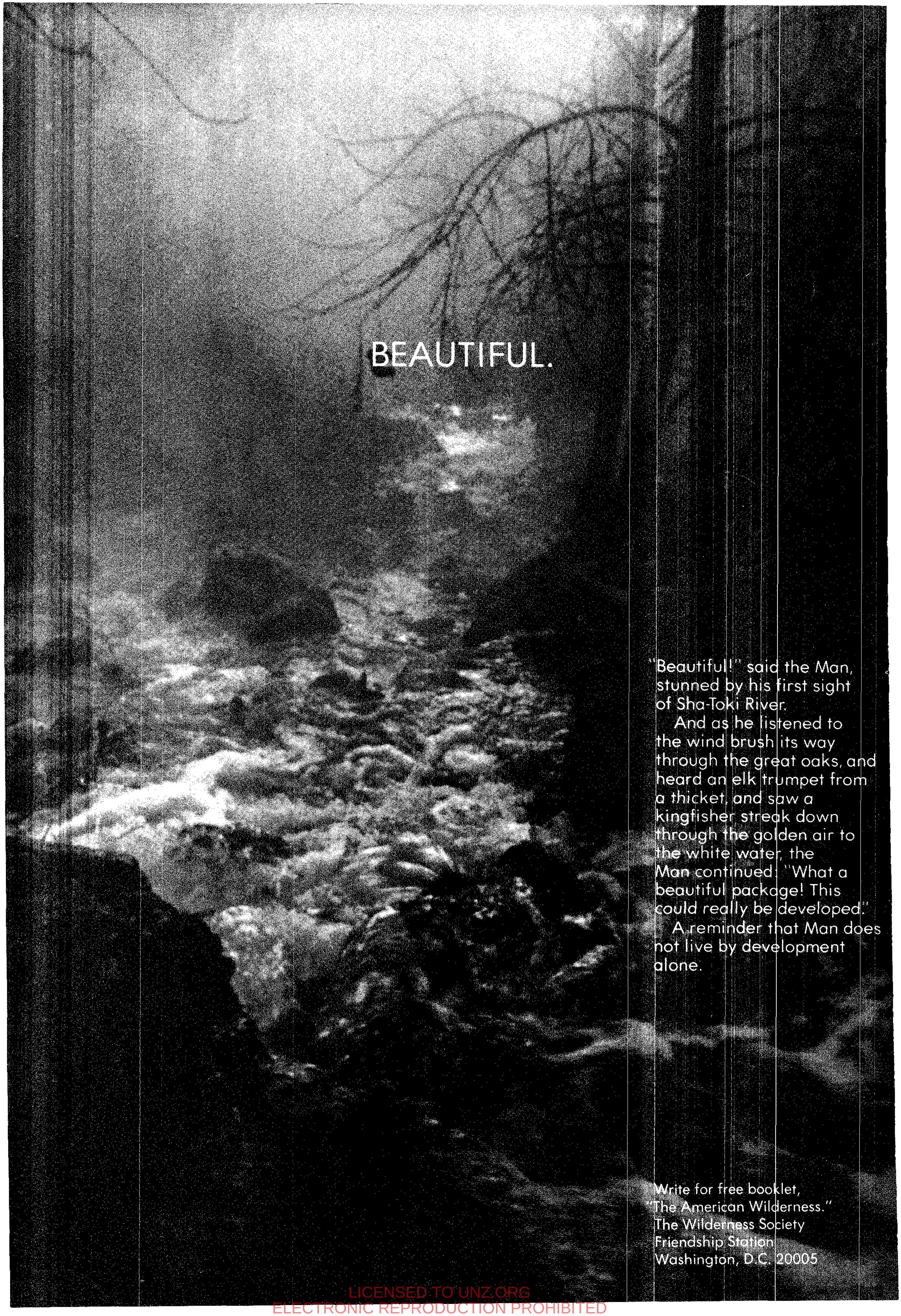

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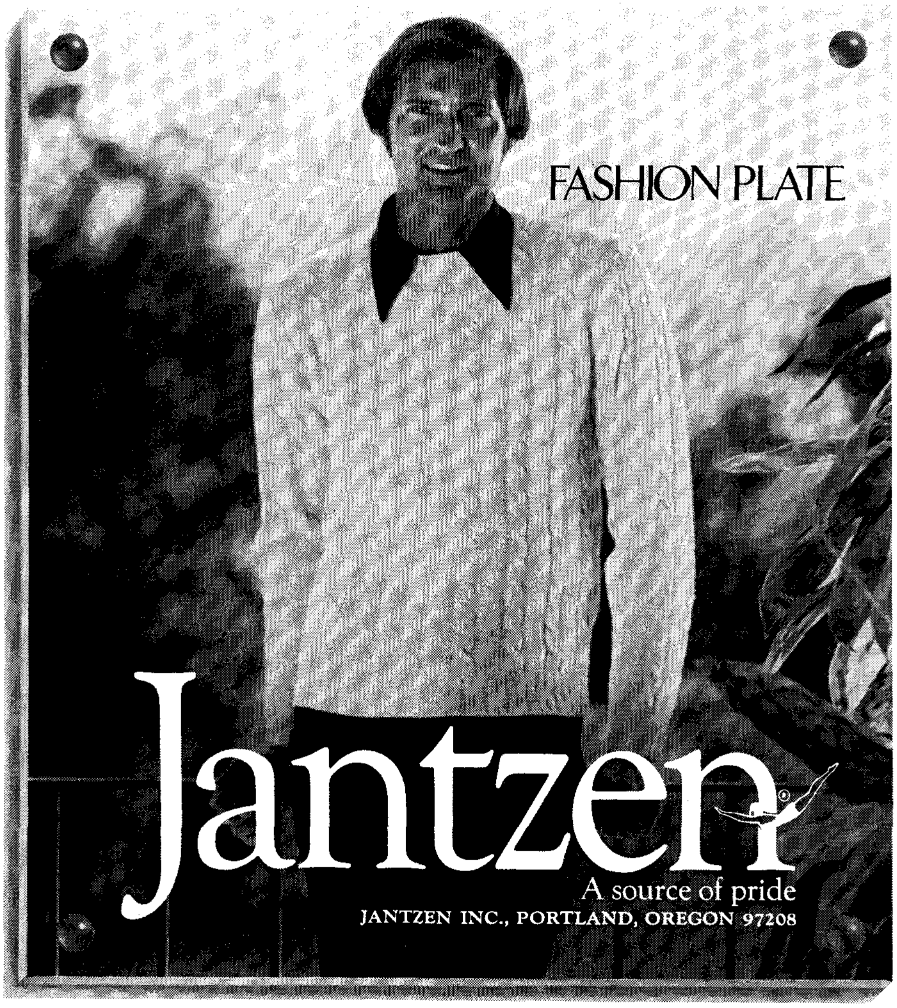
1972 on the branch of a tree in the Ramble. It is considered a rare visitor this far north. The Swainson's warbler, a drab, sparrow-sized individual, created even more excitement, according to Pasquier, when it arrived in the Ramble in May of 1973. "It's so elusive," Pasquier said, "that it is rarely seen even by those who make the pilgrimage to a swamp on the Delaware-Maryland border, the nearest spot where it is known to breed. It was discovered about 7:15 A.M. by two teen-age boys, and the news spread quickly in the Park and on out through the ranks of local ornithology. People left their offices to come and see it. Imagine—this extremely shy warbler spent the whole day scratching around in Japanese knotweed near the Summerhouse in the Ramble!" A singing adult male black-throated gray warbler, a small black-and-white bird never before recorded in the New York area in spring, set down in May of 1970 in a grove of trees near East Eighty-fifth Street, where it darted tantalizingly from limb to limb behind new green leaves high above the ground, as though to hide itself from the viewers below. An adult male western tanager was seen on two different dates in May and June of 1970—a large sparrow-sized, colorful bird with a red head, yellow breast, and black wings, very far indeed from the easternmost edge of its usual breeding range, in eastern Colorado.

Pasquier estimates that eighteen species of birds now breed more or less regularly in the Park. The high nesters, he says, are more successful than the low ones, which have to contend with animal and human disturbance. The nesters he counts as more or less regular are the mourning dove, flicker, downy woodpecker, eastern kingbird, blue jay, fish crow, black-capped chickadee, tufted titmouse, mockingbird, catbird, brown thrasher, robin, starling, house sparrow, northern oriole, grackle, cardinal, and house finch. In addition, nighthawks and chimney swifts regularly fly over the Park in June, which is their nesting season, and he suspects that they nest on roofs or in chimneys of buildings near the Park and use the airspace over it for feeding. As for winter birds in the Park, dozens of species have been recorded on Christmas counts over the past decade—some regularly, some occasionally. Ten nesters are permanent residents—the downy woodpecker, blue jay, black-capped chickadee, tufted titmouse, mockingbird, mourning dove, starling, cardinal, house finch, and house sparrow. Of the others,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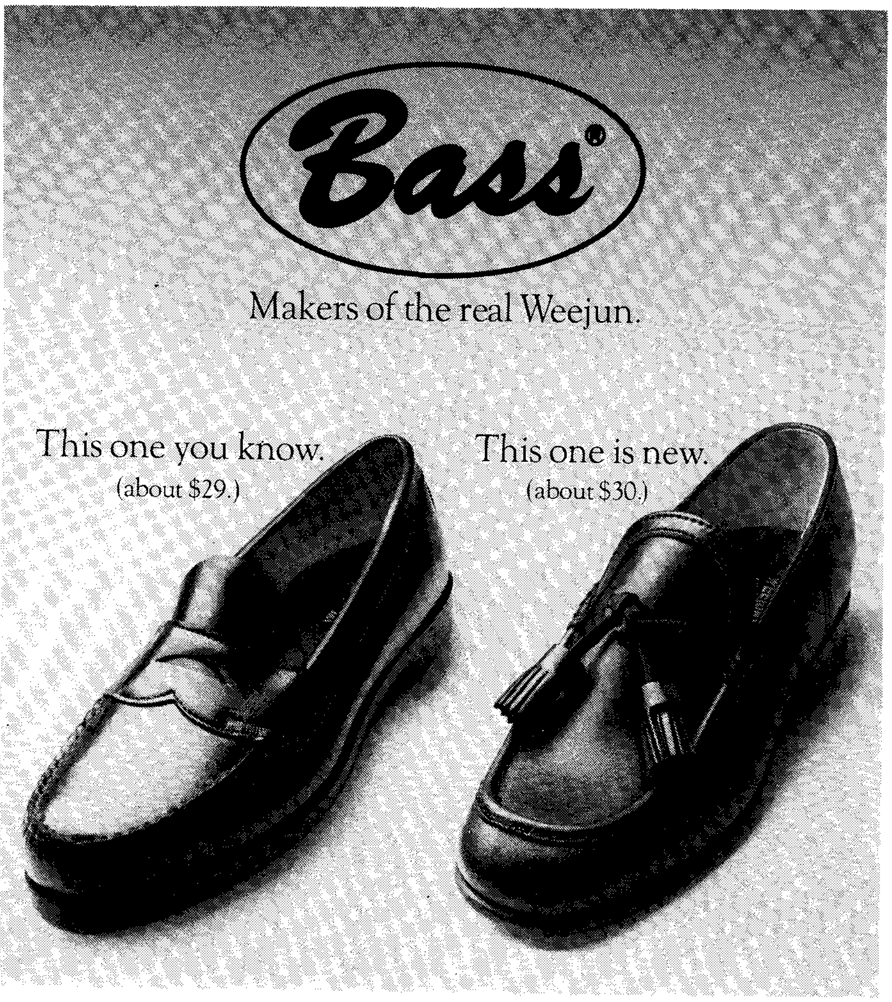
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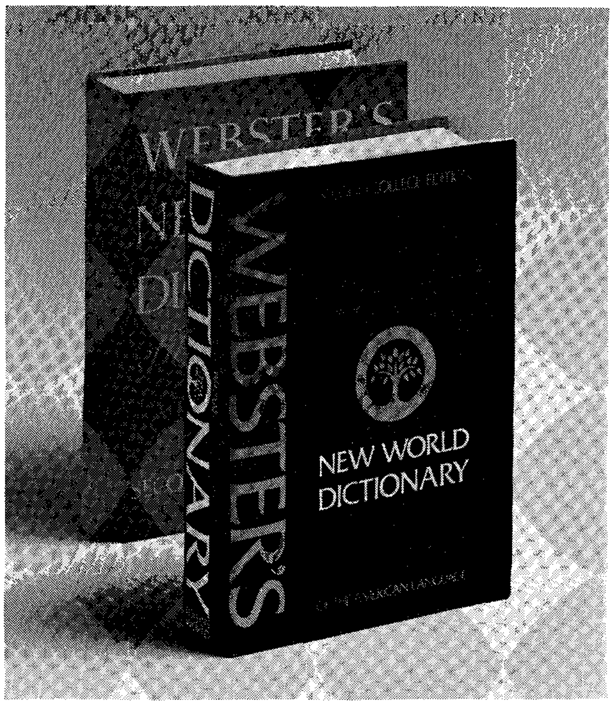

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a mixed bag of regular and occasional winterers, fourteen are water birds—the pied-billed grebe, black-crowned night heron, American widgeon, shoveller, ring-necked duck, canvasback, greater scaup, goldeneye, ruddy duck, common merganser, American coot, great black-backed gull, herring gull, and ring-billed gull. Four are sparrows—the white-throated, fox, swamp, and song sparrow. Christmas counts have also included the sparrow hawk, the American goldfinch, and the rufous-sided towhee.

Pasquier wanders through the Park all year round. In winter, he is usually out only on weekends, but in spring, the high point of the year for birds passing through the Park, he is there every weekday by a little after six in the morning. Early morning is a good time to see birds, and his early start enables him, by a little after nine, to get to the Wave Hill Center for Environmental Studies, in Riverdale, where he is coördinator of special projects. And, of course, he is not alone in his efforts to refine and expand the Central Park list. Sharp-eyed birders with binoculars are moving through the Park almost constantly during the daylight hours of the migration seasons. Thus, it seems unlikely that any of the as yet unlisted birds—such as the golden eagle, the goshawk, the yellow-headed blackbird, and the green-tailed towhee, to name only four—could escape being added to the total should they ever come this way.

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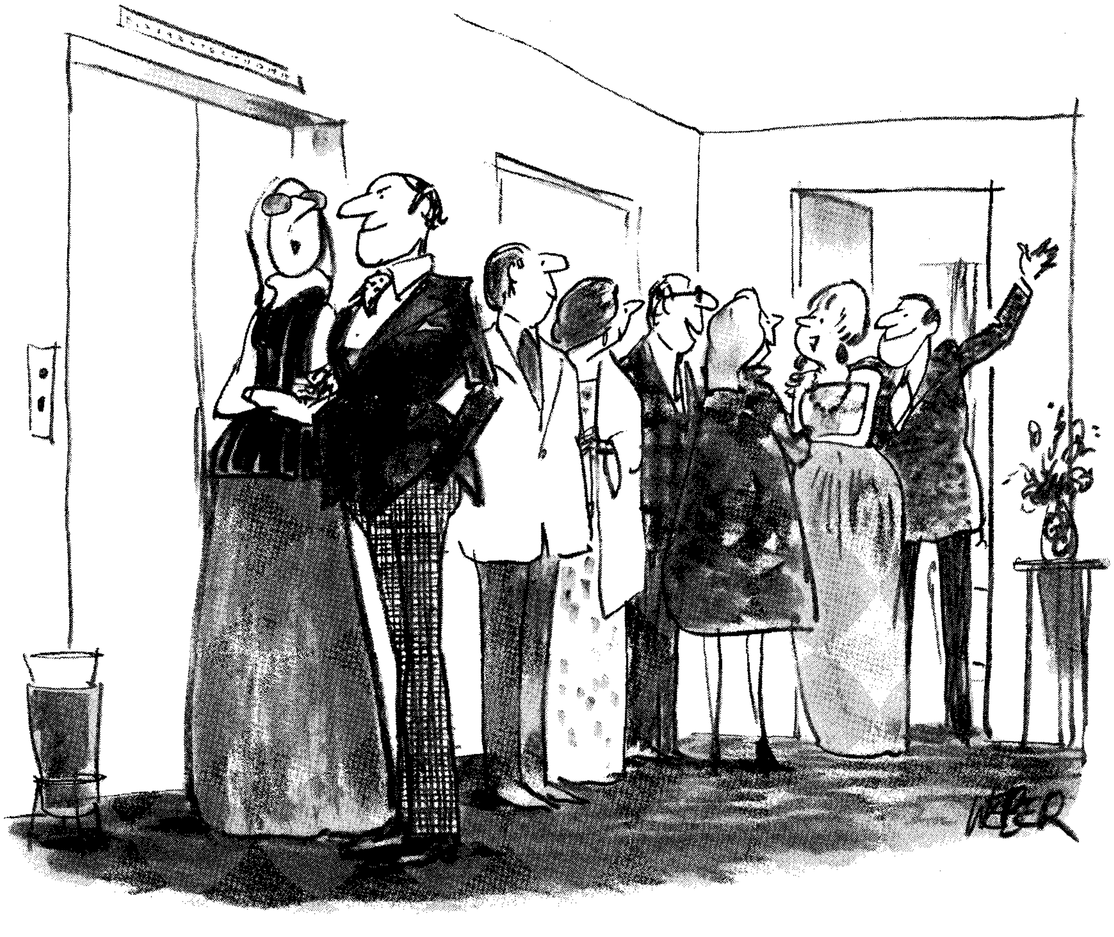
NOTHING about man's psychological nature amazes us these days, for our novels explore ruthlessly or gleefully all the passions, ordinary or peculiar. We take pride in being "liberated;" we bear down hard on matters people once shunned examining or had no knowledge of. Centuries ago, too, a few writers may have examined incest, fratricide, sexual perversions, violence, but not with our own fearless attentiveness. Sophocles is almost casual in his presentation of Oedipus, an outcast whose very name is a source of horror, but who is not regarded as someone whose actions (we would now say "behavior") had understandable causes. What was once awesome or inexplicable is now ours to call grotesque, bizarre, clinically significant, and then to analyze.

Cormac McCarthy is a forty-year-old American novelist who lives in the high country of Tennessee. His first and second novels, "The Orchard Keeper" and "Outer Dark," earned him awards and fellowships. His "Child of God" (Random House) will further enhance his reputation. The "Child" is Lester Ballard, aged twenty-seven, "small, unclean, unshaven," a stranger to everyone, including himself, and of "Saxon and Celtic bloods." His activities will surprise no one interested in contemporary fiction: he lusts, he hates, he has voyeuristic and necrophilic tendencies. He is capable of violence; he is a mass murderer. Mr. McCarthy might easily have obtained a fortune with this novel, but he was not intent upon a psychiatrist's best-seller, and one begins to wonder whether he must reach many Americans through the long, circuitous route Faulkner took: a limited recognition here, increasing response from Europeans to his strange and brooding novels, and only later the broader acknowledgment of his own countrymen.

McCarthy's territory is the hill country of Appalachia; this novel is set in solidly Republican, somewhat impoverished eastern Tennessee, and it chronicles Lester Ballard's descent into isolation, loneliness, and a craven, frenzied self-sufficiency that is extraordinary even for the region's country people, who believe in fending for oneself. He has been living in an abandoned farmhouse, apparently content to keep his own grouchy, suspicious company. But the place is being auctioned. Ballard, ignorant of law, confused by the assault upon his privacy and stability, and resentful of those who would dispossess him, raises his rifle toward the auctioneer and is clubbed down. "Lester Ballard never could hold his head right after that. It must of thowed his neck out someway or another. I didn't see Buster hit him but I seen him layin on the ground. I was with the sheriff. He was layin flat on the ground lookin up at everbody with his eyes crossed and this awful pumpknot on his head. He just laid there and he was bleedin at the ears. Buster was still standin there holdin the axe."

But the author is not beginning yet another novel about the corruption of society; Ballard is not an innocent whom "the system" ultimately drives to madness. He was on his own by the time he was nine; his father had committed suicide and his mother abandoned him. "I don't know," a schoolmate remarks. "They say he never was right after his daddy killed hisself. . . . He come in the store and told it like you'd tell it was rainin out." And McCarthy has little more than that to say about his principal character's childhood. The author seems not to wish our twentieth-century psychological sensibility to influence his work. Ballard's madness is simply acknowledged, and he ends up in a mental hospital. But his state of mind is not the subject of inquiry. His motives are not examined, his behavior is not sorted out, labelled. Ballard comes upon a parked car, two lovers within, and remains to watch. Later, he comes upon other cars, other lovers, and each time suffers the loneliness and despair of a man who can taste life only at a remove. "On buckling knees the watcher watched. The mockingbird be-



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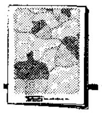

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"gan." Then, on a hunting expedition, he encounters a car with two dead lovers in it. He pulls the girl out, so that he can take her back to his cabin. Birds sing. A wind rises, falls. The squirrels he has shot weigh heavily on his belt. "A crazed gymnast laboring over a cold corpse." But we never learn why he is "crazed," nor are we asked to feel compassion or contempt.

The author is not indifferent to our curiosity; he simply cannot, for reasons of his own as a novelist, oblige us. When he tries to (maybe one should say when he is tempted to), the result is a fleeting moment of sentiment that discomforts the reader. Falsely accused of rape, Ballard spends nine days in jail, talks with a black man in the opposite cell, and, prodded by this neighbor's unashamed introspection, tries to be good company. Nigger John admits to being "a fugitive from the ways of this world. I'd be a fugitive from my mind if I had me some snow." He swears, rails against the white world. He is *trying* to explain his life, its trials and misdeeds. Ballard finally tries to account for *his* life: "All the trouble I ever was in," he begins, "was caused by whiskey or women or both." The author quickly adds, "He'd often heard men say as much."

The storyteller seemingly has gone as far as he wants to go. Ballard isn't really of a mind to talk about himself, and he has no very original "insight" into his condition. He is alone, but not really lonely. He is attentive to himself; he makes do, in spite of poverty and the suspiciousness or outright hostility his eccentric manner generates. But he does not wonder who he is and why he has come to live as he does. He drifts. The author moves him relentlessly through the Appalachian countryside, offering us the language and habits of fiercely proud yeomen who still struggle against the influence of the industrial life beyond their hills. A country fair is held. Men and women come to a store, exchange news. When Ballard is with them there he is alternately surly and compliant, clever and disarmingly innocent and then vulnerable. His meanness and eccentric manner diminish as others reveal themselves to be cranky, narrow, calculating. Yet we are not persuaded to feel any special pity for him. He moves toward his fate, and others have theirs to contend with.

Ballard has no "relationship" with any of these people, who, though they demonstrate, briefly, a capacity for humor, are mostly self-preoccupied. So it is with animals: "The hounds crossed

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the snow on the slope of the ridge in a thin dark line. Far below them the boar they trailed was tilting along with his curious stifflegged lope, highbacked and very black against the winter's landscape. The hounds' voices in that vast and pale blue void echoed like the cries of demon yodelers." And so it is with him: "Ballard has come in from the dark dragging sheaves of snow-clogged bracken and he has fallen to crushing up handfuls of this dried or frozen stuff and cramming it into the fireplace. The lamp in the floor gutters in the wind and wind moans in the flue. The cracks in the wall lie printed slantwise over the floorboards in threads of drifted snow and wind is shucking the cardboard windowpanes. And Ballard has come with an armload of beanpoles purloined from the barnloft and he is at breaking them and laying them on."

Lester Ballard destroys and is destroyed, but we have not a clue as to why. It is as if the author thinks his character is beyond scrutiny—possessed of a nature and a destiny that lead to the impersonal collisions of the Oresteia, rather than the exchanges and confrontations of our contemporary theatre; it is as if only when we learn to accept the mysterious and the terrible judgment of the gods do we come close to what wisdom is allowed us. Ballard is the child of only one God; he is a desperate man set down among professed Christians who claim to know more about life than he does: that it is a pilgrimage toward a destination, Heaven, rather than a brief span of time filled with absurd moments and events. The high sheriff who keeps Ballard under surveillance for a long time and then arrests him has not only the law but a larger moral vision to uphold.

Cormac McCarthy resembles the ancient Greek dramatists and medieval moralists—a strange, incompatible mixture: Ballard blind to himself and driven by forces outside his control, and Ballard the desperately wayward one whose vagrant life is one day to be judged by God. Strangers like Ballard, errant outsiders who bewilder and sometimes brutally assault a community, remind those who shun them that a "child of God" can inexplicably become, in the imagery of ancient Greece, an instrument of the gods. Cormac McCarthy does not know why some men are haunted Ballards, while others live easily with kin and neighbors. He simply writes novels that tell us we cannot comprehend the riddles of human idiosyncrasy, the influence of the merely contingent or incidental upon

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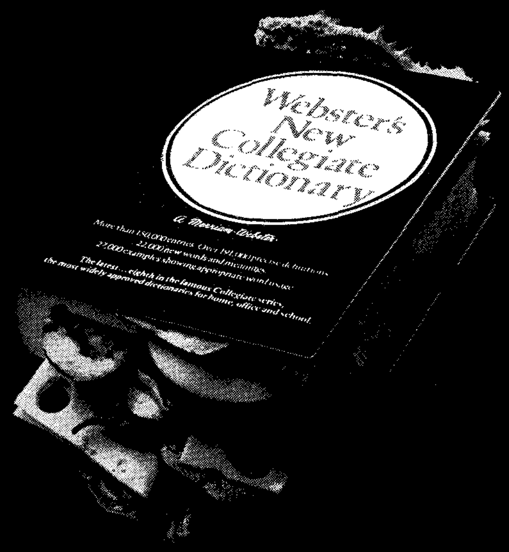

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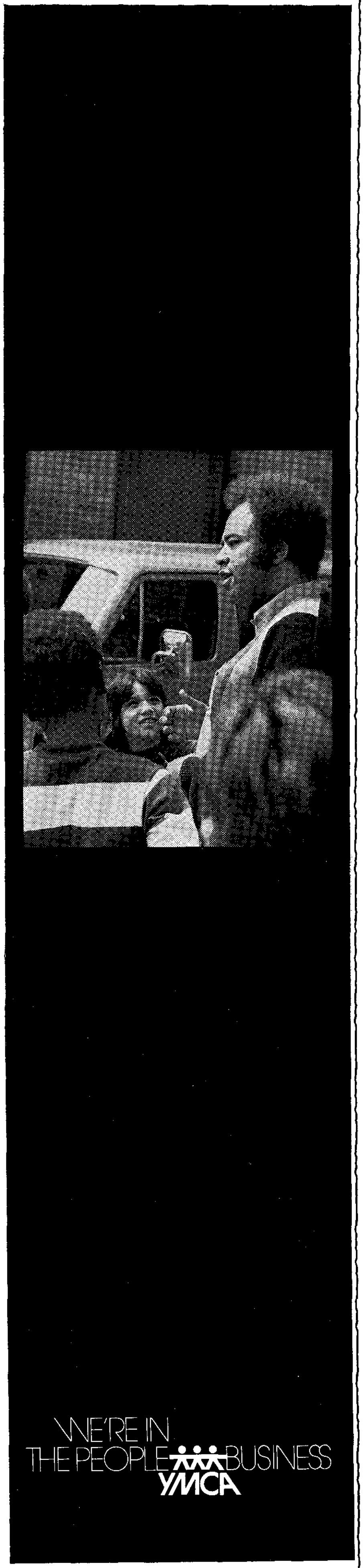

our lives. He is a novelist of religious feeling who appears to subscribe to no creed but who cannot stop wondering in the most passionate and honest way what gives life meaning. His characters are by explicit designation children of Whoever or Whatever it is that we fall back upon when we want to evoke the vastness and the mystery of this universe, and our comparative ignorance and uncertainty. His task is ambitious and enormously difficult—to tell his readers that we are not as knowing or in control of our lives as we assume. He cannot yet affirm with confidence life's possibilities. From the isolated highlands of Tennessee he sends us original stories that show how mysterious or confusing the world is. Moreover, his mordant wit, his stubborn refusal to bend his writing to the literary and intellectual demands of our era, conspire at times to make him seem mysterious and confusing—a writer whose fate is to be relatively unknown and often misinterpreted. But both Greek playwrights and Christian theologians have been aware that such may be the fate of anyone, of even the most talented and sensitive of human beings. —Robert Coles

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Retreat from Love, by Colette, translated from the French by Margaret Crosland (Bobbs-Merrill). This is the first English translation of the final book in Colette's "Claudine" series. It is also the first book that Colette wrote without the collaboration of Willy, and though many of the characters and some of the popular-novel techniques she uses here are familiar, it marks a definite turn in her career and writing. Colette was thirty-four, separated from Willy, and living with the Marquise de Belbœuf when she wrote the book, in 1906. In it, Claudine is separated from her husband, Renaud (who is recuperating from t.b. in a Swiss sanatorium), and living with her friend Annie in Annie's country house in the Jura. Claudine's silly, debt-ridden homosexual stepson, Marcel (who first appeared in "Claudine à Paris"), shows up for a while, as does Renaud himself, briefly, before he dies. But the book is chiefly about Claudine and her love of nature and animals and Annie, and her incurable love for coarse young men. One wonders why this book, which contains so many intimations of the

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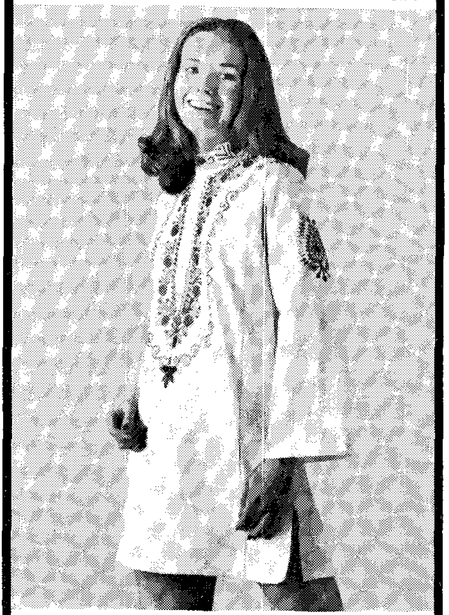

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best of Colette's later writing, has remained untranslated for so long. Can anyone have considered Annie's confessions (which today seem about as titillating as a glass of water) too salacious? Or was it the suggestion of lesbianism in Claudine's admiring descriptions of Annie's hair, skin, eyes, and movements, and what she calls their "animal-like chaste friendship"? In any case, though the book wanders about a bit too much, Colette's reflections on the heights and depths of Claudine's narcissism are enchanting, and, as always, her passages on animals—including bats and flies—are extraordinary.

GENERAL

KISSINGER, by Marvin and Bernard Kalb (Little, Brown). A huge fruitcake of a book, with ingredients from all over the world. One or the other of the Kalb brothers (both currently with C.B.S. News) has accompanied Henry Kissinger on just about every mission he has undertaken, and Kissinger has confided in them as apparently he has confided in no other journalists—and perhaps in no other statesman—not only on world affairs but on such intimate matters as the vexatious way his waistline changes as his banquet schedule varies. (This caused him to be outfitted for formal evening wear no fewer than thirty-three times in the first Nixon term alone.) It is doubtful if this sort of information can be found anywhere else, yet although the book abounds in intimate details, it is dominated not by them but, rather, by an account of the way, as Kissinger sees it, American policy has been changed and implemented since 1969. Much of this is instructive, and probably reliable, but one understandable difficulty is that Kissinger is far more interested in talking of successes than of failures, and the Kalbs have been too busy gathering material from Kissinger to pay much attention to how things have looked to others. Much space is devoted to what appears to have been the success in China but very little to the failures in Japan. The relationship between foreign and economic policy is not dwelt on, presumably because it is something that the Secretary of State has had little time for. Where mistakes are dealt with at all—our pro-Pakistan stand in the war that created Bangladesh, for example—they are attributed either to the military or to the White House. An interesting and,

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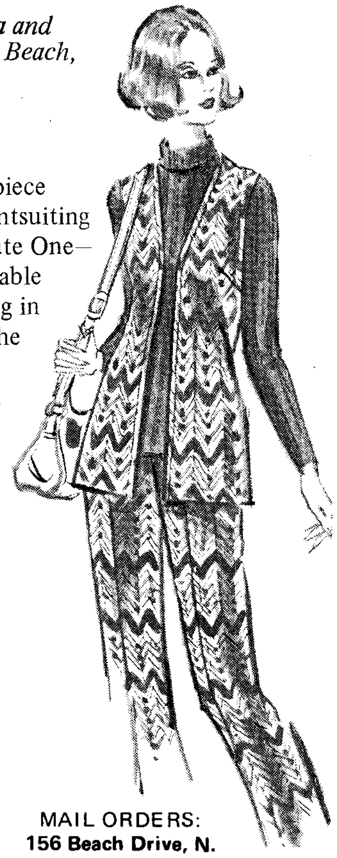

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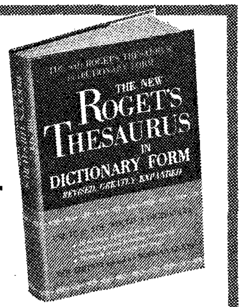

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though overlong, fast-paced book, but a heavily biassed one—a fact the authors graciously make no effort to conceal. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

FLYING, by Kate Millett (Knopf). Anger, pain, anguish, and uncertainty are not uncommon autobiographical subjects, and there are few published diaries (or letters, for that matter) of any interest which exclude expressions of these feelings. But Kate Millett's long-winded descriptions of the suffering she has endured since becoming a public figure and media cliché, though they undoubtedly come from the heart and will be fascinating to her friends, and enemies, have very little in them that is instructive or moving, or even curiosity-provoking, for mere readers. The book is further marred by the fact that it is frequently impossible to know whom the author is talking about, since she seems to assume that we will all instantly recognize her friends when she mentions them by their Christian names. Thus, in a curious way, the book mimics the very "star" mentality it so vigorously deplores.

PROPHETS WITH HONOR: GREAT DISSENTS AND GREAT DISSENTERS IN THE SUPREME COURT, by Alan Barth (Knopf). As everybody knows, the Supreme Court has occasionally reversed its own earlier decisions, and this book examines six forward-looking dissents that eventually, through such reversals, became the law of the land. The matters at issue are racial segregation, wiretapping, the right to counsel, religious freedom vs. compulsory flag-saluting, equal representation, and freedom of speech, and the dissenters are Justices Harlan, Brandeis, Black (twice), Stone, and Douglas. Though Mr. Barth agrees with the dissenters, he explains in each case the grounds on which the majority found differently, and frequently quotes from the majority decisions. Still, the dissents—and Barth reprints them all complete—turn out to be winners in every sense of the word: clear, persuasive, and frequently inspiring.

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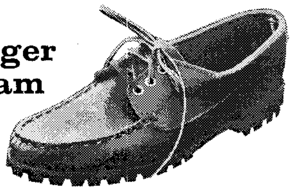

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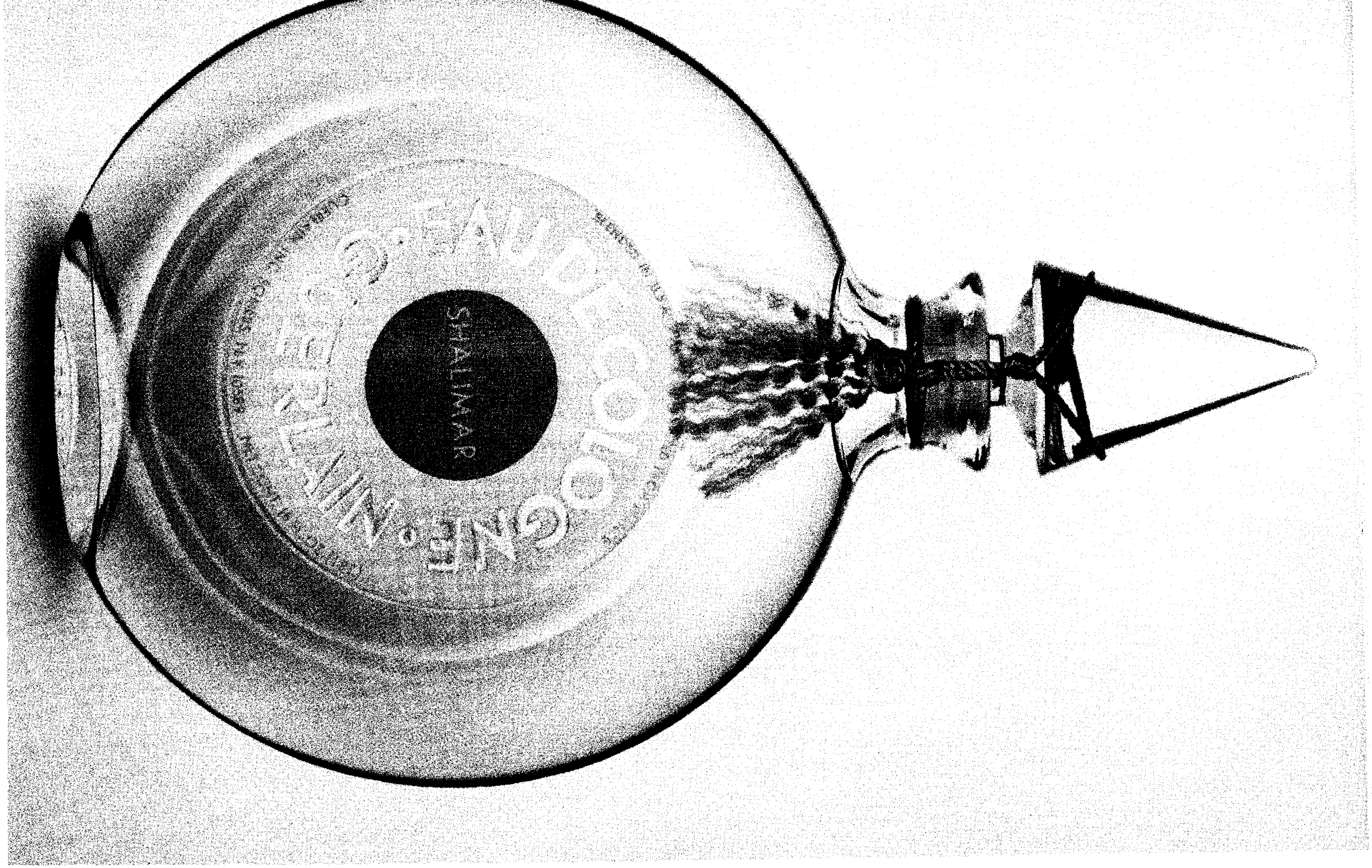
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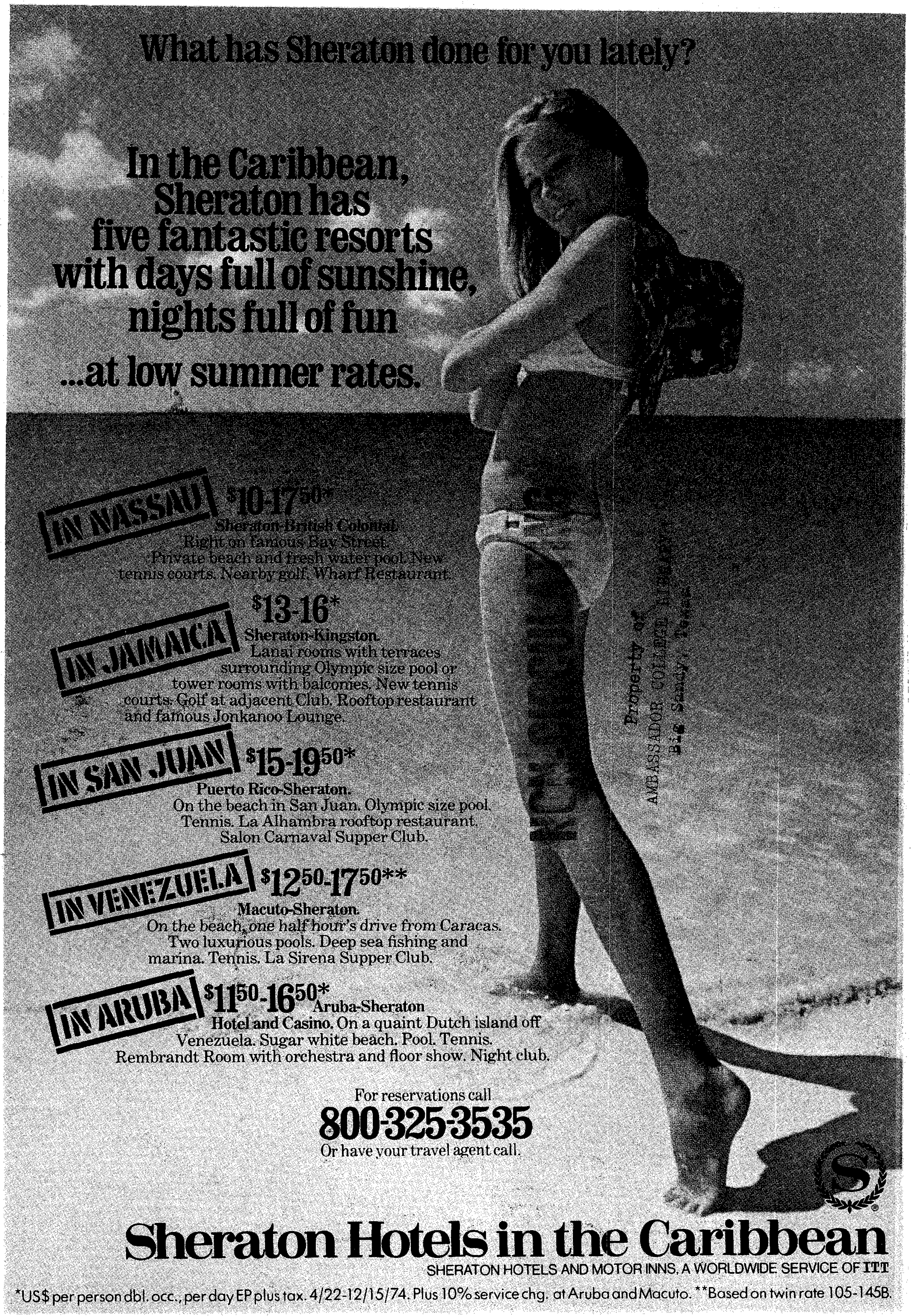

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